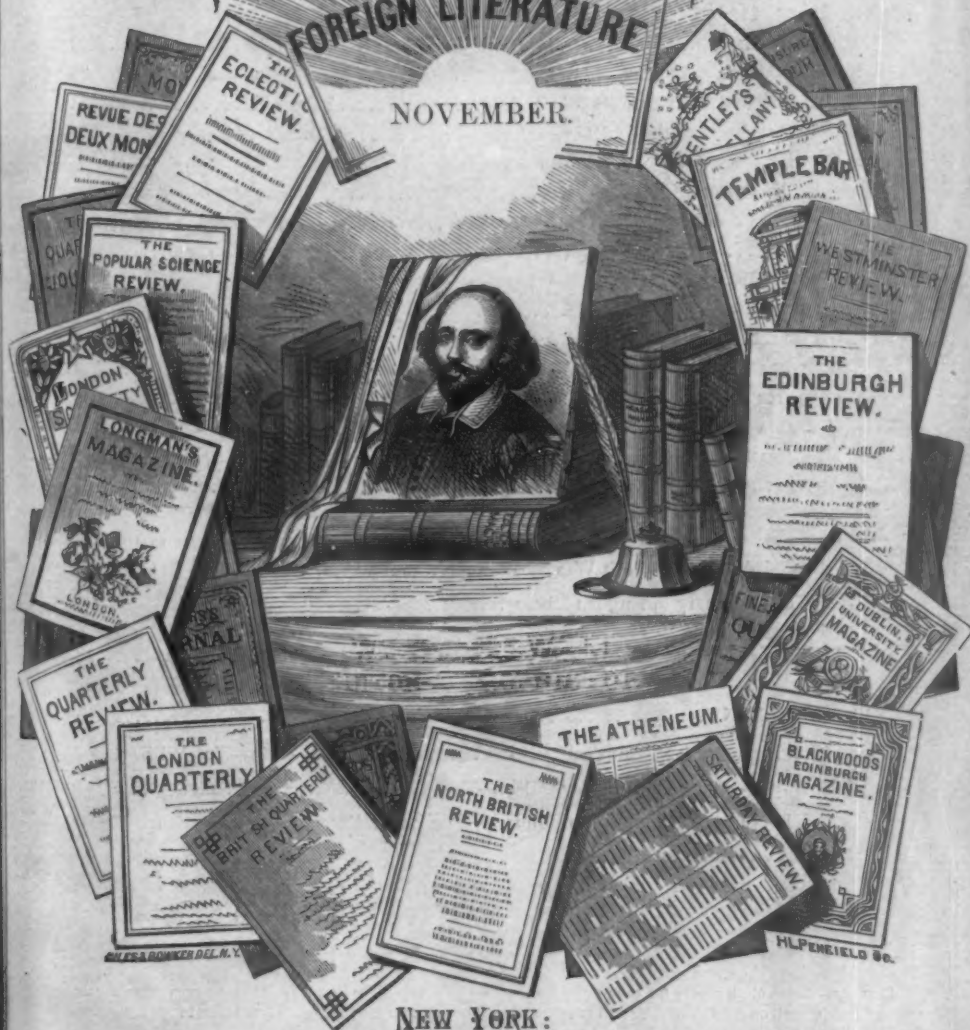




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A DIALOGUE ON NOVELS.

BY VERNON LEE.

"AFTER all," said Mrs. Blake, the eminent novelist, "with the exception of very few touches, there is nothing human in 'Wuthering Heights;' those people with their sullenness and coldness and frenzy are none of them real men and women, such as Charlotte Brontë would have given us had she written the book instead of her sister. You can't deny that, Monsieur Marcel."

They had clambered through the steep, bleak Yorkshire village, which trickles, a water-course of rough black masonry, down the green hillside; past the inn where Branwell Brontë drank and raved; through the churchyard, a grim, grassless garden of blackened tombstones; under the windows of the Brontës' parsonage; and still higher, up the slippery slope of coarse, sere grass, on to the undulating flatness of Haworth Moor.

André Marcel, the subtle young French critic and novelist, who had come to Yorkshire in order to study the Brontës, listened to Mrs. Blake with disappointed pensiveness. Knowing more of English things than most Frenchmen, and with a natural preference for the exotic of all kinds, it was part of his mission to make known to the world that England really was what, in the days of Goethe, Italy had falsely been supposed to be—a sort of exceptional and esoteric country, whence æsthetic and critical natures might get weird and exquisite moral impressions as they got orchids and porcelain and lacquer from Japan. Such being the case, this clever woman with her clever novels, both so narrow and so normal, so full at once of scepticism and of respect for precedent, gave him as much of a sense of annoyance and hostility almost as his placid, pessimistic, purely

artistic and speculative nature could experience.

They walked on for some minutes in silence, Marcel and Mrs. Blake behind, Baldwin and his cousin Dorothy in front, trampling the rough carpet of lilac and black heather matted with long withered grass and speckled with the bright scarlet of sere bilberry leaves; the valleys gradually closing up all around; the green pasture slopes, ribbed with black stone fences, gradually meeting one another, uniting, disappearing, absorbed in the undulating sea of moorland, spreading solitary, face to face with the low, purplish-grey sky. As Mrs. Blake spoke, Dorothy turned round eagerly.

"They are not real men and women, the people in 'Wuthering Heights,'" she said; "but they are real all the same. Don't you feel that they are real, Monsieur Marcel, when you look about you now? Don't you feel that they are these moors, and the sunshine, the clouds, the winds, the storms upon them?"

"All the moors and all the storms upon them put together haven't the importance for a human being that has one well-understood real character of Charlotte Brontë's or George Eliot's," answered Mrs. Blake, coldly.

"I quite understand your point of view," said Marcel; "but, for all my admiration for Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, I can't agree that either of them, or any writer of their school, can give us anything of the value of 'Wuthering Heights.' After all, what do we gain by their immense powers of psychological analysis and reconstruction? Merely a partial insight into a certain number of characters—characters which, whatever the genius of the novelist, can be only approximations to reality, because they are the result of the study of something of which we can never completely understand the nature—because it is outside ourselves."

Mrs. Blake, who could understand of Marcel's theories only the fact they were extremely distasteful to herself, began to laugh.

"If we are never to understand anything except ourselves, I think we had better leave off novel-writing at once, Monsieur Marcel," she said.

"I don't think that would suit Marcel at all," put in Baldwin, "and he does not by any means condemn the ordinary novel for being what he considers a mere approximation to reality. All he says is, that he prefers books where there is no attempt at completely solving what he considers the inscrutable—namely, the character of every one not oneself. He perceives, more than most people, perhaps even too much, the complexity of human nature; and what to you or me is a complete moral portrait is to him a mere partial representation. I personally think that it is all the better for us if we are unable to see every little moral nerve and muscle in our neighbors: there are in all of us remains of machinery which belongs to something baser, and is little or not at all put in movement. If we could see all the incipient thoughts and incipient feelings of even the best people, we should probably form a much less really just estimate of them than we do at present. It is not morally correct, any more than it is artistically correct, to see the microscopic and the hidden."

"I don't know about that," said Marcel. "But I know that, by the fatality of heredity on one hand, a human being contains within himself a number of different tendencies, all moulded, it is true, into one character, but existing none the less each in its special nature, ready to respond to its special stimulus from without; on the other hand, by the fatality of environment every human being is modified in many different ways: he is rammed into a place until he fits it, and absorbs fragments of all the other personalities with whom he is crushed together. So that there must be, in all of us, even in the most homogeneous, tendencies which, from not having met their appropriate stimulus, may be lying unsuspected at the very bottom of our nature, far below the level of consciousness; but which, on the approach of the specific stimulus, or merely on the occasion of any violent shaking of the whole nature, will suddenly come to the surface. Now it seems to me that such complications of main and minor characteristics, such complications inherited or induced, of half-perceived or dormant qualities, can be disentangled, made intelligible, when

the writer is speaking of himself, may be shown even unconsciously to himself; but they cannot be got at in a third person. Therefore I give infinitely less value to one of your writers with universal intuition and sympathy, writing of approximate realities neither himself nor yourself, than to one who like Emily Brontë simply shows us men, women, nature, passion, life, all seen through the medium of her own personality. It is this sense of coming really and absolutely in contact with a real soul which gives such a poignancy to a certain very small class of books—books, to my mind, the most precious we have—such as the *Memoirs of St. Augustine*, the '*Vita Nuova*,' the '*Confessions*' of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and '*Wuthering Heights*,' although an infinitely non-imaginative book, seems to me worthy to be ranked with these."

Dorothy Orme had been walking silently in front, her hat slung on her arm, her light curly hair flying in the wind, filling her arms with pale lilac heather; and seeming to the Frenchman a kind of outcome of the moor, an illustration of "*Wuthering Heights*;" something akin to Emily Brontë's heroine, nay, rather to Emily Brontë herself, as she existed for his imagination. She turned round as he spoke, and said, with a curious mixture of surprise, pain, and reproach:

"I am glad you put '*Wuthering Heights*' with the '*Vita Nuova*;' but how can you mention in the same breath those disgusting, degraded '*Confessions*' of Rousseau? I once tried to read them, and they made me feel sick."

Marcel looked at her with grave admiration. "Mademoiselle," he said, "the '*Confessions*' is not a book for you; a diseased soul like Jean-Jacques ought never to be obtruded upon your notice: you ought to read only things like '*Wuthering Heights*' and the '*Vita Nuova*,' just as you ought to walk on these moors, but not among the squalor and confusion of a big town; you fit into the one, and not into the other. But I put the '*Confessions*' by the side of these other books because they belong, in their deeply troubling way, as the '*Vita Nuova*' is in its perfect serenity, to that very small class of scarcely self-conscious revelations of personality

which may teach us what the novel should aim at."

Dorothy did not answer. This young man, with his keen appreciation, his delicate enthusiasm alike for purity and impurity, puzzled her and made her unhappy. She felt sure he was good himself, yet his notions were so very strange.

"At that rate," put in Mrs. Blake, "there is an end of the novel as a work of art, if we are to make it into a study of the mere psychology of a single individual. As it is, the perpetual preoccupation of psychology has pretty well got rid of all real interest of plot and incident, and is rapidly getting rid of all humor; a comic character like those of Dickens, and even those of Thackeray, will soon be out of the question. Did you read an extraordinarily suggestive article by Mr. Hillebrand, which appeared in the *Contemporary* last year, contrasting the modern novel with the old one? It was very one-sided, of course; but in many things wonderfully correct. I felt that he must condemn my novels along with the others, but I was pleased; it was as if Fielding's ghost had told us his opinion of modern novelists."

Dorothy Orme was not addicted to literary discussions; but the recollection of this article seemed suddenly to transform her.

"I read it," she cried eagerly; "I hated it. He was very angry with George Eliot because she had made the story of Dorothea and Casaubon tragic, instead of making it farcical, as I suppose Fielding or some such creature would have done; he would have liked some disgusting, ridiculous comedy of an old pedant, a sort of Don Bartolo, and a girl whom he bored and who made fun of him. Did he never ask himself whether the reality of a situation such as that of Dorothea and Casaubon would be more comic or tragic, whether we should be seeing things more as they really are, whether we should be entering more into the feelings of the people themselves, whether we should be placing ourselves more in the position to help, to diminish unhappiness, by laughing at Dorothea and Casaubon, or by crying at their story? I am sure we are far too apt to laugh at things already. I dare say that the sense of the ridicu-

lous is a very useful thing; I dare say it helps to make the world more supportable; but not when the sense of the ridiculous makes us see things as they are not, or as they are merely superficially; when it makes us feel pleased and passive where we ought to be pained and active. People have a way of talking about the tendency which the wish for nobility and beauty has to make us see things in the wrong light; but there is much more danger, surely, of that sort of falsification from our desire for the comic. There's Don Quixote—we have laughed at him quite long enough. I wish some one would write a book now about the reverse of Don Quixote, about a good and kind and helpful man who is made unjust, unkind, and useless by his habit of seeking for the ridiculous, by his habit of seeing windmills where there are real giants, and coarse peasants where there are really princesses. The history of that man, absurd though it may seem as a whole, would yet be, in its part, the history of some little bit of the life of all of us; a bit which might be amusing enough to novelists of the old school, but is sad enough, I think, in all conscience, when we look back upon it in ourselves."

Marcel looked up. To him the weird-est and most exotic flowers of this moral and intellectual Japan called England were its young women, wonderful it seemed to him in delicacy, in brilliancy of color, in *bizarre* outline, in imaginatively stimulating and yet reviving perfume; and ever since he had met her a few days ago, this cousin of his old friend Baldwin, this Dorothy Orme, painter, sculptor, philanthropist, and mystic, with the sea-blue eyes, and the light hair that seemed always caught up by the breeze, this creature at once so mature and so immature, so full of enthusiasm, so unconscious of passion, so boldly conversant with evil in the abstract, so pathetically ignorant of evil in the concrete, had appeared to him as almost the strangest of all these strange English girls who fascinated him as a poet and a critic.

Baldwin had affectionately taken his cousin's arm and passed it through his own.

"You are quite right, Dorothy," he said; "you have put into words what

I myself felt while reading that paper; but then, you know, unfortunately, as one grows older—and I am a good bit older than you—one is apt to let oneself drift into looking at people only from the comic side; it is so much easier, and saves one such a deal of useless pain and rage. But you are quite right all the same. A substitution of psychological sympathetic interest for the comic interest of former days has certainly taken place in the novel; and is taking place more and more every day. But I don't think, with Mrs. Blake and Hillebrand, that this is at all a matter for lamentation. Few things strike me more in old fiction, especially if we go back a century, than the curious callousness which many of its incidents reveal; a callousness not merely to many impressions of disgust and shame, which to the modern mind would counterbalance the pleasure of mere droll contrast, as is so constantly the case in Rabelais (where we can't laugh because we have to hold our nose), but also to impressions of actual pain at the pain, moral or physical, endured by the person at whom we are laughing; of indignation at the baseness or cruelty of those through whose agency that comic person is made comic. After all, a great deal of what people are pleased to call the healthy sense of fun of former days is merely the sense of fun of the boy who pours a glass of water down his companion's back, of the young brutes who worry an honest woman in the street, of the ragamuffins who tie a saucepan to a cat's tail and hunt it along. Sometimes it is even more deliberately wanton and cruel; it is the spiritual equivalent of the cock-fighting and bull-baiting, of the amusement at what Michelet reckons among the three great jokes of the Middle Ages: 'La grimace du pendu.' It is possible that we may at some future period be in danger of becoming too serious, too sympathizing, of losing our animal spirits; but I don't see any such danger in the present. And I do see that it is a gain, not only in our souls, but in the actual influence on the amount of good and bad in the world, that certain things which amused our ancestors, the grimace of the dupe, of the betrayed husband, of the kicked servant, should no longer amuse, but merely make us

sorry or indignant. Let us laugh by all means, but not when others are crying."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Marcel. "What people call the comic is a lower form of art; legitimate, but only in so far as it does not interfere with the higher. Complete beauty in sculpture, in painting, and in music has never been compatible with the laughable, and I think it will prove to be the same in fiction. To begin with, all great art carries with it a poignancy which is incompatible with the desire to laugh."

"The French have strangely changed," exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "It is difficult to imagine that you belong to the country which produced Rabelais, and Molière, and Voltaire, Monsieur Marcel."

Marcel sighed. "I know it is," he said; "it is sad, perhaps, as it is always sad to see that one is no longer a child, but a man. Our childhood, at least as artists, is over; we have lost our laughter, our pleasure in romping. But we can understand and feel; we are men."

Mrs. Blake looked shrewdly at the young man. "It seems to me that they were men also, those of the past," she answered. "They laughed; but they also suffered, and hoped, and hated; and the laugh seemed to fit in with the rest. Your modern French literature seems to me no longer French: it all somehow comes out of Rousseau. Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Baudelaire, all that comes out of those 'Confessions' which you choose to place by the side of the 'Vita Nuova.' And as Rousseau, who certainly was not a true Frenchman, has never seemed to be a genuine man either, but a sickly, morbid piece of half-developed precocity, so I cannot admit that the present phase of French literature represents manhood as opposed to the French literature of the past. Had there remained in France more of the old power of laughter, we should not have had your Zolas and Baudelaires, or rather the genius of your Zolas and Baudelaires would have been healthy and useful. Don't wish to lose that laugh of yours, Monsieur Marcel; our moral health here, in England, where evil is brutish, depends upon seriousness; yours, in France, where

evil immediately becomes intellectual, depends upon laughter. I am an old woman, so you must not be offended with me."

"There is a deal of truth in what you say," said Baldwin. "The time will come, I am sure, when Frenchmen will look back upon the literature of the last twenty-five years, not as a product of maturity, but rather as a symptom of a particular sort of humorless morbidness which is one of the unbeautiful phases of growth."

Marcel shook his head. "You are merely falling foul of a new form of art because it does not answer to the critical standards which you have deduced from an old one. The art which deals with human emotions real and really appreciated is a growth of our century, and mainly a growth of my country; and you are criticising it from the standpoint of a quite different art, which made use of only an approximation to psychological reality, for the sake of a tragic or comic effect; it is as if you criticised a landscape by Corot, where beauty is extracted out of the quality of the light, of the soil, and the dampness or dryness of the air, without a thought of the human figure, because it is not like the little bits of conventional landscape which Titian used to complete the scheme of his groups of Saints or Nymphs. Shakespeare and Cervantes are legitimate; but we moderns are legitimate also: they sought for artistic effects new in their day; we seek for artistic effects new in ours."

Baldwin was twisting a long brown rush between his fingers meditatively, looking straight before him upon the endless, grey and purple, thundercloud-colored undulations of heather.

"I think," he said, "that you imagine you are seeking new artistic effects; but I think, also, that you are mistaken, simply because I feel daily more persuaded that artistic aims are only partially compatible with psychological aims, and that the more the novel becomes psychological the less also will it become artistic. The aim of art, of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, is, if we put aside the mere display of technical skill, which, as a rule, appears only to the technically initiated—the aim of art is the production of

something which shall give us the particular kind of pleasure associated with the word *beautiful*, pleasure given to our æsthetic faculties, which have a mode of action and necessities as special and as impossible to translate into the mode of action and necessities of our logical and animal faculties as it is impossible to translate the impressions of sight into the impressions of hearing. All art addresses itself, however unconsciously and however much hampered by extraneous necessities, to a desire belonging to these æsthetic faculties, to a desire for the beautiful. Now, to postulate such a predominant desire for the beautiful in a literary work dealing exclusively with human emotion and action seems to me utterly absurd. First, because mere beauty, the thing which gives us the specific æsthetic impression, exists, I believe, in its absolute reality only in the domain of the senses and of the sensuous impressions recalled and reconstructed by the intellect; and because I believe that it is merely by analogy, and because we perceive that such a pleasure is neither unreasoning and animal nor intellectual and utilitarian, that we apply to pleasing moral impressions the adjective beautiful. The beautiful, therefore, according to my view, can exist in literature only inasmuch as literature reproduces and reconstructs certain sensuous impressions which we name beautiful, or as it deals with such moral effects as give us an unmixed, direct unutilitarian pleasure analogous to that produced by these sensuous impressions of beauty. Now, human character, emotion, and action not merely present us with a host of impressions which, applying an æsthetical word to moral phenomena, are more or less ugly; but, by the very fatality of things, nearly always require for the production of what we call moral beauty a certain proportion of moral ugliness to make it visible. It is not so in art. A dark background, necessary to throw a figure into full light, is as much part of the beautiful whole as the figure in the light; whereas moral beauty—namely, virtue—can scarcely be conceived as existing, except in a passive and almost invisible condition, unless it be brought out by struggle with vice; so that we can't get rid of ugliness in this depart-

ment. On the other hand, while the desire for beauty can never be paramount in a work dealing with human character and emotion, at least in anything like the sense in which it is paramount in a work dealing with lines, colors, or sounds; there are connected with this work, dealing with human character and emotion, desires special to itself, independent of, and usually hostile to, the desire of beauty—such desires as those for psychological truth and for dramatic excitement. You may say that these are themselves, inasmuch as they are desires without any proximate practical object, artistic; and that, in this sense, every work that caters for them is subject to artistic necessities. So far you may call them artistic, if you like; but then we must call artistic also every other non-practical desire of our nature; the desire which is gratified by a piece of scientific information, divested of all practical value, will also be artistic, and the man who presents an abstract logical argument in the best order, so that the unimportant be always subordinate to the important, will have to be called an artist. The satisfaction we have in following the workings of a character, when these workings do not awaken sympathy or aversion, is as purely scientific as the satisfaction in following a mathematical demonstration or a physiological experiment; and when these workings of character do awaken sympathy or aversion, this sympathy or aversion is a moral emotion, to which we can apply the æsthetical terms 'beautiful' and 'ugly' only by a metaphor, only in the same way that we apply adjectives of temperature to character, or adjectives belonging to music to qualities of painting. The beautiful, as such, has a far smaller share in the poem, novel, or the drama than in painting, sculpture, or music; and, what is more, the ugly has an immeasurably larger one, both in the actual sense of physical ugliness and in the metaphorical sense of moral deformity. I wonder how much of the desire which makes a painter seek for a peculiar scheme of color, or a peculiar arrangement of hands, enters into the production of such characters as Regan and Goneril and Cousine Bette and Emma Bovary; into the production of the Pension Vauquer dining-

room and the Dissenting chapel in Browning's 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day'? To compare a man who works with such materials, who, every now and then at least, carefully elaborates descriptions of hideous places and odious people, with an artist like Corot, seeking for absolute loveliness in those less showy effects which previous painters have neglected, is simply an absurdity. The arts which deal with man and his passions, and especially the novel, which does so far more exclusively and completely than poetry or the drama, are, compared with painting, or sculpture, or architecture, or music, only half-arts. They can scarcely attain unmixed, absolute beauty; and they are perpetually obliged to deal with unmixed, absolute ugliness."

"There was a moment's silence.

"I can't make out our friend Baldwin," said Mrs. Blake; "he is too strangely compounded of a scientific thinker, a moralist, and an æsthete; and each of the three component parts is always starting up when you expect one of the others. Yesterday he was descanting on the sublime superiority of literature over art; now he suddenly tells us that, compared with art, literature is an ugly hybrid."

Dorothy Orme had been listening attentively, and her face wore an expression of vague pain and perplexity.

"I can't understand," she said. "What you say seems dreadfully true; it is what I have often vaguely felt, and what has made me wretched. Human nature does not seem to give one that complete, perfect satisfaction which we get from physical beauty; it is always mixed up, or in conflict with, something that gives pain. And yet one feels, one knows, that it is something much higher and nobler than mere combinations of lines, or sounds, or colors. Oh, why should art that deals with these things be the only real, the only thoroughly perfect art? Why should art that deals with human beings be a mistake? Don't you feel that there is something very wrong and very humiliating in such an admission?—in the admission that an artist is less well employed in showing us real men and women than in showing us a certain amount of heather and cloud and rock like that?"

And Dorothy pointed to the moor which spread, with immediately beneath them a sudden dip, a deep pool of rough, spray-like, blackish-purple heather round half-buried fragments of black rock, for what might be yards or miles or scores of miles; not a house, not a tree, not a track, nothing but the tufts of black and lilac heather and wind-bent rushes being there by which to measure the chain of moors; a sort of second sky, folds and folds and rolls and rolls of grey and purple and black-splashed cloud, swelling out and going in, beneath the folds and folds and rolls and rolls of the real sky, black-splashed, purple and grey, into which the moorland melted, with scarcely a line of division, on the low horizon.

"I make no such admission, my dear Dorothy," answered Baldwin. "Nay, I think that the artist who shows us real men and women in their emotion and action is a far more important person than the artist who shows us trees and skies, and clouds and rocks; although the one may always give us beauty, and the other may often give us ugliness. I was saying just now that the art dealing with human character and emotion is only half an art, that it cannot fulfil the complete æsthetic purpose of the other arts, and cannot be judged entirely by their standard; but while fiction—let us say at once, the novel—falls short of absolute achievement on one side, it is able to achieve much more, something quite unknown to the rest of the arts, on the other; and while it evades some of the laws of the merely æsthetic, it becomes liable to another set of necessities, the necessities of ethics. The novel has less value in art, but more importance in life. Let me explain my idea. We have seen that there enter into the novel a proportion of interests which are not artistic, interests which are emotional and scientific; desire for the excitement of sympathy and aversion, and desire for the comprehension of psychological problems. Now one of the main differences between these emotional and scientific interests and the merely æsthetic ones is, I think, that the experience accumulated, the sensitiveness increased, by æsthetic stimulation serves merely (except we go hunting for most remote consequences) to fit us for the reception

of more æsthetic experiences, for the putting out of more æsthetic sensitiveness, familiarity with beauty training us only for further familiarity with beauty; whereas, on the contrary, our emotional and scientific experiences obtained from art, however distant all practical object may have been while obtaining them, mingle with other emotional and scientific experiences obtained, with no desire of pleasure, in the course of events; and thus become part of our *viaticum* for life. Emotional and scientific art, or rather emotional and scientific play (for I don't see why the word art should always be used when we do a thing merely to gratify our higher faculties without practical purposes), trains us to feel and comprehend—that is to say, to live. It trains us well or ill; and, the thing done as mere play becoming thus connected with practical matters, it is evident that it must submit to the exigencies of practical matters. From this passive acquiescence in the interests of our lives to an active influence therein is but one step; for the mere play desires receive a strange additional strength from the half-conscious sense that the play has practical results: it is the difference, in point of excitement, between gambling with markers and gambling with money. There is a kind of literature, both in verse and in prose, in which the human figure is but a mere accessory—a doll on which to arrange beautiful brocades and ornaments. But wherever the human figure becomes the central interest, there literature begins to diverge from art; other interests, foreign to those of art, conflicting with the desire for beauty, arise; and these interests, psychological and sympathetic, in mankind, create new powers and necessities. Hence, I say, that although the novel, for instance, is not as artistically valuable as painting, or sculpture, or music, it is practically more important and more noble."

"It is extraordinary," mused Marcel, "how æsthetical questions invariably end in ethical ones when treated by English people: and yet in practice you have given the world as great an artistic literature as any other nation, perhaps even greater."

"I think," answered Mrs. Blake, who was always sceptical even when she

assented, and who represented that portion of reasoning mankind which carries a belief in spontaneous action to the length of disbelief in all action at all—"I think that, like most speculative thinkers, our friend Baldwin always exaggerates the practical result of everything."

They had turned, after a last look at the grey and purple and blackish undulations of the moors, and were slowly walking back over the matted sere grass and the stiff short heather in the direction of Haworth; the apparently continuous table-land beginning to divide once more, the tops of the green pasture-slopes to reappear, the valleys separating hill from hill to become apparent; and a greyness, different from the greyness of the sky, to tell, on one side, of the neighborhood down below, of grimy, smoky manufacturing towns and villages, from which, in one's fancy, these wild, uncultivated, uninhabited hill-top solitudes seemed separated by hundreds of miles.

"I don't think I exaggerate the practical effects in this case," answered Baldwin. "When we think of the difference in what I must call secular, as distinguished from religious, inner life, between ourselves and our ancestors of two or three centuries, nay, of only one century, ago, the question must come to us: Whence this difference? Social differences, due to political and economical ones, will explain a great deal; but they will not explain all. Much is a question of mere development. Nothing external has altered, only time has passed. Now what has developed in us such a number and variety of moral notes which did not exist in the gamut of our fathers? What has enabled us to follow consonances and dissonances for which their moral ear was still too coarse? Development? Doubtless; just as development has enabled us to execute, nay, to hear, music which would have escaped the comprehension of the men of former days. But what is development? A mere word, a mere shibboleth, unless we attach to it the conception of a succession of acts which have constituted or produced the change. Now, what, in a case such as this, is that succession of acts? We have little by little become conscious of new har-

monies and dissonances, have felt new feelings. But whence came those new harmonies and dissonances, those new feelings? Out of their predecessors: the power of to-day's perception arising out of the fact of yesterday's. But what are such perceptions; and would mere real life suffice to give them? I doubt it. In real life there would be mere dumb, inarticulate, unconscious feeling, at least for the immense majority of humanity, if certain specially gifted individuals did not pick out, isolate, those feelings of real life, show them to us in an ideal condition where they have a merely intellectual value, where we could assimilate them into our conscious ideas. This is done by the moralist, by the preacher, by the poet, by the dramatist; people who have taught mankind to see the broad channels along which its feelings move, who have dug those channels. But in all those things, those finer details of feeling which separate us from the people of the time of Elizabeth, nay, from the people of the time of Fielding, who have been those that have discovered, made familiar, placed within the reach of the immense majority, subtleties of feeling barely known to the minority some hundred years before? The novelists, I think. They have, by playing upon our emotions, immensely increased the sensitiveness, the richness, of this living keyboard; even as a singing-master, by playing on his pupil's throat, increases the number of the musical intervals which he can intone."

"I ask you," went on Baldwin, after a minute, "do you think that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers would have been able to understand such situations as those of Dorothea and Casaubon, of the husband and wife in Howells' *'Modern Instance'*, as that of the young widow in a novel which I think we must all have read a couple of years ago, Lucas Malet's *'Mrs. Lorrimer'*? Such situations may have existed, but their very heroes and heroines must have been unconscious of them. I ask you again, Mrs. Blake—for you know the book—could you conceive a modern girl of eighteen, pure and charming and loving, as Fielding represents his Sophia Western, learning the connection between her lover and a creature like Molly Seagrim, without becoming quite

morally ill at the discovery? But in the eighteenth century a nice girl had not the feelings, the ideal of repugnances, of a nice girl of our day. In the face of such things it is absurd to pretend, as some people do, that the feelings of mankind and womankind are always the same. Well, to return to my argument. Believing, as I do, in the power of directing human feeling into certain channels rather than into certain others; believing, especially, in the power of reiteration of emotion in constituting our emotional selves, in digging by a constant drop, drop, such moral channels as have already been traced; I must necessarily also believe that the modern human being has been largely fashioned, in all his more delicate peculiarities, by those who have written about him; and most of all, therefore, by the novelist. I believe that were the majority of us, educated and sensitive men and women, able to analyze what we consider our almost inborn, nay, automatic, views of life, character, and feeling; that could we scientifically assign its origin to each and trace its modifications; I believe that, were this possible, we should find that a good third of what we take to be instinctive knowledge, or knowledge vaguely acquired from personal experience, is really obtained from the novels which we or our friends have read."

II.

"I am sorry that Miss Dorothy should have been reading *'Une Vie'*," said Marcel, as he sat next morning after breakfast in the country house near the big black Yorkshire city; "the book is perhaps the finest novel that any of our younger Frenchmen have produced, and I wish I, instead of Maupassant, were its author. But I shrink from the thought of the impression which it must have made upon this young girl, so frank and fearless, but at the same time so pure and sensitive. I am very sorry it should have fallen into her hands."

"I have no doubt that my cousin felt very sick after reading it," said Baldwin coldly; "but I think that if there is any one who might read such a book without worse result than mere temporary disgust, it is exactly Dorothy. What I feel sorry about is, not that an English girl should read the book, but that a

Frenchman, or rather the majority of the French people, could write it."

Marcel looked surprised. "The book is a painful one," he said; "there is something very horrible, more than merely tragic, in the discovery, by a pure and ideal-minded woman, brought up in happy ignorance, of the brutish realities of life. But I cannot understand how you, Baldwin, who are above the Pharisaism of your nation, and who lay so much—so far too great (I think)—weight upon the ethical importance of the novel, can say that '*Une Vie*' is a book that should not have been written. We have, I admit, a class of novel which panders to the worst instincts of the public; and we have also, and I think legitimately, a class of novel which, leaving all practical and moral questions aside, treats life as merely so much artistic material. But '*Une Vie*' belongs to neither of these classes. There is, in this novel, a distinct moral purpose; the author feels a duty—"

"I deny it," cried Mrs. Blake, hotly; "the sense of duty in handling indecent things can never lead to their being handled like this; the surgeon washes his hands; and this Guy de Maupassant, nay, rather this French nation, goes through no similar ablution. The man thinks he is obeying his conscience; in reality he is merely obeying his appetite for nastiness and his desire to outdo some other man who has raised the curtain where people have hitherto drawn it."

"Pardon me," answered Marcel, "you seem to me guilty of inconsistency; Baldwin to his theories of the ethical importance of novels; you, Mrs. Blake, to the notions which all English people have about the enlightenment of unmarried women on subjects from which we French most rigorously exclude them. Looking at the question from your own standpoint, you ought to see that such a sickening and degrading revelation as that to which Maupassant's heroine is subjected, is due to that very ignorance of all the realities of married life in which our girls are brought up, and which you consider so immoral. This being the case, what right have you to object to a book which removes that sort of ignorance that turns a wom-

an into a victim, and often into a morally degraded victim?"

"My dear Monsieur Marcel," said Mrs. Blake, "I quite see your argument. I do consider the system of education of your French girls as abominably immoral, since they are brought up in an ignorance which would never be tolerated in entering upon the most trifling contract, and which is downright sinful in entering upon the most terribly binding contract of all. But I say that a woman should get rid of such ignorance gradually, insensibly; in such a manner that she should possess the knowledge without, if I may say so, its ever possessing her, coming upon her in a rush, filling her imagination and emotion, dragging her down by its weight; she ought certainly not to learn it from a book like this, where the sudden, complete, loathsome revelation would be more degrading than the actual degradation in the reality, because addressed merely to the mind. Hence such a book is more than useless, it is absolutely harmful: a blow, a draught of filthy poison, to the ignorant woman who requires enlightenment; and as to the woman who is not ignorant, who understands such things from experience or from the vicarious experience gleaned throughout years from others and from books, she cannot profit by being presented, in a concentrated, imaginative, emotional form, these facts which she has already learned without any such disgusting concentration of effect. Believe me, respectable, Pharisaic mankind knows what it is about when it taboos such subjects from novels; it may not intellectually understand, but it instinctively guesses, the enervating effect of doubling by the imagination things which exist but too plentifully in reality."

"I perfectly agree with Mrs. Blake," said Baldwin. "We English are inclined to listen to no such pleas as might be presented for '*Une Vie*,' and to kick the man who writes a book like this downstairs without more ado; but I regret that, while the instinct which should impel such summary treatment would be perfectly correct, it should with most of my country-people be a mere vague, confused instinct, so that they would be quite unable to answer

(except by another kick) the arguments which moral men who write immoral books might urge in defence."

"But why should you wish to kick a man because he does not conceal the truth?" argued Marcel. "Why should that be a sin in an artist which is a virtue in a man of science? Why should you fall foul of a book on account of the baseness of the world which it truthfully reflects? Is not life largely compounded of filthiness and injustice? is it not hopelessly confused and aimless? Does life present us with a lesson, a moral tendency, a moral mood? And if life does not, why should fiction?"

"Because," answered Baldwin, "fiction is fiction. Because fiction can manipulate things as they are not manipulated by reality; because fiction addresses faculties which expect, require, a final summing up, a moral, a lesson, a something which will be treasured up, however unconsciously, as a generalization. Life does not appeal to us in the same way, at the same moment, in the same moods, as does literature; less so even than science appeals to us in the same way as art (and yet we should be shocked to hear from a poet what would not shock us from a doctor). We are conscious of life in the very act of living—that is to say, conscious of it in the somewhat confused way in which we are conscious of things going on outside us while other things are going on inside us; conscious by fits and starts, with mind and feelings, not tense, but slack; with attention constantly diverted elsewhere; conscious, as it were, on a full stomach. The things which are washed on to our consciousness, floating on the stream, by the one wave, are washed off again by another wave. It is quite otherwise with literature. We receive its impressions on what, in the intellectual order, corresponds to an empty stomach. We are thinking and feeling about nothing else; we are tense, prepared for receiving and retaining impressions; the faculties concerned therein, and which are continually going off to sleep in reality, are broad awake, on the alert. We are, however unconsciously, prepared to learn a lesson, to be put into a mood, and that lesson learnt will become, remember, a portion of the principles by which we steer our life, that

induced mood will become a mood more easily induced among those in which we shall really have to act. Hence we have no right to present to the intellect, which by its nature expects essences, types, lessons, generalizations—we have no right to present to the intellect exceptional things which it graves into itself, a casual bit of unarranged, unstudied reality, which is not any of these things; which is only reality, and which ought to have reality's destructibility and fleetingness; a thing which the intellect, the imagination, the imaginative emotions, accept, as they must accept all things belonging to their domain, as the essential, the selected, the thing to be preserved and revived. Hence, also, the immorality, to me, of presenting a piece of mere beastly reality as so much fiction, without demonstrating the proposition which it goes to prove or suggesting the reprobation which it ought to provoke. Still greater, therefore, is the immorality of giving this special value, this durability, this property of haunting the imagination, of determining the judgment, this essentially intellectual (whether imaginative or emotional) weight to things which, in reality, take place below the sphere of the intellect and the intellectual emotions, as, for instance, a man like Rabelais gives an intellectual value, which means obscenity, to acts which in the reality do not tarnish the mind, simply because they don't come in contact with it. In fact, my views may be summed up in one sentence, which is this: Commit to the intellect, which is that which registers, re-arranges, and develops, only such things as we may profit by having registered, re-arranged, and developed."

Dorothy had entered the room, and presently she and Marcel were strolling out on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Blake and Baldwin to continue their discussion.

"What is the use of talking about such things with a Frenchman?" exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "I could scarcely refrain from laughing when I saw you gravely arguing about morality and immorality in novels with that young man, who would give one of his fingers to have written '*Une Vie*;' and who, after talking pessimistic idealism with Dorothy, and going on by the hour about the exotic frankness, and purity,

and mixture of knowledge and innocence of English girls, probably shuts himself up in his room to write a novel the effect of which upon just such a girl he positively shrinks from thinking of, as the morbid, puling creature said about 'Une Vie.' Do you remember the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse?' Rousseau, declaring that if any modest girl read the book he had just written, she would be lost? That is how all the French are: they can neither understand that their books are sickening, nor that a decently constituted human being can recover after five minutes from the feeling of sickness which they inspire. It is impossible to argue with them on the subject."

"It is very difficult to argue with them on the subject," answered Baldwin, "but not so much for the reasons you allege. The difficulty which I experience in attacking the French novel to a Frenchman is, that I cannot honestly attack it in the name of the English novel; the paralyzing difficulty of being between two hostile parties which are both in the wrong. The French novel, by its particular system of selection and treatment of subject, by choosing the nasty sides of things and investing them with an artificial intellectual and emotional value, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character; the English novel, on the other hand, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character in a different way, by deliberately refusing to admit that things can have certain nasty sides, and by making us draw conclusions and pass judgments upon the supposition that no such nasty factors really enter into the arrangement of things. A girl, for instance, who has read only English novels has not merely got a most ridiculously partial idea of life, an idea which can be only of the most partial practical utility, but she has, moreover, from the fact of the disproportion between the immense amount of talk on some subjects and the absolute silence on others, acquired an actually false idea of life, which may become actually practically mischievous. I have taken the example of a girl, because men get to know but too easily the ugly sides of things and of themselves; and it has always struck me that there is something absolutely piteous, and which should

make an honest man feel quite guilty, in the fact of girls being fed exclusively upon a kind of literature which conduces to their taking the most important steps, nay, what is almost worse, which conduces to their forming the most important ideals and judgments and rules of conduct, in ignorance of the realities of life, or rather in a deluded condition about them."

Mrs. Blake looked at Baldwin with a air of whimsical compassion. "My dear friend," she said, "I am an old woman and an old novelist. When I was young I thought as you do, for, permit me to say, all that array of scientific argument seems to tend to prolonging people's youth most marvelously in some respects. You say that it is unjust that women should be permitted to form ideals and rules of conduct, that they should be allowed to make decisions, while laboring under partial and erroneous views of life. Is that not exactly what Marcel answered when you called 'Une Vie' a filthy book? What does that book do, if it does not enlighten the ignorance of which you complain?"

Baldwin shook his head. "You misunderstand me. I said to you just now that the English novel is pernicious because it permits people, or rather let us say women (for the ethics of novels are, after all, framed entirely for the benefit or detriment of women), to live on in the midst of a partial, and therefore falsified, notion of life. That has nothing to do with my strictures on 'Une Vie' or upon any other French novel whatsoever. I objected, in answer to Marcel, that a book like Maupassant's gave a false impression of life, because it presented as a literary work—that is to say, as something which we instinctively accept as a generalization, as a lesson—what is in truth a mere accidental, exceptional heaping up of revolting facts, as little like a generalization of life as a humpbacked dwarf is like a figure in a book of artistic anatomy; and I objected to it still more because, like nine out of ten French novels, it dragged the imagination over physical details with which the imagination has no legitimate connection, which can only enervate, soil, and corrupt it; because, as I said, it gave an intellectual value to

facts with which the intellect cannot deal with the very smallest profit in the world. I said just now that, in attacking the French novel, I felt the disadvantage of not being able to do so in the name of the English novel; at present the case is exactly reversed: I feel the difficulty of attacking the restrictions of the English novel, because the excesses of the French novel are staring me in the face. I assure you that one pays a price for the satisfaction of remaining independent between two rival systems of novel-writing, as one does for remaining independent between two rival political or religious parties: the price of being continually isolated and continually in antagonism; dragged, or rather pushed away, from side to side, sickened, insulted in one's own mind, told by oneself that one is narrow-minded and immoral by turns. I know that, if I wrote a novel, it would be laughed at as stuff for school-girls by my French and Italian friends, and howled down as unfit for family reading by my own country-people."

"Very likely," answered Mrs. Blake, "and it would serve you right for not having the courage to decide boldly between the timidity of the English and the shamelessness of the French."

"I do decide. I decide boldly that both are in the wrong. I cannot admit that a man should give his adherence to either party if he think each represents an excess. At that rate, it would be impossible ever to form a third party in whom justice should reside, and things would always go on swinging from one absurdity or one evil to the other. I see that you consider me already as a partisan of the French novel. Permit me to say that I would rather that the English novel were reduced to the condition of Sunday reading for girls of twelve than that such a novel as Maupassant's '*Une Vie*' or Gautier's '*Mademoiselle de Maupin*' should be written in this country. I tell you frankly that I can scarcely think of a dozen modern French novels in which I should not like to cut out whole passages, sometimes whole chapters, from Balzac to Daudet. Let me explain myself, and recapitulate what I consider the sins of the modern French novel. One of these, fortunately rare, but gaining ground every day, can be

dismissed at once: I mean the allusion to particular kinds of evil which are so exceptional and abnormal that any practical advantage derivable from knowledge of them must inevitably be utterly outweighed by the disadvantage of introducing into the mind vague and diseased suspicions. The other principal sins of modern French novelists are, to my mind, first: the presentation of remarkable evil without any comment on the part of the author, or without any presentation of remarkable good to counterbalance, by its moral and æsthetical stimulus, the enervating effect of familiarity with evil. The sight of evil is not merely necessary, if evil is to diminish; it is wholesome, if it awakens indignation: it is good for us to maintain our power of taking exception, of protesting, of hating; it is good for us, in moral matters, to have the instinct of battle. But this becomes impossible if evil is represented as the sole occupant of this earth: in that case we no longer have any one to fight for, and we run the risk of forgetting how to fight for ourselves. So much for the demoralizing effect of the pessimistic misrepresentation, or at all events the representation of an unfairly selected specimen of life. It distinctly diminishes our energies for good. The other, and I decidedly think even worse, great sin of French novelists is their habit of describing the physical sides of love, or of what people call love, whether it be socially legitimate or socially illegitimate. Such descriptions are absolutely unnecessary for the psychological completeness of their work, since, as I said to Marcel, they drag the mind and the intellectual emotions into regions below their cognizance, and cram them with impressions which they can never digest, which remain as a mere foul nuisance; besides, by stimulating instincts which require not stimulation, but repression, they entirely betray the mission of all intellectual work, which is to develop the higher sides of our nature at the expense of the lower. There is not a single description of this kind which might not most advantageously be struck out, and I could have gone on my knees to Flaubert to supplicate him to suppress whole passages and pages of '*Madame Bovary*,' which I consider a most moral and useful novel.

I don't think you yourself would be more rigorous in dealing with the French novel."

Mrs. Blake looked puzzled. "I confess I can't well conceive 'Madame Bovary' with those parts left out," she said, "nor do I clearly understand, since you are so uncompromising with the French novel, why in the world you cannot rest satisfied with the English one. You seem to me to be merely removing its limits in order to fence the French novel round with them. What do you want?"

"I want absolute liberty of selection and treatment of subjects to the exclusion of all abnormal suggestion, of all prurient description, and of all pessimistic misrepresentation. I want the English novelist to have the right of treating the social and moral sides of all relations in life, as distinguished from treating their physical sides. I want him to deal with all the situations in which a normal human soul, as distinguished from a human body, can find itself. I want, in short, that the man or woman who purports to show us life in a manner far more minute and far more realistic than the poet, should receive the same degree of liberty of action as the poet."

"As Swinburne in the first series of 'Poems and Ballads'?" asked Mrs. Blake, with a sneer.

Baldwin looked quite angry. "If people are irrational, is that my fault?" he exclaimed. "You know perfectly well that if I condemn Maupassant, and Daudet, and Zola, I condemn Swinburne, in the poems you allude to, a hundred times worse, because he has no possible moral intention to plead, because his abominations are purely artistic. The liberty which I ask for the English novelist is the liberty which is given to a poet like Browning, or Browning's wife—the liberty in the choice of subject which we would none of us deny to Shakespeare. Does the English public disapprove of 'The Ring and the Book,' of 'Aurora Leigh,' of the plot of 'Othello' or of 'Measure for Measure'? Well, ask yourself what the English public would say of a novelist who should treat 'Othello' or 'Measure for Measure,' who should venture upon writing 'Aurora Leigh' or 'The Ring and the Book,' in prose. Let us

look a moment at this last. You will not, I suppose, deny that it is one of the most magnificent and noble works of our day; to my mind, with the exception perhaps of the 'Misérables,' by far the most magnificent and the most noble. Now the plot of 'The Ring and the Book' is one which no English novelist would dare to handle; Mudie would simply refuse to circulate a novel the immense bulk of which consisted in the question, discussed and rediscussed by half-a-dozen persons: Has there been adultery between Pompilia and Caponsacchi? Has Guido Franceschini tried to push his wife into dishonor, or has he been dishonored by his wife? Ask yourself what would have been the fate of this book had it been written by an unknown man in prose. Every newspaper critic would have shrieked that the situation was intolerable, and that the mind of the reader had been dragged through an amount of evil suggestion which no height of sanctity in Pompilia or Caponsacchi could possibly compensate. I foresee your answer: you are going to rejoin that poetry addresses a select, a higher, more moral, more mature public than does the novel; that the poet, therefore, may say a great deal where the novelist must hold his tongue. Is it not so? Well, to this I can only answer (forgive me, for you are a novelist yourself) that I would rather never put pen to paper than be a novelist upon such terms. What, is a man or woman who feels and understands and represents, as strongly and keenly and clearly as any poet, to be thrust into an inferior category merely because he or she happens to write in prose instead of writing in verse? Is the novel, the one great literary form produced by our age, as the drama and the epic were produced by other ages, to appeal to a public of which we are to take for granted that it is so infinitely less mature, so infinitely less intelligent, and less clean-minded than the public of the poet? A public of half-grown boys or girls, too silly to understand the bearings of things; a public of depraved men and women, in whom every suggestion of evil will awake, not invigorating indignation, but a mere disgusting and dangerous response? Tell me: is the novelist to confess that he addresses a public too

foolish and too base to be addressed plainly?"

Mrs. Blake did not answer for a minute. In her youth, while she had still believed in the nobility of mankind, she had written a novel which had been violently attacked as immoral; and ever since, in proportion as her opinion of men and women had become worse and worse, she had carefully avoided what she called "sailing too near the wind;" a woman, the morality, as people called it, of whose books was due to deep moral scepticism, in the same way that the decorum, the safety, of certain great cities is due to the State's acquiescence in the existence of shameful classes.

"That's all very fine," she answered, "in theory; but look at the practical result of letting novelists treat certain subjects in a pure-minded way; you have it in France. In order to prevent people getting to the thin ice, we must forbid their going on to the pond; we must fence it round and write up 'No trespassing allowed.' Believe me, were the English novelist permitted to write a 'Ring and the Book' or an 'Aurora Leigh' in prose, he would have written 'Une Vie' or 'Nana' before the year was out."

Baldwin shook his head. "You are entirely mistaken," he said; "these novels are not, could not be, the result of greater liberty being given to the English novel, for they are not the result of the liberty given to the French novelist. They are the result simply of the demoralization of France, and of all nations influenced by France, in certain matters: a demoralization due partly, perhaps, to a habit engrained in the race; partly, most certainly, to the abominable system of foreign female education and of foreign marriage; due, in short, to the fact of French civilization (and under the head of French I include Italian, Spanish, and Russian) being to a much greater extent a masculine civilization, made by men for men, and therefore without the element of chastity which women have elaborated throughout the centuries, and which only women can diffuse. The French may not be more licentious than the English; but they are less ashamed of licentiousness, or, rather, not ashamed of it at all; and when I say the French I mean the Latin

peoples and the Russians and Poles as well. If you had lived abroad as much as I have, you would know that the incidents which revolt us most in French novels are the incidents which are taken as matter of course in French-speaking countries, that the allusions and discussions which seem to us most intolerable are made freely wherever, out of the presence of unmarried women, French or Italian is spoken. No thoroughbred English person—at least, no thoroughbred Englishwoman—can have a conception of the perfect simplicity, the innocence of heart I might almost say, with which French and Italian and Russian women, absolutely virtuous in their conduct and even theoretically opposed to vice, bandy about suggestions, suspicions, accusations, which would make an Englishman's hair stand on end. There is, in what I may call the French world, a positive habit of putting nasty constructions upon things, which is as striking in its way as our English habit of always pretending that such a thing as vice cannot exist among our respectable neighbors, a perfect Philistinism—or even Pharisaism—of evil, as conventional as our Philistinism of good. The immorality of the French novel is simply the immorality of French society."

"And you think," asked Mrs. Blake, sceptically, "that English society is not sufficiently immoral to produce, if allowed to do so, a French novel? My poor Baldwin!"

"I think so, most certainly. And I think that if English society were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, the sooner it did so the better; for in that case our English novel would be almost the worst sign of our weakness and depravity—a white leprosy of hypocrisy and cowardice. If England were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, and restrained from so doing merely by conventional reasons, why the whole of our nation would simply be no better than a convent-bred young French girl of whom I heard lately, who was not permitted to go to a ball for fear of meeting young men, and who slipped out every night her mother was at a party, and took a solitary walk on the boulevards."

"Speaking of girls, there, is your

cousin walking along the road with Marcel," interrupted Mrs. Blake. "I think, considering the sort of young ladies to whom, according to his novels, he is accustomed, it would be as well that we should accompany these representatives of a moral and an immoral civilization on their walk."

Baldwin laughed. "You are more French than Marcel himself!" he exclaimed.

Baldwin and Mrs. Blake had soon overtaken the two young people on the road which, leading to a patch of moor that had got enclosed among the pasture land, wound along the round hills, covered with grass and corn and park land, above the big manufacturing city, which lay, wrapped in grey fog, with its hundreds of chimneys smoking away, invisible in the valley. The morning was fine; one appeared to be walking in the sunshine, feeling it on one's back and accompanied by one's shadow; but this sunlit patch extended only a few paces around one, and moved on as one moved, leaving all the rest of the earth veiled in a dense and not at all luminous mist of blackish grey—of the grey in which there is no blue at all, but which seems like a mere dilution of black; the grey of coal-smoke, heavy all round, but perceptibly thickening and gaining blackness in one spot, where the hidden chimneys of the black city slowly poured their blackish-grey smoke-wreaths into the blackish-grey sky.

"Oh, how can you write about such women," Dorothy was saying to Marcel, "and write about them so quietly—look at them and paint them as if they were merely a curious effect of light, merely a strange sky like this one?"

"What else are they?" answered Marcel. "I mean, what else can they be to an artist or a psychologist? We cannot destroy such women because there are other women, like you, Miss Dorothy, who are all that they are not, any more than we can forbid this smoke, this fog, to exist because there are mornings full of light, and breeze, and freshness. We cannot prevent their existing, and cannot hide from ourselves that as this fog, this smoke, has beauties strange and eerie, which make it valuable to a painter; so also such women, weak,

perverse, heartless, destructive, have a value, a strange unhealthy charm for the imagination."

There was a brief silence; then Baldwin and Mrs. Blake heard Dorothy's voice, earnest and agitated, answering the languid voice of Marcel, as they walked on enveloped in the mist.

"No, no," she said; "you think that, because you have never felt what those women are, because it has never come home to you."

Marcel sighed. "I fear it has come home to me but too much, Miss Dorothy," he answered.

"That is not what I mean. You may have known women like that—I dare say you have—and still not have known all that their wickedness means. If you had you could not talk like that about skies and light and mist. I have known such a woman, known the full meaning of such a woman. I can't very well explain; my ideas are rather confused, you know; but I understand that I understood that woman's real meaning. I had a friend once; she was beautiful, and young, and noble, and she was dying; and her husband, instead of caring for her, cared for a woman such as you describe in your novel; the two betrayed and outraged her, and made her last years bitterness and ignominy. She is dead now, I am thankful. Last year I went to the play in Paris. They were giving one of those horrible, vulgar vaudevilles, full of half-dressed people, and horrid, hideous songs and jokes; it was all about a burlesque actress, a sort of apotheosis of her. There were lots of people in the theatre; and some one pointed out to me, in one of the boxes, the woman who had made my friend so unhappy. She was what people call a lady, quite young, beautifully dressed, with a beautiful, delicate face, and she was laughing and blushing a great deal behind her fan, and looking very happy. It was the first time that I had ever seen her, and I never expected to see her there. I could not take my eyes off her. I can't tell you how I felt: as if a precipice had suddenly opened before me. I shall never forget it. She seemed somehow to be the concentration of what was going on on the stage; the play seemed to be about her, the songs about her. She seemed to be framed, as it were,

beautiful and delicate though she was, in all that indecency and vulgarity, those hideous gestures, that frightful music, those disgusting jokes. And the play seemed to become terrible, tragic, as if some one were being killed somewhere. I don't know how to explain it. But ever since that evening I have understood what a bad woman is."

Dorothy's voice died away, hot and hoarse.

"Did you hear?" Baldwin whispered to Mrs. Blake. "Well; what my cousin has just been saying is a thing which an English novelist would not be allowed to say; he would not be allowed

to show us the bad woman in her box; and he would not be allowed, therefore, to show us what was passing in that girl's heart, all the rebellion of outraged love and respect, all that great and holy indignation. And yet, to have seen the contents of Dorothy's heart at that moment, braces our soul, does us more moral good than the sight of all the bad women in Christendom could do us harm; for it means that we have stood for a moment in the presence of the Lord, of the true God, whose name is Love and Indignation."—*Contemporary Review*.

A DARK PAGE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

BY ANTONIO GALLENGA.

BETWEEN the years 1551 and 1612 there lived in Parma a lady of high rank and of rare beauty, whom fate, in the end, involved in a tragic catastrophe, on the records of which still hangs a terrible mystery.

This lady's names and titles were Barbara Sanseverino-Sanvitale, Countess of Sala and Marchioness of Colorno. She sprang from the Neapolitan princely House of Sanseverino, apparently a branch of the Princes of Salerno, one of those old Lombard feudal families which held sovereign sway in Southern Italy previous to the Norman settlements in the Two Sicilies. Owing to some matrimonial alliance with the royal House of Aragon, Barbara's ancestors were known as *Principi Sanseverino d'Aragona*.*

One of these ancestors, Barbara's great-grandfather, Count of Caiazzo, belonged, on the mother's side, to the well-known family of Francesco Sforza, a soldier of fortune, and son of that soldier of fortune who, according to the old legend, exchanged his woodman's axe for a trooper's sword, and with it carved for his descendants the way to the Duchy of Milan. Having borne arms with honor under these *condottieri*, Roberto San Severino was rewarded by

the Duke Francesco Sforza with the fief of Colorno, near Parma, in 1451.

Heiress of Colorno, and other large estates in the fourth generation, Barbara Sanseverino, at the age of fifteen, was married, in 1564, to Giberto Sanvitale, Count of Sala, the head of one of the greatest noble houses of Parma, a house still extant in our day, and further ennobled by its recent connection with the Imperial House of Austria, the father of the present head of the family, Count Luigi Sanvitale, having married the daughter of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, ex-Empress of the French, and Duchess of Parma.

Parma and Piacenza, in the age of Barbara's great-grandfather, were, and continued to the end of the fifteenth century, incorporated with the Duchy of Milan, but in 1512 Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere), profiting by the disorders of the League of Cambray, seized upon those two cities and their territories, and annexed them as dependencies of the State of the Church. Thirty years later another Pope, Paul III. (Farnese), erected Parma and Piacenza into a duchy, to be held as a fief of the Holy See, in favor of his natural son, Pier Luigi Farnese, whom he had previously created Duke of Castro, Nepi, and Camerino, raising him also to the rank of *Gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer of the Holy Church, a title which con-

* *Vita di Barbara Sanseverino*, p. 5, scritta dal Cav. Amadio Ronchini. Modena, 1853. 4°.

ferred upon him the command of the Pontifical army.

This Pier Luigi, a monster whose heinous crimes and loathsome vices almost exceeded those of that other Pope's son, Cesare Borgia, so utterly shocked and angered his subjects at Piacenza, that at the end of a two-years' reign, in 1547, he was removed from this world by a conspiracy of his nobles, who murdered him in his citadel, and flung down his dead body to the populace, by which it was barbarously mutilated and man-gled.

Pier Luigi's son, Ottavio Farnese, was a better and more fortunate man. He had, under the influence of his grandfather, the Pope, married the natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V. (afterward the famous Margaret of Parma, who governed the Netherlands for her brother, Philip II. of Spain), and who was then widow of Alessandro de Medici, also a Pope's son.

Although Ottavio's imperial connection did not enable him to recover Piacenza, which, upon Pier Luigi's death, was claimed by the Emperor's lieutenant as a dependency of the Duchy of Milan, yet he, Ottavio, managed to make a good fight for Parma, and eventually—in consideration of the important services of his renowned son, the Prince of Parma, Alessandro Farnese, to King Philip II. of Spain—to win back also Piacenza, and to be recognized as sovereign Duke of Parma and Piacenza, under the suzerainty, no longer of the Church, but of the Duchy of Milan.

Ottavio's reign continued undisturbed to his death, in 1585. After him, in the absence of his son, Alessandro, always busy with his Netherland wars, the duchy was administered by the Duchess Margaret of Parma, his mother, or by Ranuzio, or Ranuccio, his son, as Regent. Upon the death of Alessandro, Ranuccio ascended the throne, which he occupied from 1592 to 1622.

All these particulars of the reigning House of Farnese are absolutely necessary to the understanding of the story of Barbara Sanseverino-Sanvitale.

Throughout the period of Ottavio's reign, 1547-1585, Barbara's life was tolerably free from the storms of adversity. On her father, Gian Francesco's, death, in 1570, and the extinction of the

other males of the Sanseverino line, the fief of Colorno, with other property, fell to her and her only sister Giulia. Giulia was married to Count Giovan Battista Borromeo, of Milan, with a competent dowry. Barbara was also, as we have said, married to Giberto Sanvitale, Count of Sala, a widower. By some pecuniary arrangements with her sister Giulia, and by the especial and constant favor to herself of Duke Ottavio (who, though he had quarrelled with her father, was supposed to be half in love with her), Barbara succeeded in concentrating all the feudal rights of her family on her son, Girolamo Sanvitale, with the usufruct for herself during her lifetime.

Barbara was barely fifteen when she married Giberto Sanvitale in 1564, and her step-daughter, Eleonora Sanvitale (soon after married to a Modenese nobleman, Giulio da Thiene, Count of Scandiano), was her constant companion. These two ladies had frequent occasions to travel, with or without their husbands; and wherever they appeared, their beauty, their talents, their manners, their style of dress, challenged the most enthusiastic admiration of the various Italian Courts, and became the theme of the effusions of their hundred bards. They were in Rome in 1572 when, upon the death of Pius V. (Ghislieri), and the election of his successor, Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni), a swarm of princes, prelates, and diplomatists, with their brilliant retinues, had assembled; they revisited the Papal city during the Jubilee of 1575, and made a long stay at Ferrara in the following year. In the last-named place, where Tasso, Guarini, and other poets of minor note were either permanent or passing guests of Alfonso II. of Este, there arose a chorus of songsters exalting the matchless charms of Barbara and Eleonora: the former, now in the pride of her Juno-like beauty, and with an air of stately sadness, wherein seemed fixed the foreboding of her cruel fate; the latter, a Hebe in her prime, with a fair complexion and rosy lips, who was supposed to be one of the three Leonoras whose loveliness turned the too susceptible brain of the author of the *Gerusalemme* and *Aminta*.*

* "I have written two sonnets," Tasso

Those were comparatively quiet times for Italy, and her nobles, who had exhausted their energies and squandered their fortunes in the wars and intrigues which ultimately led to the enslavement of their country, were now doomed to inaction by the all-crushing ascendancy of Spain over their princes and people, and had sunk into an ignoble sloth and dejection, against which they had no other resource than the culture of letters and arts, and the encouragement of musical and theatrical talents. Barbara was no sooner in undisturbed possession of her ancestral estates at Colorno, than she established herself there, holding a little Court of her own, where she gathered crowds of people of high rank and distinction—not a few of them reigning princes—entertaining them with lavish hospitality, and enlivening them with a variety of academical reunions and scenic performances. Her husband, Giberto Sanvitale, who had been brought up to the Church, and had only married his first wife, Livia da Barbiano di Belgioioso, as a matter of duty, to ensure the continuance of his noble line after the death of his two brothers, was ill-matched with Barbara, so much younger than himself; he had a pious horror of all worldly pleasures, which unfitted him for her company, and lived in a kind of half-monastic retirement at his own castle of Sala. The estrangement between them went so far that Barbara, on the plea of some remote kinship between them, began an action against her husband, first for a legal separation, then for an actual divorce, or annulment of marriage—a suit which was still pending when Giberto departed this life at Sala, in 1575, leaving his wife free to follow her own inclinations at Colorno.

Giberto's son, Girolamo Sanvitale, was still a minor, eighteen years old, and, thanks to the good-will of the Duke Ottavio Farnese, and of his successor,

Alessandro—to whom, though absent, Barbara appealed in all her difficulties—she was able to maintain her position as Marchioness of Colorno, even after her son had come of age, and up to the date of Ranuccio's accession to the ducal throne, in 1592.

Ranuccio Farnese, a man of gloomy, saturnine, suspicious and covetous disposition, was always haunted by the remembrance of the fate which his great-grandfather, Pier Luigi, had met at Piacenza forty-five years before, and by the consciousness of the hatred which his subjects, at least those of the noble rank, harbored against him. He was, also, a Lackland Prince; for when Pope Paul III. sent his son, Pier Luigi, to reign at Piacenza, as Duke, he forgot to endow the crown with such free landed estates as should constitute its patrimony and maintain its lustre. Pier Luigi himself had not felt his destitution, because he merely reigned two years, during which, as a great dignitary of the State of the Church, he drew to the full extent of his wants on the Pontifical Treasury. His son, Ottavio, and his grandson, Alessandro, were often at war, and always in the service of some of the great Powers which were then ravaging Europe. They relied, therefore, on the subsidies, now of the Pope, now of France or Spain, and ultimately on the liberality of Charles V. and Philip II. to their daughter and sister, Margaret of Parma. They were consequently, even when at home, never hard up for their means of subsistence. But all these resources were at an end when the hero, Alessandro, died in harness in Flanders, as Generalissimo of Philip II. And Ranuccio, when he inherited the crown, at a time in which taxation had not yet been established on its present admirable system, found himself in the condition of a poor prince in contention with his wealthy feudal vassals.

That he should covet the estates of these vassals, and especially those of the Sanvitale, was extremely natural; for the lands of the county of Sala extended over a large track of low hills at the foot of the Apennines, eight miles to the south of Parma; while the estate of Colorno, raised to a Marquisate by Duke Ottavio, lay near the right bank of the Po, ten miles from the city, and

wrote to his friend Luca Scalabrino, "one for the Countess of Sala (Barbara), who wore her hair on the top of her head, like a crown; the other for her step-daughter (Eleonora), who has a pretty, slightly protruding nether lip, like an Austrian princess. These," he adds, "won me signal favors from the Duke."

The sonnets alluded to are, among others:—
Donna, per cui trionfa amore e regna;
Quel labbro che le rose han colorito;
Bell' Angioletto, or qual è bella imago.

constituted for several miles the frontier of the Duchy against the territories of Mantua and Cremona, situated on the other—the left, or northern, bank of the great river. The lands of Colorno, on a deep alluvial soil, were among the most fertile districts of Northern Italy, and the income from that and other property enabled the Marchioness Barbara to keep up a style of living, the splendor of which enhanced by contrast the parsimony to which the Ducal Court, in the early years of Ranuccio, was necessarily reduced.

Between the Sanvitale and the Farnese—if we except the fancy with which Barbara's beauty had inspired Duke Ottavio—there had been no good blood at any time. The Sanvitale, who, throughout the period of the Middle Ages, had been among the most conspicuous patricians of the free city of Parma, acknowledging no equal among the local nobility, except the rival house of the Rossi di San Secondo, had deeply resented the intrusion of the Farnese—a family branded with incurable illegitimacy—as the head of their community. In the turmoil of the wars which laid waste the country during so many years of the sixteenth century, the Sanvitale had always been up in arms, now on one side, now on another, but ordinarily, and by choice, arrayed in opposition to the party favored by their Farnese Princes. Two of the brothers of Gilberto, Barbara's husband, Alfonso and Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale, had died in those wars—the latter-named on the scaffold, for having attempted, or, indeed, only plotted, to open one of the city gates to the troops of the Emperor Charles V. and of the Pope Julius III. (Del Monte), both then leagued against Duke Ottavio as a partisan of France, and besieging him in his capital (1552). Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale was, indeed, a traitor to his *de facto* feudal lord; but he acted in the interest of his paramount sovereign, whether Parma might be considered a fief of Milan or of Rome; for neither Pope nor Emperor had yet recognized Ottavio, who was thus under the ban both of the Church and the Empire. Had Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale been successful, he would have been proclaimed a good and faithful servant, and the traitor, rebel, and public enemy would

have been Duke Ottavio: so utterly confused in those unhappy days were all ideas of right and wrong!

But quieter times—piping times of peace—had now come, and the Italian nobles, however still treasonably inclined they might be, had greatly fallen from that activity which they had exhibited, fatally, to the extinction of their own nationality, and had but little energy left either for wars or conspiracies.

Ranuccio Farnese alone seemed still under the influence of mediæval ideas. He was a poor prince at the head of a small but rich state, and was determined to try how far he could help himself to his vassals' possessions, either by legal chicane or by high-handed confiscation. Already, before his accession to the throne, he made his first attempt to lay hold of the estate of Count Alberto Scotti di Gragnano, at Piacenza. This nobleman, having killed a townsman in 1591, had been condemned to death, and his property had been seized; but he made his escape to Rome, and represented his case to Pope Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini, to whose family Ranuccio's wife belonged), at whose intercession the Duke rescinded the decree about the confiscation of Scotti's property. Scotti, however, probably unwilling to trust himself to Ranuccio's tender mercies, deemed it expedient to prolong his residence abroad, whereupon the Duke issued an edict against absentees, "*De non extra habitando*," in virtue of which he again seized and confiscated the lands, not only of Scotti, but also of his wife, Sulpizia Landi (1603). Scotti again appealed to the Pope, and also referred his cause to the Jurist College of the University of Padua—the highest authority on legal subjects in Italy, from whom he obtained an opinion favorable to himself (1609). Ranuccio, however, endeavored, through his agent, Alessandro Anguissola, to have the Count arrested at Florence. Scotti escaped from his would-be kidnappers by flying to Rome; but on his journey there, he was waylaid and murdered at Ronciglione, January 15th, 1610. That his death was the deed of Ranuccio's emissaries it is not easy to doubt; for Italian princes seemed, in that age, to act on the maxim of Philip II. of Spain, who, as Motley shows, considered a sovereign's right

upon his subjects equally valid, whither-soever they might wander ; so that such of them as had incurred the sentence of death, if they escaped the hangman's rope at home, might still be fairly reached by the assassin's dagger abroad—an easier means of settling such matters than any devised since then by any international compact of extradition.

Having thus, by a first essay, devoured the substance of Scotti's family, Ranuccio seemed to feel that "appetite comes by eating," and, flying at higher game, his next attempts were aimed at Barbara, at that time an unprotected widow.

He had begun, even while he was only Regent, during the life of his father, Alessandro, by reviving the claims of the Diocese of Parma on Colorno, claims which had been put forward by the Bishops in the reign of Duke Ottavio, but set aside by that Prince. The same claims were now again insisted upon by the Bishop, Ferrante Farnese, a relative of Ranuccio, whose pretensions over other estates, fortunately, arrayed against him so many enemies, as soon made the diocese too hot for him, and drove him from it (1582).

That intrigue having failed, Ranuccio hit upon another. Girolamo Sanvitale, Barbara's son, was of age in 1588, and succeeded his father Giberto as Count of Sala, but showed at first no inclination to disturb his mother at Colorno, a fief of which Barbara, as usufructuary, continued to keep the administration in her own hands. She deemed this especially advisable as her son, a thoughtless youth, showed little aptitude to manage the paternal estates which had already been made over to him. But at Ranuccio's suggestion, Girolamo seemed to repent his forbearance, and he became troublesome to his mother, claiming his immediate right to rule at Colorno as well as at Sala ; as both estates, he contended, required the steady hand of a man.

The Duke, at the same time, was unwearied in his determination to drive the Marchioness from Colorno by throwing endless difficulties in the way of her government. Colorno, as we have seen, bordered upon Lombard territory across the Po, and especially on the Duchy of Mantua ; and Ranuccio, who looked upon every one of his neighboring po-

tentates as a personal enemy, was most chiefly on his guard against Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, now at the head of that princely family, one of whom, Ferrante Gonzaga, Governor of Milan for Charles V., had aided and abetted that conspiracy of nobles at Piacenza to which the first Farnese Duke, Pier Luigi, had fallen a victim in 1547. Between Duke Vincenzo of Mantua and Ranuccio of Parma a fresh cause of ill-blood had arisen, in 1581, when Vincenzo, having married Margaret, Ranuccio's sister, had repudiated her for reasons which never were put to the test of satisfactory medical inquiry ; when Ranuccio had to fetch the ill-wedded bride away from Mantua, and place her in the nunnery of St. Alessandro at Parma, where she died. A great fire which soon afterward broke out in the arsenal at Mantua, and caused the loss of valuable suits of armor and other treasures, heirlooms of the reigning family, was attributed to the vindictive treachery of the Farnese, and it was natural that Ranuccio should expect from his neighbor some return for the evil that this latter had received at his hands.

On the other hand, between Vincenzo of Mantua and Barbara of Colorno there had been friendship from earliest youth ; for Vincenzo, like most Italian princes, though a profligate, was an accomplished man—the friend of Tasso, though the alleged murderer of the admirable Crichton. He gave to letters and art all the time he could spare from lawful or unlawful pleasures, and he was among the most frequent visitors of sovereign rank who honored with their presence those academical, musical, and theatrical performances for which Barbara's court was renowned.

The incessant intercourse between the friends and dependants of the Mantuan Duke and those of the Marchioness of Colorno could not fail to give umbrage to the suspicious Ranuccio, who, like his great-grandfather, Pier Luigi, found fault with his vassals because they preferred the residence of their country homes, abandoning their town palaces, as well as the court of their liege lord, to cold and dreary solitude. For in Italy, as in other countries in the same disastrous circumstances, a social revolution

was observable in this respect. That same aristocracy which, in the early development of the free cities, had been forced or weaned from their feudal castles, soon gave in to the charms of a town life which offered a free scope to their energies, and opened their way to distinction and to civil and military ascendancy. But as soon as they became conscious of their inability to contend with rampant home and foreign despotism, they fell back upon themselves, and retired for many months, if not for the whole year, to their landed estates, seeking there as much obscure but safe independence as might still be found in rural privacy. This phenomenon reproduced itself in the various phases of Italian history, up to the great change in the destinies of that country which men of the present generation have witnessed.

Urged by this jealousy of Mantua, and nettled by the virtually independent though professedly submissive position of Barbara, Ranuccio was secretly plotting how he could narrowly and more narrowly besiege, and ultimately storm, the Marchioness in her feudal stronghold of Colorno.

Under pretence that the frontier of the Po required greater strength than a lady could wield, or her estate muster, he sent a band of his own troops as a ducal garrison to Colorno, who invaded Barbara's residence, exposing her and her household to the insolence of his commanding officer, who ill-used her peasantry, stirred up quarrels between the ill-disciplined soldiery and the Marchioness's own local militia, levied recruits amongst her peasantry, and by turns ill-treated them and prompted them to bring complaints of ill-treatment against her to the Sovereign. These vexations began in 1593, barely a twelvemonth after Ranuccio's assumption of power, and continued in spite of the repeated petitions and humble remonstrances of the aggrieved lady.

In the hope of putting an end to them, Barbara, who was now forty-five years old, and had been eleven years a widow, bethought herself of a second marriage, as the best means of procuring the aid of a trusty adviser and champion. She married, in January, 1596, Count Orazio Simonetta, a gentleman

sprung from a good Calabrian family, though perhaps hardly her equal in rank, or at least in wealth. It is rather amusing to hear how she alludes to the affair in a kind of apologetic letter to Cardinal Francesco Sforza, of Santa Fiora, in which she dwells on the motives by which her choice was actuated, stating that "what her circumstances required was a man free from all encumbrances, who could live with her and for her, devoting himself exclusively to her interests—a condition which could not be imposed on any one with a fortune equal to her own." She adds, with still greater *naïveté* (this happened probably in a leap year), that she herself put the question, explaining her position to the Count, and concluding, "Count, I want to marry;" upon which he answered, "Could I do for that?" when the lady said, "You must speak to the Duke." And thus the marriage was settled.*

The effect of Barbara's marriage undoubtedly was to remove many of the anxieties of her mind, especially with regard to her differences with the Count of Sala, her son, and the management of her vassals or tenants. But nothing could wear out the determination Duke Ranuccio had come to to gain possession of that frontier fief. Two years after Barbara's marriage—in 1598—the Duke came to an open attack upon Barbara, challenging her right of possession or occupation of Colorno, which was a male fief, and as such could not be allowed to fall into female hands (*tomber en quenouille*). That objection, however, had been overruled by Duke Ottavio's sovereign decrees, in 1565 and 1577, and had not been raised during the intervening time. A spoke was put into Ranuccio's wheel in this first instance by the Spanish Governor of Milan, Count Fuentes, who intimated to the Farnese that he should desist from the iniquitous suit. But Fuentes died in 1610, and Ranuccio again came to the charge, and renewed his demand with such energy as to shake the resolution, not of Barbara, but of her son, Girolamo Sanvitale, who conveyed to

* Io dissi, dolendomi, al Conte Horatio: Conte mi voglio maritare; al che mi rispose, se giudicava lui buono, mi si offeriva. Io li risposi: Chiedete licenza a S. A.; et così fu fatto.

the Duke his unwillingness to allow the matter to come into court, and only craved permission to take the opinion of expert jurists on the subject: whereupon Ranuccio referred the case not only to several lawyers of note throughout Italy, but also to the Legal College or Law Faculty of the University of Padua, at that time the greatest authority extant; the same that had given its opinion against Ranuccio in the affair of Count Alberto Scotti, in January, 1610, but who now (May 5, 1611), after a six months' debate, gave sentence in favor of the Duke, by a vote of 33 against 17, out of an assembly of 50 members.

It is greatly to the credit of that Lawyers' College that even a minority of nearly one-third should have had so much respect for their conscience as to spurn the wholesale bribe offered to all of them by Gian Giorgio Rossi, the agent despatched by Ranuccio to Padua as his solicitor; and one can understand the difficulty Rossi met with, after the trial, in pacifying the Duke, and reconciling him to a sentence which he had wished to be unanimous; for in the letter written to the Duke before the trial, Rossi had represented the College as a set in which every man had his price, and he now hinted that the result would have been more favorable had the supplies been ample.*

Overjoyed by his dearly-bought victory, such as it was, Ranuccio proceeded with moderation, or caution, for he thought that he could now afford to be generous; and as Barbara's son, Girolamo, was not unwilling to accept the opinion of the Paduan College as decisive, and to submit to it, renouncing his hereditary rights on Colorno, the Duke volunteered to allow him, as compensation, the estate of Collecchio (formerly Church land, as Colorno also was), adjoining Girolamo's own fief of Sala—the Duke adding as much value in land and money as could indemnify the Sanvitale from all loss, and stipulating, besides, that the exchange should be put off till the demise of the usufructuary, Barbara, who was now in her sixtieth year.

Subsequent events may well raise a doubt whether either Ranuccio or Girolamo were really bent on concluding what might be considered no unfair bargain. But negotiations to that effect were carried on from June 1st, 1611, when an interview took place between those two at the Duke's residence, the Abbey of Fontevivo, to the end of that month—the mediator being Cardinal Francesco Sforza di Santa Fiora, a prelate who was often at Parma, and was on friendly terms with both parties—when the events which were to give the question a far different solution came to maturity.

These particulars are supplied mainly by the Cavaliere Amadio Ronchini, a writer who had free access to the town and State archives at Parma, and also to those of the Sanvitale family, and who produced very valuable unpublished documents in evidence of his statements. And it is remarkable that, though the dedication of the book to Count Luigi Sanvitale bears the date of August, 1858, one year before the fall of the Duchess Louise of Bourbon, Regent for her son, Roberto, and the annexation of Parma and Piacenza to the Italian kingdom under Victor Emmanuel II., the book itself was only published in 1863, and, even then, not at Parma, but at Modena, so great was the reluctance of the authorities to reveal the secrets of the awful tragedy which disgraced the reign of Ranuccio, even so many years after the extinction of the Farnese dynasty!

But to proceed with the narrative. The arrangement proposed by the Farnese, and agreed to by Sanvitale, was not acceptable to Girolamo's mother, Barbara, whose family lawyer's opinion differed from that of the Paduan lawdoctors, and it seemed even more decidedly objectionable to Girolamo's son, Gian Francesco, a youth barely twenty years old, and already married, who looked upon himself as the future head of the family, and the lawful heir both of his father and his grandmother, both of Sala and Colorno—and in that capacity was already known as "The Young Marquis" (*Il Marchesino*). This youth, hot-headed it may be presumed, and somewhat too freely outspoken, was suspected or accused, at all events arrested, upon the charge of harboring

* See Rossi's Letters to Ranuccio, May 10, 1611, in Ronchini's *Vita di Barbara Sanseverino*, pp. 39, 40, note.

hostile intentions to the State or the person of Ranuccio. His arrest led to that of many other persons, and henceforth the information we depend upon as to their guilt must be drawn from the report of the trial, and the account of the witnesses' depositions, or the prisoners' confessions.

The judge trusted by Ranuccio with the conduct of the case was the "nobile" Filiberto Piossasco, a Piedmontese, for many years in the Farneses' service, known as an able, though keen, ruthless Inquisitor.

The report of Piossasco is to the effect that there was "a wide-spread conspiracy, of which the leaders were Gian Francesco Sanvitale, the young Marquis of Sala; his father, Girolamo Sanvitale, with his wife Benedetta Pio, of the princely house of Carpi; Girolamo's mother, Barbara, with her second husband, Orazio Simonetta; and Alfonso Sanvitale, of the Fontanellato branch of the family. Their accomplices were Counts Alberto Canossa, of Reggio, and Pio Torelli, of Montechiarugolo, both in Duke Ranuccio's household; Counts Giambattista Masi, Girolamo da Correggio, and Teodoro Scotti, of Piacenza; besides three Marquises Malaspina, of Lunigiana, with several persons of lower rank."

The plot, according to the Judge's charge, was first projected by the Marchesino and his cousin Alfonso, and their design was to "take advantage of the baptism of Ranuccio's infant son, Alessandro, born September 5th, 1610, to murder in the baptismal church the Duke, the Duke's brother, Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, and Ottavio, the Duke's natural son." But, as the christening ceremony was being indefinitely put off, a new scheme was brought forward, "to attack and overpower the Duke at the Abbey of Fontevivo, where he resided for the benefit of his health, and where his guards were not sufficiently numerous to offer a very strenuous resistance."

In pursuit of these plans, the indictment continues, the conspirators "met in various places, in December, 1610, and in January and February, 1611, during the Carnival, once at a dinner at Girolamo's house, and again at Bar-

bara, his mother's, palace at Parma"—the precise dates being, however, nowhere forthcoming.

In the meanwhile, the Judge goes on, "a constant intercourse was kept up between the conspirators and Vincenzo of Mantua, the Prince of Mirandola, the Crown Prince of Modena, the Constable of Castile, Governor of Milan, and some great feudal lords of Lunigiana, all at heart enemies of the Farnese, all able and willing to further the murderous enterprise."

It might seem hardly credible that a plot to which so many persons of both sexes were privy, which reached so far, and had so many partisans and abettors abroad, should for any length of time elude the vigilance of a suspicious tyrant and an active police. Such had been, however, in the fifteenth century, and the early part of the sixteenth, the character of Italian conspiracies. Those by which Gian Maria Visconti, in 1412, and Galeazzo Maria Sforza, in 1475, were slain in Milan; that to which Giuliano de' Medici succumbed, in 1478, in Florence; and others, were the deeds of men of noble blood, were perpetrated in churches, relied on the co-operation of numerous accomplices, and the support of powerful foreign auxiliaries. The blow which prostrated Pier Luigi Farnese, in 1547, was dealt by a hand backed by a hundred other hands, and it was struck with the connivance, if not of monarchs, at least of their most conspicuous agents; and Pier Luigi himself at the very time that his domestic enemies compassed his downfall, was, in that same year, 1547, diving deeply into that treasonable attempt against Andrea Doria, of Genoa, to which the great Admiral's nephew, Gianettino, fell a victim; supplying Fiesco with men and arms; and, in fact, doing to others what others were so soon to do to him. But after the final subjugation of Italy by the overwhelming power of Spain, under Philip II., the mania of the Italians for those wholesale plots had greatly abated; for all men of sense began to see that, for an enslaved people, political assassination only aggravated the evil it was intended to cure, and that, even if the dagger might strike down a native tyrant, it could not reach the distant foreign

despot of which all the Italian princes were by this time merely the satellites.

The conspiracy against Ranuccio Farnese—whether it was the contrivance of its alleged authors, or simply the invention of the Prince bent on their destruction—so wonderfully resembles in its particulars the attempts of former generations as to look like a mere piece of clumsy plagiarism; for the main plotters, we are told, were nobles, their accomplices were legion, their first scheme was to desecrate a place of worship by bloodshed; and there was hardly a court in the adjoining States to which they were not looking up for support and encouragement. Though the conspirators were so many, and though the threads must have been woven on or before September, 1610 (the date of the expected baptism of the infant prince), it was only nine months later, June, 1611, that the plot began to be suspected, and even then by the sheerest chance. It happened that Alfonso Sanvitale, an intimate friend of his cousin, the Marchesino, was said to be not on the very best terms with his wife, Silvia Visdomini, who was staying with her mother at a country house near Reggio. One evening, June 19th, 1611, these two ladies were shot at by some evil-doers, whose bullets wounded the younger lady and killed the elder. Suspicion immediately fell on Silvia's husband, who was arrested, June 10th, and brought before the ordinary criminal court. Several ruffians of low degree, as implicated in that affair, were subsequently apprehended; amongst others, one Onofrio Martani, of Spoleto, who was in the service of the Marchesino, in the capacity of a *bravo* (a hired swash-buckler), such as, in those evil times, even the most harmless gentlemen used to keep about their persons in self-defence. This man was at the head of a band of ruffians, some of whom were in the Duke's pay as soldiers, but on whose secret services Martani could always rely if he needed them. Some of these soldiers were also apprehended, June 14th, and it was surmised that their arrest was for *something graver* than the Reggio murder. Forthwith the case was taken from the hands of the ordinary magistrate, and placed in those of the Inquisitor, Piosasco, who, by the appli-

ance of the most fierce torments,* forced from Martani the avowal that the "something graver" was "the affair of the Duke." This was enough for Piosasco to determine the arrest of Martani's master, the Marchesino, June 14th, which enabled the Inquisitor to draw from him and from Alfonso, both of whom he racked most dreadfully,† such a circumstantial statement of the plot as led to the arrest of all the Sanvitale, and the other noblemen we have named, most of them connected by blood or marriage with the family. The prosecution went on thus with its tenebrous work, month after month, during the year 1611; and it was only on February 13th, 1612, that the last batch—Barbara, with her husband, Orazio Simonetta, her son Girolamo, and Benedetta Pio, Girolamo's wife—were also imprisoned.

It is remarkable, in the first place, that not one of these alleged conspirators should have attempted flight. For, even if innocent, they must have expected to be put to the rack, as they actually were—one of them, Teodoro Scotti,‡ dying under the infliction without making any avowals. Barbara, for one, who could have crossed over the Mantuan frontier in half an hour, allowed herself to be caught in her palace at Parma, though the prisons had been filling with her pretended accomplices for so many months.

It is also, in the second place, worth mentioning that Ranuccio, who was conscious of the great injury he was meditating, and had all but achieved, against the Sanvitale, by robbing them of Colorno, and had good reason to fear their vengeance, should have been so little startled by the first intimations he received of their suspected designs. For in an interview he had with the Marquis Giberto Pallavicino degli Oppii, on the 16th of June (*i.e.* two days after the first arrests), Ranuccio evinced, indeed, some uneasiness lest "that untoward affair of Colorno might become the *cause of some trouble*," insisting that "Colorno he must certainly have, but *great bitterness must come from it*"—yet, on that

* "Feroce tortura."—Ronchini, p. 47.

† "Orribilmente martoriati."—*Ibid.* p. 49.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 74.

same day, he wrote to Bartolomeo Riva, his treasurer, a devoted servant and trusted adviser, who bade him be on his guard, leave Fontevivo, and come to Parma, that "he did not like to show fear, as he felt none," that "they (his supposed enemies) had neither head, nor sense, nor means, nor opportunity to hurt him; they had no support to look to, either at Milan or Rome, and they could gain nothing by an attempt upon his life, as there was his son, and his brother (to insure the succession), so that all they could get would be only the infamy of such a deed." That there was ill-will against him the Duke was aware; but he would "watch and wait," and, meanwhile, he would thank Riva to sound Cardinal Sforza, "who would be sure to know what was going on," bribing him with promises in his (the Duke's) name to "promote Sforzino" the (Cardinal's natural son) if he found that Prelate disposed to be communicative.*

All this the Duke wrote in June 1611, when he had that interview with Girolamo Sanvitale, with respect to the bargain about Colorno, with the mediation of that same Cardinal Francesco Sforza!

Barbara was arrested, February 13th, 1612, and taken to the prisons of the citadel (Castel nuovo), where, on the ensuing day, the Inquisitor Piosasco waited upon her, and began an interrogatory which was continued till the 17th, and which Ronchini † quotes *in ex tenso* from the Inquisitor's report.

Piosasco plied the lady with minute questions about all her acts and movements, about the persons of her acquaintance, about the rumors she had heard, but more explicitly about the character of her grandson, the Marchesino, about the meetings at her son Girolamo's house, and at her own palace at Parma, during the Carnival of 1611, in which, after dinner, the subject of the conspiracy was discussed among the very numerous guests; and again, about the intimacy of herself and family with the Court of Mantua, with whom there was incessant intercourse of visits and messages, especially through the intermediary of a Neapolitan lady, the Marchioness of Grana, a great friend of

Barbara, and who enjoyed the favor of the Vincenzo Gonzaga up to the end of that Duke's life and reign, on the 18th of that very month of February 1612.

Barbara answered all questions with great presence of mind, with apparent frankness, and to the best of her recollection. The promptness and directness with which she parried all cross-questions and suggestions nettled the judge, who, in more than one instance, left her brusquely, treated her harshly, insisted that she *must* remember, and even bade her flatly to "tell no lies."

Substantially, however, the lady avowed that the prospect of losing Colorno grieved her to her heart; that she had expressed her distress about it in the bosom of her family, and among intimate friends; that she had, through these friends, solicited the Court of Mantua, the Governor of Milan, and others, to uphold her cause by interceding in her favor with the Duke; but that, as to any conspiracy, though vague rumors had reached her after the arrest of so many of her relatives, she had no knowledge of it, no treasonable talk having ever been held in her presence.

After three days' sparring between the judge and the "obstinate" lady, in which the former was foiled at all points, and at the end of which he left her wrathfully,* he had her removed to the dungeons of La Rocchetta, an old castle on the right bank of the torrent, Parma, the underground chambers of which no stranger could visit in after days without shuddering, and there submitted her to what he called the "rigorous examination," in the torture chamber.

Here Barbara, being again questioned about her knowledge of the conspiracy, swore, repeatedly, and in the most fearfully solemn manner, holding a crucifix, in the name of the "Unity and Trinity of God, of the Holy Virgin, and all the Heavenly Host," † that she had nothing to reveal that she had not already stated; whereupon the Inquisitor offered to bring up her accomplices, to convict her and prove her guilt and her perjury on their evidence. And, in fact, these poor wretches, who had been

* Ronchini, pp. 46, 47, note.

† *Ibid.* pp. 50-73.

* "Dispettosamente."—Ronchini, p. 67.

† "Giuro a Dio Trino ed Uno, alla Beata Vergine ed alla corte celestiale tutta."—Ronchini, pp. 67, 68.

chained in those dungeons for months and had been "awfully martyred," came up, one by one: first Torelli, then Masi, next Girolamo da Correggio, all of whom told the same story; all of them remonstrating with the Marchioness for her stubbornness, beseeching and almost bullying her to avow what, as they urged, "was already past denial." As if to satisfy the unhappy lady that the men were speaking the truth, Piosasco made all of them, one after another, confirm their statements on the *eculeo*, or *cavolletto*, the most cruel instrument of torture in his arsenal, and they all did so, though the tale was interrupted by their shrieks almost at every word.

When the lady's firmness had been sufficiently shaken by this atrocious exhibition of wanton cruelty, and convinced that at the end the same torments were in reserve for herself, the judge read to her the depositions of her husband, of her grandson, the Marchesino, and others, all criminating herself, her son, and her daughter-in-law. In presence of all this evidence, the poor woman, horror-struck, overwhelmed, cried out: "What! All my people traitors?"* She thus surrendered, and, calling on God to have mercy upon her, pleaded guilty to all the charges in the Inquisitor's indictment; upon which he left her, "fully satisfied."

The task of the prosecution was now completed. Moral torture, as it had probably been calculated, was sufficient to overcome a woman's constancy without resorting in her case to the argument of the rack, and equal leniency was shown to Barbara's daughter-in-law, Benedetta Pio, who stood on the negative to the last, yet who was allowed to escape both the rack and the scaffold, but doomed to a lingering death in her dungeon. On the same day, February 17, Barbara was taken back to her prison in the citadel; and after a trial, in which she refused to appoint an advocate, sentence was given, May 4, 1612, by a Court presided over by the prosecutor, Piosasco, which declared the prisoners "guilty of high treason against God and man,"† and condemned them,

besides the confiscation of all their property, "to be dragged all over town at the horse's tail in osier cages to the place of execution, there to be hanged and quartered." The Duke, however, abated the severity of the sentence, and was satisfied with merely beheading the prisoners of noble rank and hanging the commoners.

The execution took place, May 19, 1612, in the market-square, on a Saturday, the market-day. It lasted four hours, the Duke being in attendance from beginning to end.

It would be barbarism to dwell on the horrors of the final scene. Barbara suffered first, in the presence of her husband, Orazio Simonetta; Girolamo, her son; the Marchesino, her grandson; her cousin Alfonso; and the two Counts, Torelli and Masi. The men followed. Seven heads were set upon iron stanchions round the scaffold. Three of the prisoners of lower rank died on the gallows.

As Barbara's body lay still warm on the ground, the same indignity to which that of the Princess of Lamballe was exposed when she suffered at the hands of the *Septembriseurs* of 1792, was inflicted upon it by the headsman, Stefano Dodi, who was punished for the brutal outrage with eighteen days' imprisonment.*

Of the other prisoners of noble blood, Teodoro Scotti, as we have said, succumbed to the rack; Girolamo da Correggio was spared, probably because he was a Modenese subject; and Benedetta Pio, Girolamo Sanvitale's wife, because she could not be convicted on her own confession.

It will not be difficult, perhaps, even upon so condensed a narrative as the foregoing, to sum up the probabilities of the truth or falsehood of the alleged conspiracy. On one side, we have Ranuccio eagerly bent on obtaining, *per fas aut nefas*, the Sanvitale estate of Colorno, pursuing his intent for a score

* "I cadaveri di tutti costoro" (the seven beheaded persons), "furono raccolti dal carnefice, il quale, come giunse a quello di Barbara, osò sollevarne la camicia, guardò alle ignude membra di lei; belle pur tuttavia, benchè di donna sessagenaria, e battè in atto carezzevole l'ancor calda spoglia, maravigliando che caduta fosse sotto l'infame sua mano."—Ronchini, pp. 76, 77.

* "Tutta la mia razza traditora!"—Ronchini, p. 72.

† "Di lesa Divina ed Umana Maestà."—Ronchini, p. 74.

of years, bribing a whole college of fifty lawyers to make sure of a verdict which should empower him to proceed to a deed of spoliation speciously justified by legal authority; and, in the end, coming to terms with the adverse party upon a promise of adequate compensation. That he should be glad of any act of these adversaries which should enable him to have Colorno, and all the rest of the estates, without compensation and without delay, was extremely natural in a prince so needy, so covetous, and so unscrupulous as Ranuccio Farnese.

On the other hand, there are the Sanvitale—Barbara; her son, Girolamo; her grandson, the Marchesino Gian-Francesco—all justly grieved at the idea of the loss of their property, unwilling to grant, and yet afraid to resist, the unjust demand, yet compelled to accept the compromise of an exchange, however onerous; however doubtful they might be of the fulfilment of its conditions on the part of their absolute sovereign. That they should wish to break off the bargain by a murder of the Duke is also quite possible. The only question was, how such a murder could be effected. The first scheme, we are told, was to kill the whole family of the Duke assembled in attendance on the infant Prince's christening. That plan, however, was abandoned, and another was thought of, of killing Ranuccio alone in the country, at Fontevivo. But Ranuccio himself adverted to the fact that, "had he even fallen, there remained the Cardinal his brother, and Ottavio his natural son" (the first who could be unfrocked, and the second legitimated), "to continue the Farnese line, even taking no account of the new-born Prince." If the Farnese dynasty survived, whoever came to the throne would be sure to begin his reign by putting to death Ranuccio's murderers and seizing their property. The motives to proceed to extremity were evidently stronger on the side of the Duke, all the more as his adversaries could only compass their end by a fearful crime, while all the Duke needed was to begin a prosecution, more or less on the forms of justice and legality.

None would probably be rash enough to assert that under that portentous vol-

ume of smoke there was no fire; that where so many were convicted no guilt existed. It is extremely probable that the Marchesino and his friend, Alfonso Sanvitale, were heard uttering seditious words, and even menaces, against the spoiler of their family—extremely possible that these and other young men, as guests at Girolamo's or Barbara's carnival entertainments, may, in the heat of their after-dinner talk, have indulged their ill-will against the Duke, unchecked or unchid by their elders, even if they went so far as to declare that so iniquitous a sovereign did not deserve to live, and that to kill him would be a meritorious action. But what seems sure is that no deliberate action followed upon such vague talk, even if the talk were proved. No initiative pointing to the execution of the plot appears even in the indictment on which the prosecutor took his start. We are told that a wholesale murder of the ducal family had been contemplated on or about September 10, 1610. This scheme led to no actual attempt for nine months. We are further informed that the plot only began to be suspected in June 1611, when two of the alleged conspirators were arrested. Eight months more elapsed before the final apprehension of the most important accomplices, and all without any of these being determined either to adopt some desperate course at all hazards, or to seek their safety in flight.

That so many and such powerful lords and ladies should muster so little resolution and courage as might be required either to strike a blow themselves, or to commission one of the thousand cut-throats with which Italy was then swarming to do it for them, and to rid them of a tyrant who took no precautions, and "scorned to be afraid," seems unlikely; and it is equally difficult to understand how, if they despaired of the execution of their plan, they should all of them, after the first arrests, have helplessly abided the consequences of a too probable discovery, when a ride of eight or ten miles could have enabled them to reach a land of perfect safety.

Of the persons of high rank that were imprisoned, all but two were the Duke's subjects; all owners of large estates, which Ranuccio most intensely longed for, and which he was ultimately

enabled to possess. Of the two aliens, Alberto Canossa and Girolamo da Correggio, both of the Duchy of Modena, the first is not again mentioned; the second, though arrested, tortured, and convicted on his own confession, was allowed to go scot-free. As to the three Malaspina of Lunigiana, though never arrested, they can never be said to have absconded. They were simply absent, either at their own homes beyond the Apennines, or at their duties in the service of other princes.

Those that were present, and arrested within the borders of the Duchy, were indeed "convicted on their own confessions." But what avowals could not be wrested from men racked within an inch of their lives—one of them racked to death? The two ladies, we are told, were not racked; but one of them, Barbara, was terrified by the sight of the torture inflicted on her friends, and by the certainty that her turn would come next. The other, Benedetta Pio, never being racked, never confessed.

With respect to the subsidies in men, arms, and money, from Mantua, Modena, Lunigiana, &c., on which the conspirators were said to have relied, there is no record of any living thing stirring across the borders before or after the trial. Men and arms may have been ready to come, but never came. As to money, it was stated—not proved—that the Marchesino, in 1611, shortly before his arrest, received from the Marchioness of Grana the sum of 1,500 scudi, supposed to be bestowed by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, of Mantua.

The Duke Vincenzo, though not named, is described in the Piosasco indictment as the head and soul of the conspiracy, acting through the agency of his Captain of the Guards, Giulio Cesare, one of the three Malaspina of Lunigiana. But Vincenzo died, June 18, 1611, and his son, Francesco, took up the defence, both of the deceased Duke and of the Captain of his Guards, with so much warmth and resentment that, had it not been for the mediation or interference both of France and Spain, of Savoy and Venice, a war between the two Duchies of Parma and Mantua would have been the certain result.*

* Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, ad Ann. 1612, vol. xv. p. 154. Venice, 1753.

The impression made upon all Italy by a butchery, the like of which has never been perpetrated even in the darkest periods of mediæval tyranny, was first a feeling of unmitigated horror, then of utter unbelief in the guilt of Ranuccio's victims. Alarmed, himself, at the outcry of execration rising on all sides against him, the Duke endeavored to justify his conduct by sending everywhere special envoys, bearers of sealed reports of the trial. But the envoy who delivered the sealed packet to Cosmo II. de Medici at Florence, went back to Ranuccio with another similar sealed packet, containing a report of just such another trial in which he, himself, the Parmesan envoy, figured as a criminal, convicted on equally "irrefragable" evidence of a murder at Leghorn—a place where he had never been in his life—a palpable hint, conveyed as a practical joke, by which one Prince reminded the other that a judge like Piosasco, and an argument like the *cavalletto*, could prove everything—consequently proved nothing.

So far Ranuccio had triumphed. But his victory seemed to him incomplete so long as a drop of blood ran in the living veins of those he had injured. Benedetta Pio, Girolamo's wife, who escaped the scaffold, died after three years' confinement in a dark dungeon of La Rocchetta. Virginia, the Marchesino's sister, aged thirteen, and Maria, his infant daughter, were buried alive in nunneries. The Marchesino's wife, Cortanza Salviati, was made to marry a Farnese. Of the Marchesino's two sons, one, Ercole, "died in infancy;" another, Giberto, was locked up in the State fortress at Borgotaro, in which he won the affections of his jailor's daughter, of whom he had two sons, Ferrante and Carlo, and who favored his escape. The father, however, hotly pursued by Ranuccio's cut-throats, was drowned in the Taro, and his sons both "died in tender age."*

The murderous Duke removed thus every possible claimant on Colorno,

* Litta, Pompeo, *Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*, *Albero Sanvitale*. Greater and almost incredible horrors about the destruction of this main line of the Sanvitale family may be read in *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, vol. iii. p. 659. Paris, 1787.

Sala, and the other many estates he had been at such pains to win. These became the country residences—the Aranjuez and Versailles—of the Ducal family, both during the continuance of the Farnese dynasty and after its extinction in 1731. We are told that Don Filippo, and after him his son, Don Ferdinando, who came in for the inheritance of Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain, apparently smitten with remorse about retaining property which had come to the Crown as the price of so much blood, commissioned a lawyer, by name Comaschi, to look over the report of the Piosasco trial, and to give his opinion as to the justice of his sentence, and consequently of the legality of the confiscations by which the Crown had been so splendidly endowed. Comaschi's answer was, of course, that "in accordance with the form of proceedings in

vigor in the time of Duke Ranuccio" (when the rack was the order of the day) the trial and sentence were "all right," and Ranuccio's successors could with an easy conscience enjoy their castles, parks, and all the rest of their fairly-inherited wealth.

The wealth accruing to the Ducal Crown by these spoliations was so enormous that when, in recent times, Maria Louisa of Austria, and, after her, Louise of Bourbon, called my uncle, Antonio Lombardini, to the management of their finances, that minister assured them that the Duchy of Parma, with anything like a prudent policy and thrifty administration, could easily have borne all the burden of the public expenditure merely on the revenue of the Crown's domains, and without taxing the subjects to the amount of one farthing!—*National Review*.

THE CHOLERA-INOCULATION FALLACY.

BY EDWARD F. WILLOUGHBY.

THE truth of the old Hebrew proverb of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country would be seriously shaken were we to concede one-half of the claims advanced by Dr. Ferran, and by his enthusiastic admirers on his behalf.

While he confidently poses as a second and greater Jenner, asserting his right to be awarded the Bréant prize, and his benighted and panic-stricken countrymen, who in their blind frenzy abuse the doctors and assault the scavengers, regard him with superstitious awe as a public benefactor, and even the more educated and sober members of the medical profession in Spain are disposed to recognize in his inoculations a prophylactic means of at least equal value with those of Pasteur in the case of anthrax, outside of the peninsula his alleged discovery is everywhere looked on with contempt or incredulity, the more pronounced the higher the authority of the critic.

So far as we know but two voices have been raised in his defence, viz., that of M. Pasteur in France and of Dr. C. Cameron in this country. But it is no

disparagement of the abilities of either to say that their opinions on the question at issue must be received with some reserve. M. Pasteur is neither a physician nor a physiologist; he is a chemist whose researches on fermentation, originally undertaken in the interests of the wine-growers, have led to brilliant and unexpected results, but he possesses no small share of the enthusiasm and the vanity of his nation, which often blind his better judgment. We need only adduce his obstinate refusal to adopt the pure culture of Koch, although the fallacious character of experiments conducted in fluid media has long been admitted by workers in every department of bacteriology throughout the world. Such a man is naturally prejudiced in favor of one who professes himself his disciple, and who implicitly follows his methods of procedure. Dr. Cameron, again, though his medical education lends weight to his public expressions of opinion on medical and sanitary questions, has never, we believe, been engaged in the practice of his profession, still less in this particular field of research, having entered on a political ca-

reer as journalist and legislator almost immediately after taking his medical degree.

His defence of Dr. Ferran in the last number of this Review is admirable as a piece of forensic pleading, but, considered from a scientific standpoint, it is open to the fatal objection of being almost entirely based on the evidence of his client, and on assumptions which are at least unproven, if not in the highest degree questionable.

To justify Ferran's position and procedure it is necessary that he should show—1, that cholera is one of those diseases one attack of which confers for a longer or shorter time a greater or less degree of immunity against infection by the same; 2, that he has discovered the true cholera germ, the efficient cause of the disease; 3, that the artificial disease which follows his inoculations is identical in kind with true cholera, however much its manifestations may differ in degree from those observed in the disease set up by ordinary infection; and 4, that the results obtained are such as to justify the procedure.

Though we have put the ethical aspect of the question last, we will consider it first before proceeding to discuss the scientific aspects involved in the three previous positions. Strange to say, the ethical aspect is that which is insisted on by many persons as an objection to such a procedure in the very case in which the justification is the strongest. Those whom we may call philosophical anti-vaccinators, who are opposed not to vaccination in itself but to its compulsory performance, while willing to admit the protective influence of vaccination, deny or at least question the morality of inflicting a certain disease, however slight, with a view to the prevention of one which, however fatal, is but contingent and as they say remotely so. Theoretically their contention is right, and each case must be decided on its own merits. Not only must the risks attending the artificial disease be infinitely less than those it is designed to avert, but—and this consideration is of the utmost weight—the latter must be one which, like death itself,

*Æquo pede pulsat pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.*

We mean that it must be one that can-

not be avoided otherwise, by the observance of the laws of health and precautions personal or public.

The mortality in hydrophobia may be 100 per cent., but we should not be justified in inoculating everyone with Pasteur's mitigated virus, even if the resulting mortality were but one in a thousand, since the deaths from that disease are not one in ten thousand of the population.

Measles is inevitable, but the mortality is so slow, except from neglect, an avoidable cause, that the game would not be worth the candle. Small-pox is the disease in which, above all, vaccination is justified, since in an unprotected population it is nearly as inevitable as measles, and the mortality is at least one in six of those attacked, so that a tenth of the total deaths would be due to this cause alone.

On the other hand, enteric (typhoid) fever and cholera are especially preventable diseases; they are not contagious in the ordinary sense of the word; they are essentially and intimately connected with insanitary surroundings—sewage-sodden soil, and water fouled by faecal matters; their presence in a community is evidence of neglect or violation of the laws of health, and consequently they are to be prevented by better sanitation, by which at the same time the general health of the population cannot fail to be improved.

That cholera is one of those diseases which do not as a rule occur more than once in a lifetime is certainly far from proven. It has been so stated by Lebert, but it is not the opinion of those who have had the greatest experience of cholera either in its Indian home or in epidemics elsewhere. Indeed, the contrary was distinctly asserted by the United States Commissioners in their report (p. 61) on the epidemic of 1873. "Numerous instances," they say, "are recorded of individuals who recovered from an attack of cholera to succumb to the disease at a later period of the same epidemic;" and therefore not after such a lapse of time as might be accounted for by the gradual exhaustion of the protection afforded by the first attack.

It would appear from a comparison of small-pox, typhus, measles, &c., on the

one hand, with enteric, diphtheria, erysipelas, &c., on the other, that the immunity conferred by one attack stands in direct relation to the intensity of contagion, *i.e.* aerial communication and the differentiation of the disease.

To satisfy oneself of the reality of the acquired immunity one must be in a position to assert that but for it the individuals in question *must* have contracted the disease. This may be done by direct experiment, as Pasteur does in the case of animals inoculated for anthrax, and Jenner did with the human subject in that of small-pox, or by such exposure to infection as could not be borne with impunity by unprotected persons. Thus no number of persons unprotected by a previous attack can, we know well, be long in attendance on others, the subjects of typhus or of small-pox, without themselves succumbing, and that vaccinated persons can do so with impunity is crucial evidence of the immunity they too enjoy. But with enteric fever and cholera we have no such means of gauging the efficacy of alleged protective measures, since we know equally well that the attendants on such cases run no extraordinary risks, and direct experimentation, as by ingestion of stools, &c., is obviously inadmissible in the human subject.

Early in the present controversy Surgeon-General Murray, M.D., published some statistics of the cholera as observed in the central gaol of Agra between 1860 and 1865, in order to show that one attack of the ordinary disease did not protect against subsequent infection, and that *à fortiori* the artificially induced and modified form alleged by Ferran to follow his inoculations could not. Dr. Cameron endeavors to prove the very converse from the same data. Verily figures may be made to prove anything if no precautions be taken to eliminate sources of error. They are shortly these: out of an average strength of 2,364 prisoners there were 1,196 admissions of cholera, and 304 deaths, and of these 63 cases were those of second and 5 of third attacks. I need not reproduce Dr. Cameron's analysis of the cases and deaths; suffice it to say that he arrives at the conclusion that the liability of the "cholerised," as he calls them, to infection was twelve times less

than that of the others. But what a fallacy lurks in the words "average strength." This argument would require that these 2,364 prisoners should have been permanent residents like the population of a town, whereas probably 12,000, 15,000, or 20,000 passed through the gaol; he might have thought of this when he stated that one in every two was attacked. Dr. Cameron's error is the same as if from an annual death-rate of 100 per cent. on the number of beds in a hospital where the average time during which the patients remained under treatment was six weeks, he had inferred that every case ended fatally instead of 1 in 9. What Dr. Murray's figures do prove is that of *those who remained in gaol long enough* to permit of a second attack no fewer than 63 did so suffer, and though Dr. Cameron does not see the point of the joke, if I may use the expression, so far from a previous attack diminishing the danger of a subsequent one, while only 241 of the 1,060 primary cases (22.7 per cent.) died, 30 of the 63 secondary cases (or 47.5 per cent.) were fatal, a result which does not say much for the "protection," and contrasts strongly with the influence of vaccination on the mortality of small-pox. Well may he remark that Dr. Murray "will probably be surprised" at the use he is about to make of his figures.

Knowing, as everyone who has had practical acquaintance with cholera does, how much lower the death-rate becomes in the latter periods of an epidemic, I should have been surprised at the far higher mortality of the second cases, did I not believe that the previous attacks had rendered those persons less—not more—able to resist the disease, and that they were those who, as I said, had remained long enough to be again infected. Dr. Murray has abstained from recording a number of cases which some might be disposed to regard as relapses; but since he has established so many of undoubted recurrence while the individuals in question remained under observation, it is by no means improbable that some of his patients had already suffered from cholera before their imprisonment, and that others of the survivors have done so since their release.

There is still the question of probabilities; fewer persons probably break

their legs twice than once in a lifetime, yet no one would claim any protective influence for a previous fracture!

Dr. Cameron quotes copious statistics published by the medical corps, presumably the medical practitioners residing in Alcira. These, if perfectly trustworthy, are striking enough; but, even if they tell the truth, I cannot feel certain that they do the whole truth. We have no information as to the social position and other circumstances of the inoculated and uninoculated, a point of the utmost importance in all statistics of a disease so dependent on sanitary surroundings as cholera. The better-educated and well-to-do would be more likely to be taken with the idea of a prophylactic inoculation, having read or heard of Pasteur's previous researches in this direction, than would the utterly illiterate and ignorant class, who it is notorious have accused the doctors of poisoning the sick under their care; and if Dr. Ferran demanded a fee for the operation there, as he has elsewhere, the more needy would, especially when all trade was at a standstill, be *de facto* relegated to the uninoculated class.

Though the incidence of cholera in an epidemic does not always admit of explanation, and though there are still many problems unsolved respecting its causation and propagation, yet, except where it is directly laid on by a polluted public water supply, it does fall more heavily on the poor and the abodes of filth and wretchedness.

We have no evidence—certainly Dr. Cameron adduces none—that, as he says, “we have . . . an isolated town of 16,000 inhabitants divided into two equal batches, consorting together for precisely the same time *under precisely similar conditions, and exposed to precisely the same exciting causes of disease.*” All probabilities point the other way. We know how eagerly the upper and middle classes present themselves for revaccination, ready to pay any fee that may reasonably be demanded whenever there is a rumor of the approach of small-pox, while the lower classes, as a rule, are unwilling to avail themselves of it, though offered gratuitously.

Dr. Cameron must show that in the same streets, the same houses, the same

families, some individuals were, and some were not, inoculated before he is justified in asserting that the two classes of inoculated and uninoculated were under “precisely the same conditions, and exposed to precisely the same exciting causes of disease.”

Reports from other districts tell a very different tale, and one far less favorable to the inoculations. But the study of statistics, and especially of vital statistics, is in Spain as yet in the most crude and rudimentary state, and, without impugning the honesty or good faith of Dr. Cameron's informants, I must beg to be excused for saying that in a subject so beset with pitfalls of fallacy that it needs a special training, and one which many even of our own medical officers of health, &c., have not, to avoid them. I can place but scanty reliance on figures collected, mid haste and panic, when society and bureaus are disorganised, by men who omit or forget to supply the very data on which the whole question must be decided, though they have the *imprimatur* of a gentleman who coolly assumes *precisely similar conditions* when he knows nothing of the sex, age, and social position, the habitations, *water supplies*, &c., of the individuals composing the respective groups.

Any one in the habit of reading the Spanish medical and scientific journals must be struck with the shallowness and unpractical character of scientific work in that country; of work, in fact, there is almost none, and the knowledge of what is done elsewhere is acquired through excerpts and translations.

Dr. Ferran's own “laboratory” reflects this state of things; two ordinary microscopes, with no special means of illumination, no employment of staining methods whatever, no proper incubator for maintaining a constant temperature, no adequate precautions against the access of foreign and adventitious organisms, and with only such modes of disinfecting and sterilising his apparatus as, though they might satisfy Toussaint, have been proved utterly futile by Koch and Cheyne in their researches in tuberculosis.

How can Dr. Cameron reconcile his belief in the reality of Ferran's discov-

ery with such neglect of such ordinary precautions in the face of his own words that,

reared in animal or vegetable juices or decoctions the difficulty is to keep a single species pure and separate, and all kinds of devices have to be resorted to, to guard the medium in which it lives from the contamination of floating germs from without. But in gelatine they can be easily separated and reared in purity.

Very well; but then Dr. Ferran employs only "juices and decoctions" without resorting to any kind of device, &c., and it is hard, indeed, to believe that with imperfect appliances and slovenly procedure, and without previous laboratory training, he has suddenly achieved a brilliant discovery in a field where others have labored in vain.

Although the secrecy, not to say air of mystery, in which Ferran wraps his procedure, and his refusal to divulge the details of his cultivations to the men most competent to judge of their merits until he shall have reaped the utmost benefit therefrom, is utterly unworthy of a would-be man of science, resembling rather the attitude of an intending patentee, I do not, in questioning the truth of his alleged discovery, necessarily brand him as an impostor. Buchner was a man of far greater experience in this department of research, yet his alleged transmutations of the innocent bacillus of hay infusions into that of anthrax and *vice versa* are now generally discredited, and, if I mistake not, renounced by Buchner himself as errors of observation incident to the employment of fluid media for cultivation.

But it is, to say the least, not a little inconsistent in Dr. Cameron that, while he burns with righteous indignation at the imputation of delusion, collusion, or what else it may be, among a number of Spanish medical men, men probably with more zeal than knowledge, excitable Southrons in a time of unusual excitement, he feels no such scruples at accepting the negative conclusions of Chauveau (though it is always hard to prove a negative), and by so doing to involve in one indiscriminate charge of ignorance, incompetence, and fraud Gassner and Sonderrmann, Badcock and Ceeley, Reiter, Thiele, Senft, and last but not least, L. Voigt, with scores of honest and intelligent practitioners in

Brighton, Hanover, and Hamburgh, not categorically, indeed, but by implication.

But to return to the bacillus. I am as firm a believer in the connection of bacilli with disease as Dr. Cameron can be, and withal as sanguine. I fully believe that sooner or later every infectious, infective, and transportable disease will be shown to be caused by the presence of its specific bacillus, either directly by its action on the growth and function of tissues, or indirectly through "ptomaines," or poisons secreted by them.

I believe that Koch's comma bacillus is distinct from other commas and will yet be shown to be, in some stage of its existence, "the cause or the effect, or an essential part of the cause or effect," as J. S. Mill would say, of cholera, and that sooner or later he or some other worker will induce it to produce spores.

Why, then, am I so unwilling to accord the honor to Ferran? Simply because his whole behavior is otherwise inexplicable, and is irreconcilable with the assumption that he is actuated by a love of truth and of his fellow-men. Simply for the same reasons as those which would incline me to look for the discovery of an antidote to the tubercle bacillus by a Koch or a Cheyne, and not by an advertising consumption curer.

To read Dr. Cameron's account of the matter, one would think that all was open and authenticated, but such is not the case. If M. Brouardel's behavior was haughty and uncereemonious, Ferran richly deserved such treatment, for even from the courteous Von Ermengen he has withheld certain essential details. No wonder Brouardel rejected with scorn proposals involving the use of sealed boxes to be handed back to Ferran as if he were a conjurer. He was shown some objects alleged to be spores, but was told that he must wait five or six days for the "muriform bodies." When he inquired after experiments, he was told, with the utmost complacency, that the scientific work was completed long ago. Verily fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Dr. von Ermengen went in every way favorably disposed, a firm believer in the comma bacillus, but left not less disgusted and disappointed than his predecessor.

He was allowed, which Brouardel was not, to examine some of the fluid used for injections, and found it to be a "pure but scanty culture of comma bacilli" with *none of the further developmental forms* which, according to Ferran himself, constitute the essence of his discovery and practice. That inoculations performed with this fluid were a deception follows equally from the truth or falsity of the theory. Von Ermengen was more favored than Brouardel in being shown some of the "muriform" bodies supposed by Ferran to be sporangia, though of prodigious size, five to ten times that of a red-blood corpuscle, but they speedily dissolved in dilute acetic or hydrochloric acid, and appeared to be merely concretions of urates! Indeed he came to the conclusion that the successive phases and morphological changes, so minutely described by Ferran, existed only in his too vivid imagination.

It is true that Ferran propagates the common form in gelatine, but since he does not employ adequate precautions against the entrance of other germs into his liquid cultivations, there is no knowing what others may get mixed up with them. That the separation of these by filtration, as described by Dr. Cameron, may deprive the fluid of its toxic properties is quite conceivable, though not agreeing with Ferran's own belief that the *immediate* agent is a "ptomaine" generated by the bacilli,* but does not prove that the organisms thus removed were the pathogenic microbes of cholera.

Once more I repeat that until Ferran will describe his procedure so explicitly that any expert in any country can evolve these higher and sporiferous forms from the comma bacilli now grown in every laboratory, and until such development has been achieved by others than Ferran and his colleagues, I must withhold my credence, or, at any rate, maintain an attitude of neutrality and scepticism. Spaniards, however honest, are as yet but tyros and novices in microbiology.

Lastly, the question remains whether the phenomena observed to follow these

inoculations are such as to justify the belief that they indicate a modified form of the specific disease which we call cholera, or are they merely the consequences of a more or less indefinite form of blood-poisoning; in short, a septicæmia? The members of the Barcelona Academy, we are told, recognised them as choleraic, but neither the French nor the Belgian Commissioners could satisfy themselves that they were any other than the natural consequences of the injection of septic fluids with or without organisms. We know that long ago Thiersch in Germany, and Burdon-Sanderson in this country, obtained similar and more or less fatal results in rabbits and mice, not merely by the injection of choleraic fluids, but by the admixture of cholera stools, at certain periods after their evacuation, with the food of these animals; that at the time they identified these effects with cholera, and compared them with the gigantic experiments carried out by the Lambeth and Southwark and Vauxhall Water Companies on the inhabitants of South London, both companies during one epidemic supplying cholera-tainted water to their customers, while on the next occasion one company provided a pure water, the other still serving out the poisoned liquid with terrible effect.

But with our present extended knowledge of the phenomena of septicæmia there is, I believe, a general consensus among thoughtful men that Thiersch and Burdon-Sanderson were in error, and every foreign physician, who has as yet seen Ferran's inoculations, has been satisfied that the phenomena and symptoms are identical with those produced experimentally in animals by Thiersch and the rest. Every one knows that diarrhoea, cramp, and even collapse follow blood-poisoning from post-mortem wounds, ingestion of putrid meat, and inhalation of foul air from sewers, &c., and therefore do not in themselves constitute cholera.

A certain amount of obscurity must always attach to such experiments, since the most characteristic specific diseases of man and animals are not mutually communicable by any means at our disposal. Tubercle is common; anthrax, glanders, and foot and mouth disease communicable as such, and rabies in the

* Ferran's own words are: "Todo microbio específico produce su ptomaina especial, el que á su vez produce tambien una enfermedad especial."

form of hydrophobia to man ; diphtheria can be communicated unchanged to animals, and small-pox thus to monkeys only. The varioloid diseases of man and animals undergo with this exception considerable modification, ceasing to be contagious, and becoming enthetic only ; but, so far as we yet know, cholera, typhus, enteric, scarlatina, measles, &c., are peculiar to man, while pig-typhus and scarlatina, cattle-plague, &c., however analogous in some respects with some diseases of man, are essentially distinct and incommunicable. And the greater number of alleged successful experiments have been merely cases of ill-defined blood-poisoning.

In conclusion I maintain that we cannot accept Ferran's alleged *facts* until he has made his *peronospora* the common property of the scientific world as much so as the tubercle bacillus or Koch's commas ; nor his *conclusions* until, *in addition to the verification of his facts*, we have statistics of a more unequivocal character, and results vouched for by

men of cooler judgment and more trained to habits of accurate observation.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this paper was sent to press I read in the *British Medical Journal* of the 15th of August : ' In the meantime, there are cases by scores reported in the non-Ferranist papers of deaths occurring after inoculation and re-inoculation, with names, and one case in Catarroja where a man had cholera and got over it ; after that he was inoculated, and about three weeks afterward died of a second attack of cholera. There is a well-known apothecary here (Valencia) who had his daughter inoculated four times ; she also died of cholera. I could weary your readers with such cases.' These facts accredited by an independent observer bear out my contention that cholera itself confers no subsequent immunity, and that inoculation therewith, if indeed it be such, can do so still less. —*Nineteenth Century*.

REMINISCENCES OF AN "ATTACHÉ."

PART II.

MONTALEMBERT, RIO, NASSAU SENIOR,
1861.

DURING the years 1860 and 1861 it was my good fortune to see a good deal of M. de Montalembert, the man for whom in my youth I entertained the greatest admiration—whom throughout life I have ever considered the most eloquent orator, without exception, that I ever listened to—and a gentleman to whose kindness and considerate attentions I owe some of the soundest advice ever given, and some of the brightest intellectual moments ever enjoyed.

It was in the house of M. Rio that I first made his acquaintance—a house, by the way, which at that time was the centre of a literary coterie much resorted to by those who, though liberal in politics, were essentially believers in religion, if not enthusiastic partisans of the Catholic creed.

M. Rio himself was an accomplished scholar, and the author of a valuable work entitled "L'Art Chrétien ;" while

his life of Leonardo da Vinci is probably the best and the most complete that has yet appeared of the painter.

His amiable wife (an Englishwoman) and his clever daughters were the principal attractions of this cosmopolitan *salon*, to which crowded men like Bishop Dupanloup and "le père Gratry," Montalembert and Cochin, Mrs. Augustus Craven and Nassau Senior, besides a host of other celebrities, to enumerate the list of which would be too long.

But Montalembert was the great star that outshone all else ; and no one I ever met, with the single exception of the late Lord Beaconsfield, possessed the art of fascinating the young as the great and illustrious Count, the brilliant author of so many brilliant works.

He spoke French with a slight English accent ; and I have often been told, that although no one had ever achieved in the Legislative Chambers such triumphs of eloquence, or ever possessed such purity of diction, Montalembert had never uttered a word publicly without striking his audience at first with

the idea that he was a foreigner, though the enthusiasm which he subsequently created soon dispelled any such impression.

His manner was that of a most polished gentleman, but the mobility of his temperament and the impetuosity of his character gave to his conversation and to his gestures an animation peculiarly French, and not at all in accordance with English notions of quiet, pleasing ways.

His constant recommendation was to do all that one undertook with enthusiasm. "Without it," he said, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us, not with the desire only, but with the resolve, of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

Applied to the men of England who have left their mark upon this century, how true the remark is, and how little Pitt, Fox, Disraeli, Palmerston, Cobden, Bright, or Gladstone could deny the soft impeachment; while how painful is it, on the other hand, to note the seeming absence of this virtue in the present day!

From him I learnt at an early age to love liberalism in thought, and to detest cordially the French Ultramontane school, at the head of which was Louis Veuillot—a school more papist than the Pope, just as Bossuet was more intolerant than Rome in his day, and which, while preaching submission that nobody contested, was creating a Cæsarism in the Church which nobody wanted or had before attempted. Montalembert never once doubted the authority of Rome in matters of creed—indeed he was a pre-eminently devout subject of the Church—but he contested all his life the encroaching powers of the episcopate in matters concerning the laity; and, true to this view even in his last hour—which occurred in 1870, at the time that the great and last Council was being held in Rome—he protested against the infallibility, not on account of its dogmatic character, but because he feared episcopal interference in the future, and

felt that the times were not ripe for such encroachments.

He dreaded, in common with many others, the possible conflict between Catholic creed and the secular power, between the Catholic clergy and the political ideas of the day; and thus on his deathbed he protested against the infallibility as inopportune and impolitic.

Although enthusiasm produces heroes and merit, it must be allowed that it also possesses a few drawbacks.

The mobility of an enthusiastic nature is very likely to give its possessor a reputation for inconsistency, which, once obtained, is seldom got rid of, whether in a lifetime or in the later records of history.

Montalembert, who had been so great an admirer of English institutions, and so true a lover of this country, was, at the time I knew him, a bitter enemy of all that was English.

What had produced the change I know not; but one evening he had spoken so violently against England when I was present, that although he was conversing with somebody else, I could not help remarking to him that it was exceedingly hurtful to my feelings to hear one whom we looked upon as a friend and admirer use the terms he did against us. He turned round sharply, and while apologising for having forgotten that an Englishman was present, began a tirade against all that was going on at the time that even exceeded in bitterness the remarks I had previously thought it necessary to notice.

It was on the 16th of March 1861, and all I knew of Montalembert's opinion of England was derived from his book on our country, which vaunted to the skies the liberty enjoyed by its subjects, the freedom of the press, the old and splendid institutions under which we grew, and the vitality and energy which were the pre-eminent characteristics of the greatest nation of the world. I thought it well to remind Montalembert of this book. Whereupon he exclaimed, "To praise and to damn are almost synonymous. You cannot bestow praise without immediately finding yourself egregiously deceived. I did admire England and its institutions more than anything I have ever considered great, noble, and worthy of imita-

tion in life ; but look at her now. Look at Bright and his democrats—*ultima ratio* ; look at Palmerston's conduct in Italy, and John Russell's management of foreign affairs. Is that governing with a view to safety at home to sow discord abroad ? Can you call a foreign policy honest which, taking only into account the rabid dislikes of a few ultras, panders to the ambition of a Garibaldi or the recklessness of a Napoleon ? Is that a Government which can be called strong that fears strength in neighboring Governments ? And what name do you think should be given to the men who, urging their own compatriots to loyalty and obedience, encourage their neighbors on the Continent to rebellion and revolution ?

"What for ? Again I ask, for what object ? Is it to make a friend of united Italy, and possess strength in the knowledge that she will have in the future to be grateful for your efforts on her behalf ? Nonsense ! Lord John Russell sees but the Pope in Italy, and is incapable of grasping the great principle of national cohesion. He has reform on the brain ; and because of the part he has played in the Bill of 1832, he considers that he will now be able to reform Italy, and the Pope, and the Italians. Do you call that a statesman ? Well, the future will show whether men who temporise and cannot grasp are statesmen—*à hether* the men who, to keep revolution away from English shores, encourage it elsewhere, are men capable of earning in history the name of honest statesmen. 'On ne joue pas avec le feu sans précipiter l'incendie.'

"Quant à Palmerston je vous en fais cadeau. Tôt ou tard on s'apercevra que c'est un talent de second ordre. Nous en avons trop en France de cette catégorie pour ne pas les apprécier à leur juste valeur, mais John Russell en voilà un—"

And, like the red flag to a bull, he launched at the head of the unattractive Minister such a volley of epithets and vituperative accusations as I scarcely conceived possible any man could decently use against another ; and lastly, finished a painful tirade by a warning that sooner or later, but necessarily, we would reap as we had sown—that our negation of all morality in politics, of

all principle in government, of all honesty in dealing with our neighbors, would be severely visited upon us—that revolution would soon be rife in England—that democracy was already holding up its head—that the continent of Europe would coalesce against us—and finally, that the objects of our present hero-worship would become those of our loathing contempt and detestation.

I really was quite crestfallen and pained after this exhibition of temper and hatred ; and happening to meet Nassau Senior, whom I knew to be a great friend of Montalembert's, told him of the great change which had apparently come over our *quondam* admirer. Senior, who knew Montalembert's turn of mind to a nicety, merely smiled at my anxiety, and said—

"It is only a fit : like other things it will pass off. I have known him long and intimately ; he has been everything in turn—Royalist and Republican—and has rebelled against all he has ever professed. His enthusiastic nature requires, apparently, this periodical annihilation of all he has mostly extolled ; and perhaps next time you see him he will find nothing in the world more worthy of his esteem than Palmerston, though I doubt his ever admiring John Russell. His buoyant nature likes that which is pliant, and hates settled purpose."

I have since read Senior's conversations, which were published, I believe, a few years back ; and I remember being much struck with Lamartine's opinion of Montalembert as given to Senior, and reproduced, I am certain, by him from a feeling that the poetic mind of Lamartine was only exaggerating his own estimate of the Count's character.

"He is false, malignant, bigoted, unscrupulous, unpatriotic," said Lamartine to Senior.

He really was nothing of all this, but he was what he strongly recommended others to be—enthusiastic, and this to a degree which amounted almost to a mania. Whatever became for the time being the object of his adoration, to that idol must all bow, regardless of the possibility, at no distant date, of the idol being discarded by him altogether, while it became the object of devotion of those he had taught to know and appreciate it.

Have we not in England known more

than one instance of such enthusiasts leading their believers to worship them because they knew the simplicity of mind, the ardor of soul, and genuineness of purpose which actuated them, but who by their opponents were characterised as Lamartine described Montalembert, because, like Lamartine, they were ignorant of the man they condemned?

Lamartine's words, bereft of their own malignancy and exaggeration, might have been truer had they stood thus:—

He was changeable, impulsive, ardent, careless, and desponding.

He defended with all his soul the cause he advocated for the time being, but he often changed sides.

He charged an enemy with a fury that savored of hatred, but it was never the result of malignant premeditation.

He was an ardent Catholic, but he detested despotism under any form or shape; and his hostility to clerical influence cannot justify a term of bigotry being applied to him.

All to the idea of the moment, he forgot in his enthusiasm the worship he had bestowed on other and sometimes diametrically opposed principles; but a less unscrupulous being never lived—and as to patriotism, he loved his country almost to idolatry, but he certainly never took for his models men like Guizot or Lamartine, a fault which they never forgave him.

On Wednesday evenings when the Countess de Montalembert received, her rooms were full of men who were moved by the most generous impulses and the most patriotic aims; nor was it the least of the advantages derived by the kindness of the Montalemberts that at that time I was allowed to listen to Changarnier, Keller, Melun, Dupanloup, Trochu, and St. Marc Girardin, in their hospitable house in the Rue du Bac.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The following I make no apology for giving to the public, nor do I volunteer any comment, as people are divided in opinion as regards supernatural influences at work in the world; and I do not wish to side either with those who altogether disbelieve them, or with those who, like the Rev. Mr. Lee in his book "Glimpses in the Twilight," credit their existence implicitly.

If I have a duty to fulfil in narrating this episode in my life, it is to tell the incident as it happened, even in its most trivial and uninteresting details, and leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

On the 19th of January 1865, it would seem by my journal that after dinner I sallied forth to Gray's Inn, for the purpose of rehearsing the "Scrap of Paper," which some barrister friends and myself intended to act in private theatricals which we contemplated.

For some reason or another the rehearsal was postponed; and after an hour spent with my friends—Mr. Molloy, the eminent song-composer, being one, his brother, now M.P. for King's County, another, and Mr. Schwenck Gilbert a third—I sauntered home.

I had to go the length of Oxford Street and part of Holborn. As I reached Little Queen Street, I was impelled to have a look at the Shoe-Black Home, which, in imitation of Lord Shaftesbury's excellent institution, had been founded for poor Catholic vagrant boys, and in which, being its secretary, I took at the time more than considerable interest.

It was in itself an absurd idea to have a look at the outside of a very poor house in a very shabby street at eleven o'clock at night; but I obeyed the impulse nevertheless, and when I came in front of the house, found that it was lighted up, contrary to all regulations, which enjoined lights to be out by nine.

Having rung the bell, I was answered by the wife of the superintendent—a poor woman, who, for a few shillings a-week, attended to the comforts of the ragged urchins under her care.

To the question why the lights were not turned out, she gave an evasive answer to the effect that her husband had been obliged to go out, and that she was waiting for him, &c.,—all of which I might believe, as I liked.

I told her I would report the matter to the committee, and left her in great fear lest her dismissal and that of her husband might be the consequence of this breach of the rules.

She appears to have felt it so much that she fell ill; and I never saw her again until a month later, when, being at the "Home" with a sister of mine

and the Dowager Lady B——, for the purpose of giving the boys the prizes they had won, the poor superintendent's wife looked so ill and haggard that I asked Lady B—— to say something encouraging, which she did.

Upon this the woman turned to me, and exclaimed—

"Yes, sir, I have been ill, very ill, ever since the night you was here, and you have had no pity for a poor old woman that was sick.

"You were going out to shoot wild duck, and you promised to send me some, but you never did; and for a gentleman to break his promise to a poor woman is too bad—is it not, my lady?"

There was only one conclusion to arrive at—that the poor creature was mad; for it so happened that at that time I had never so much as shot any game whatsoever, much less a wild duck; and my circumstances were such, that even had I been going to shoot anywhere, it is more than probable that I would never have sent this woman any game at all, and very certain that I would not have considered a wild duck as proper food for her.

Be this as it may, on the 18th of March following we received the following telegram from Commander, now, I believe, Captain Fenwick, then in command of the Harrier:—

"I regret to say that your brother was lost in the Falkland Islands on the 19th January whilst out shooting wild duck."

He was acting-lieutenant of the Harrier, with which ship he had exchanged from the ill-fated Orpheus a month before she was a complete wreck on Manukan Bar in New Zealand, and was on his way home when he met with his terrible end.

We were more than brothers to each other; we were bosom friends, and like one another in face, though not in stature.

Is it possible that the poor woman at the "Home" saw him in her delirium, and took him for me? Did he select the work in which I was most deeply interested at the time to give me warning of his loss on that desolate island?

Again I say, I make no comments, but the facts are as I have related them.

CHEAP DINNER.

Attachés are careless individuals in money matters, and I was no exception to the rule, though I ought to have had every reason to be more careful than most, not being gifted with much at any time.

It happened, however, that on a lovely morning of August, 1868, I was sadly distressed by the state of my finances and the exiguous proportions of my cash in hand.

It occurred to me therefore, that having noticed some very clean establishments called "*Bouillons Duval*," I would give myself the melancholy satisfaction of dining there instead of at the club or at one of the great restaurants of the day, *Brébant*, *Voisin*, *Durant*, *Café Anglais*, or *La Maison d'Or*.

Happily for me, I was not to be alone, and the Hon. J. S. joined me on the memorable occasion.

We had an excellent dinner, seasoned with most lively talk and pleasant remarks, which soon made us forget the reason of so much economy.

The *pot au feu* was irreproachable; the *entrée* perfect; the roast excellent; three kinds of vegetables made us feel the superiority of French cooking; the *entremet sucré* was more than we required; and we never tasted better cheese, nor better fruit as dessert.

We washed the whole down with a bottle and a half of "*vieux Bordeaux*," and we went to the expense of asking for napkins, for which we paid a penny apiece.

The dinner altogether cost us, including wine and fresh linen, 9 francs 40 cents, or 7s. 6d. Deducting from this 3 francs 50 cents for wine, the dinner cost each of us 1 franc 95 cents, or 1s. 6d.

We were quite elated, and resolved to finish the night economically. So we bade good-bye to this clean but somewhat hot establishment, and mounting the *impériale* of the omnibus for Passy, we asked for places at the theatre, and were offered "*la loge Impériale*" for five francs apiece!

We thought this so cheap for an Imperial box, that we acceded to the request that we should fill it, and we had the satisfaction of feeling, as we re-

clined in the spacious box, that we had really done as much with our moderate resources as it was possible for wise men to do ; and having laughed at the suburb actors, we again mounted an omnibus, and by the end of our journey came to the conclusion that quality was, after all, better than quantity, and, as my companion tersely put it, that in future we would rather pay a little more for a good deal less, than so little for so much.

We were surfeited with economy : one night of it had been sufficient. But these were days when we were young.

"MURDER OR DUEL" CONSULTATION.

One night in January 1868, I was leaving the Cercle Agricole, a very comfortable proprietary club of which I had but recently been elected a member, and was making my way to the Pont Louis Quinze—as my Legitimist fancies ever made me call what I suppose is better known as the Pont de la Concorde—when I was accosted by a tall and very well-dressed man, who seemed to me to have some great sorrow ; and having returned his polite salutation, I waited for him to speak.

He hesitated so long that I remarked to him that it was very cold for us to be standing there without apparent reason, unknown to one another, and at so late an hour, when he broke in with the following somewhat startling remarks :—

"Yes, it is very cold, but colder inside than outside.

"Yes, we are not acquainted with one another, but that is the very reason why I venture to crave a few words with you."

There was something to me so ludicrous in the idea of his bluntly telling me that the only reason why he wished to speak to me was because he did not know me, that, given as I was far more to laughter than to the seriousness of life, it did not at once strike me that the poor fellow might be a lunatic.

Answering him, therefore, in his own strain, I said that I thought his way of looking at this matter, though novel to me, was quite intelligible, provided he had confidence in my being able to answer him satisfactorily.

His eyes, which up till then had been concealed by the modest and respectful posture he had adopted, suddenly looked up at me with a flash of fire in them

which told of passion at work, and with a quivering lip he roused me into fearful interest in him by exclaiming—

"Monsieur, I have watched you for the last ten minutes speaking at the club entrance with an older man than yourself. I have noted that you and I must be of the same age. I have thought that you and I might be in the same distress, not of mind but of purpose and will. I know what to do. I know what I should do ; but to think it out is one thing, to do the thing is another.

"Now you are a stranger, you are of my age, you must have the same feelings, the same beating at the heart, the same pride ; but while you cannot sympathise with me in what distresses me, because you know nothing about me and my surroundings, still the similarity of our age, health, heart, and feelings must make you an impartial judge. For God's sake, be that judge !"

At this point he had talked so quickly and vehemently, that beyond noticing his fearful earnestness, I had scarcely paid attention to his whimsical logic ; but when he called upon me to be a judge, and thought I must be an impartial judge because I did not know him, I remember being immensely struck with the argument as justification for my appealing to strangers in some of the numerous difficulties which beset my path in life.

I therefore meekly answered, that to be judge I must hear the cause he had to plead ; but an incipient feeling that I had better be near a police station in case of necessity, made me add that I would take it as a favor if he would tell me his story walking instead of standing, as we were fast being numbed by the cold ; and as he assented, I retraced my steps toward the Place du Palais Bourbon, *alias* du Corps Législatif, near which I knew there was a police station.

As we walked along I was immensely struck by the perfect manners, the grace of movement, the polished tones of his voice and language, and wondered if and where I had met him before. I was on the point of putting some leading questions to him so as to gather something about his belongings, when I reflected over his singular logic, and thought silence alone on my part would obtain his confidence.

When we had walked a few paces, and had got abreast of my club again, my unknown friend said—

"Monsieur, I am in the army—a lieutenant in the army; but that is enough."

"How is it you are not in uniform?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is the question—the whole question: why am I not?"

This rather gave a revulsion to my feelings. I began to be vexed, and to believe I had to deal with a knave.

"I suppose you are on leave?" I said.

"Permission de quinze jours," he replied; and added—"quinze jours pour tuer mon colonel."

I started. "To do what? to kill your colonel? Who is he, and what has he done, and what the deuce have I got to do with such a proposition, or you with me, that you should openly talk to me of such a project?"

I was well-nigh frantic, when he stopped me with this cool remark—

"Did I not tell you that I know how to do it, but have not the will?"

Was any man ever placed in such a position? I thought. Here is a French colonel's life in my hands, and his murderer awaiting my orders!

At once the gravity of the whole thing overwhelmed me, and I remonstrated with the stranger, that he had no right to place any one wholly unknown to him in such a predicament.

"Does death alarm you?" he asked.

"Not mine, but that of another does."

"Oh, if you are so sensitive, it remains for me to beg your pardon, and to wish you good night."

"But, sir," I said, "I think it somewhat cool to dismiss me with so few words." "I don't want you to go," he quickly replied.

By this time my mind was made up.

I would sift the matter to the end, save the colonel, save the young man, save myself, save everybody, and all by means of the police.

"Well," I slowly remarked, "I am here to listen to what you have to say."

"You cannot mean that, for you have cut me short every time; and indeed you, as an unknown person to me, are as bad as those I know."

"Then you have spoken of your project to your friends?"

"Certainly; but they are so prejudiced that they cannot see the matter in its true light."

"But——"

"Pardon me; but do not interrupt me any more, for it is getting desperately late, and to-morrow before noon the deed must be done."

I inwardly trembled, but said, "Go on."

"My colonel," began the young man, "wishes to marry the girl I want to be my wife."

"What does the girl say to this?"

"Permettez," he continued; "the girl knows nothing about either of us, nor need she know anything; and therefore, thank heaven, she will be spared all thought of both."

This was getting too much for my patience, and yet I was riveted to the ground I stood on from mere and sheer interest.

"Passe pour le mariage," then carelessly remarked the young man. "It may or may not take place; but here comes the point. In conversation with me my colonel said, 'No nonsense,—you are a lieutenant; I am your colonel. What I wish is your law; if it is not, name of a thousand thunders I will make it law,—you hear me?'"

This rigmarole sounded quite awful in French, in the dead of night, and in the voice of my poor friend.

"Pas de bêtise ou nom d'un mille tonnerres," he repeated; "that is what I say of my colonel. Now I ask you, had he any right to speak to me like that?"

"But were you both speaking of the lady you just now alluded to?"

"I believe he was alluding to her."

"Oh!"

"And so I called him out. 'Vas te faire pendre,' the colonel replied. I said not a word, but went home resolved to kill that man."

"But," I said, "you told me just now that you knew how you were to kill him, but had not resolved upon the deed."

"Did I?"

"Certainly; and that is what alarmed me."

"Then I beg your pardon."

"What, then, am I to judge, if you are resolved?"

He looked at me a moment fixedly, and then resolutely.

"Whether he deserves to die the death of a dog or of a gentleman. To fight him, I must resign; and my family beg me not to resign. In the army, he remains my colonel, and I cannot lay hands on him. Shall I, though in the army, shoot him dead in his bed, on parade, at the mess, anywhere, and be taken up to justify his words?—did you mark them? 'Go and be hanged;' or shall I resign, pain my family, my dearest and nearest ones—but resign, and call out this unhung rascal? That is the point. I have obtained leave of a fortnight from my regiment. I have brooded on this every minute since, and now we are within a few hours of the decision, which you must take for me, and by which I promise you to abide."

I was not by this time so alarmed as before, and the prospect of selecting a duel, in the choice of a duel and a base assassination, cheered my appalled conscience a little.

"This is a very serious question indeed," I replied; "and as you say it is really a question of a few hours only, I will, with your permission, call at the club yonder, where the lights are still burning, and see whether a friend of mine is still there. He has been a soldier, and will give you sound advice. For my part, I am so excited by your narrative, and so truly pained by the desperate grief which overwhelms you, that I could not trust myself to give you as sound an advice as you require. We have been so long together that we have become almost friends, and my desire for your interest might blind the requirements which your honor conceives to be necessary. Walk on to the place, and when I whistle, walk casually toward the club. I will meet you half-way."

All this was duly taken in and acted on. Instead of to the club, I ran to the police station, got a policeman in plain clothes, told him very rapidly my story, walked out with him, whistled, and met my poor friend, whom I was betraying in the interest of humanity.

When I had introduced the two to one another, I bowed politely, and returned to the Embassy—where I ought to have been two hours before—not, however, without hearing the click of the man-

acles as they were clapped on my friend's arms, and feeling that I had acted like a cowardly ruffian.

From him no sound came, no protest, not a word of complaint. He walked to the station as erect as a high-born gentleman can who has no dirty action to be ashamed of; while I, in preventing bloodshed, proceeded on my way as if I had forged my best friend's name.

The next day I called at the police office for information, but could not get any. I pleaded my official position as an *attaché* to her Majesty's Embassy.

All I could hear was, that the police and the family of the young man were most grateful to me for being the cause of his apprehension.

"But let me know his name," I begged.

"That, sir, is what we particularly wish to hide. If we tell it you, it will be in the papers to-morrow; and the family of the unfortunate lunatic are too powerful to be dragged into the public press for the commiseration of those with whom they associate."

I never got more information than that; but I was consoled. The case was one which the people mostly interested were grateful for the part I had played in it; and despite his logic, my poor strange friend was a lunatic.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE—CONVERSION WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

The latter part of the year 1869 was occupied by the Catholic world in speculation as to the results of the Ecumenical Council summoned at Rome for the 8th of December, and which, it was well known, was intended by Pope Pius IX. to be the last in the great series which began at Jerusalem shortly after the commencement of our era.

Assembled to define the doctrine of the Church and to condemn the teachings of those who in the course of history had strayed from it, the Councils of the Church had successively banished from the Catholic fold the Donatists, Arianism, Pelagius, Eutychianism, Origen, the Iconoclasts, the Albigenses, John Huss, Luther, Calvin, and the schismatics.

It was now declared that the spirit of the age had encroached upon Catholicism; that rationalism had entered the

heart of so many of its adherents, and undermined the obedience to the ecclesiastical mandates of so many of its children, that it had become necessary to strengthen the supreme authority by establishing a superior tribunal from which no appeal could be allowed, and whose decision should be law throughout the spiritual Catholic world.

To most Catholics there seemed little to object to in the elevation of a belief into the dignity of a creed, for in the Catechism it was always taught that speaking *ex cathedra*,—that is, in the name of the Church,—the sovereign Pontiff could not err, however fallible he might be as a man; but as to the wisdom of weakening the Catholic ranks by the proclamation of a dogma which would shut out of the pale of the Church all those who could not separate in mind the person of the supreme Pontiff from the wise or unwise priest who might in times to come occupy that august position, there was naturally considerable differences of opinion.

In France the archives of the Nuncio's Chancery could tell how earnest and how strong was the opposition to the necessity of proclaiming such a dogma, even in the pious Faubourg St. Germain, among the most bigoted religious enthusiasts as well as on the part of the more moderate and deep-thinking men.

Monsignore, now Cardinal Chigi, one of the pleasantest-mannered prelates it has been the privilege of the Vatican to send as envoy to a foreign Court, could only reply to the many anxious queries which were hourly addressed to him by a cautious "aspettate;" while his clever secretary, the Abbé Luciani, with whom I had many a discussion on this disagreeable subject, was invariably wont to argue that if the Pope was to be declared infallible, and as Catholics we wished to remain within the fold of the Church, it was better to be silent and leave the future to take care of itself.

An argument of his was peculiarly specious.

"It is now a dogma," said he, "that the declarations of the Church are infallible. These declarations come from the Church assembled in Council. If the Council declare that the head of the Church is infallible when speaking in the name of the Church, the Pope himself

is bound to accept this decision; and if the Pope himself accepts it, his spiritual children are bound to do the same."

"So far so good," was the reply; "but what about its opportuneness?"

That was the key to the whole Catholic opposition to the dogma; and events proved how the cleverest and most learned Cardinals of England, Germany, France, and the Austrian empire opposed the wishes of Pio Nono on the ground, not of belief, but of prudence.

The Church has spoken, and Catholic mouths are sealed, but in 1869 they had not been closed, and clamor was loud, long, and in many cases uproarious.

The French Government were up in arms, and M. Daru, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Ollivier Ministry, was clamorous for civil intervention of foreign States in the ecclesiastical affairs of Rome, so as to establish at once the point that no decision of the Council should be binding on the established relations of the Church and State as secured by concordates and conventions; while he was peculiarly anxious to prove that the moment chosen by Rome for the proclamation of such a dogma was not only highly injudicious, but might lead to all manner of complications, which in the interest of peace it was the duty of Governments to prevent by well-marked civil interference.

But the temper of the Vatican soon showed itself by the categorical refusal to allow any lay representatives of any Powers to enter the conclave.

It is not for me to disclose the part which this country took in this great contest between Europe and the Roman clergy; but I may mention, that one morning in January, 1870, on copying a despatch which had arrived at the Embassy, I threw up my arms in despair, and considered the infallibility of the Pope a settled matter.

On the 16th March, a week after I had left Paris, I had the honor of being present at a party which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were offering to her Majesty the late Queen of Holland.

In the crowd which thronged the Premier's house in Carlton House Terrace, Mr. Gladstone discovered me, and at once began by asking what was thought of the infallibility in Paris.

Full of what I had read and of the

feelings of dismay with which I now beheld as a certainty what I had so long hoped might be deferred, I did not quite trust myself in answer, but of all the silly manners of getting out of the difficulty, chose the silliest, and asked whether Mr. Gladstone wished me to answer rather as he hoped the reply might be, than as the facts seemed to me to warrant.

I got what I deserved, for in a very irritated tone Mr. Gladstone remarked that if he did me the honor to ask a question, it was of course to know the facts.

"Then," I said, "sir, I must inform you that the infallibility is settled, and the dogma is a thing of the past."

"How is that?"

"If France and England are of one mind, and intend to interfere in Rome with the proceedings of the bishops and prelates assembled there, then the result of the Council is a foregone conclusion."

"I do not understand you."

"It is clear that Rome cannot oppose force to laic interference, but she can oppose obstinacy; and as France seems determined to insist on being allowed to interfere with proceedings in which she has nothing to do, since her cardinals are there to represent her in case of need; and if this country, through its Ministers, is anxious to uphold the course France wants to adopt, even though it be done unofficially,—Rome will meet both Powers, by the resolve to pass the dogma in spite of every remonstrance."

Mr. Gladstone was quite beside himself with excitement.

"I cannot believe this," he said; "I never will;" and he left me as abruptly as he had joined me in the first instance.

I had not recovered from the nervous shock of this first conversation, when Mr. Gladstone was back again, and making me sit down beside him, asked me most kindly where I was appointed to.

"To Constantinople," I replied.

"Indeed! Then I want you to study two most interesting and important questions."

"Which?"

"But first let me ask you, what will the French Catholics do if the dogma is proclaimed?"

"Most of them will submit."

"And do they not resent the principle that one man can lay down religious doctrine for his fellow-creatures to believe, and that he is infallible in the righteousness of his utterances?"

"They do not consider the time opportune."

"And do you mean to say that they consider any time opportune for such a doctrine?"

"That is a proposition that can only arise out of the present predicament in which we are situated."

"Well, but are you really stating a fact when you assert that the laic interference of any Power in Europe will be met by obstinacy in Rome?"

"I have no right to put it in those words, but I do maintain that those words indicate most correctly what, in my opinion, will occur."

After a pause Mr. Gladstone added, "You have greatly surprised me, and what you say does not tally with what I hear; but I dare say there is a good deal in justification of your surmise. You are going to Constantinople, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then study the Armenian and Bulgarian questions."

I went to Constantinople. I studied both questions. The Armenian was a little schism produced in that community by the ill feeling which the elevation of Monsignor Hassoun to the Patriarchate had given rise to, and which would have collapsed long before it actually did, had not France seen in it an opportunity of regaining her influence in the East, through the medium of Rome and Catholicism; while the Bulgarian question was the means chosen by Russia to work her influence in Macedonia and the Balkans, and by using the desired autonomy of the Bulgarian Church as an incentive to discontent against the Porte to prepare the disaffection of the Bulgarian subjects of Turkey for the war which came about in 1878.

I may mention here, that talking to General Ignatieff one day of the impossibility of giving limits to a Bulgarian Church so as to satisfy the canon of the orthodox Church which obliged a country desirous of religious autonomy to have also well-defined political limits, the

General took me to his room, and pointing to a map of Turkey, said—

"Ah, ils veulent des limites; eh bien, les voilà les limites de la Bulgarie!" and he pointed to the Danube in the north and Salonica to the south.

It is not a little interesting to remark that these were the exact limits of his Treaty of San Stefano; nor is it less curious to my purpose to note that while

the obstinacy of the Italian prelates carried the day against what was deemed judicious delay and inopportuneness, as I had mentioned to Mr. Gladstone, this great English statesman had sifted in 1870 the importance of two most remarkable religious quarrels in the far East, which were only to have their solution many years later.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LORD HOUGHTON.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE delusion of comparisons is as dangerous a fallacy in the estimate of character as the falsehood of extremes. If there was ever any man the surest way to misrepresent and misestimate whom would be by resorting to that classification so dear to an age of schoolmasters and auctioneers, it was the late Lord Houghton. Remarkable for many things, he was remarkable chiefly for his strong individuality. He was a great social figure for considerably more than half a century. Yet it would be impossible to place him exclusively in the category of men whose reputation was social alone. A similar remark would hold good if he were looked at from the point of view of any other of his more commanding attributes. In the same way, to assert that he was a second-rate poet—the violet a second-rate flower!—or a politician who never attained political eminence, or a man of letters who never did justice to his literary capacities, or a speaker who missed being an orator, or a student of human nature who never rose to the lofty levels of divine philosophy, would, even if it were true, be to give an altogether false idea of the brilliant and accomplished man who, less than a fortnight ago, bade adieu to a prolonged, an eventful, and on the whole a singularly happy existence, in the manner which, above all others, he might have desired:—

"Oh, that each of us might die
When we are at the best,
Pass away harmoniously
To some fitting rest."

So wrote Milnes in his remonstrance upon the habit—a flat blasphemy against

youth as it seemed to him—of using the words, second childhood, as a synonym for extreme senility. There is nothing specially excellent in the lines, but they embody the aspiration for the Euthanasia that was the lot of their author. There was no dreary interval for him between enforced withdrawal from the world and the end of everything; no gloomy tarrying in the vestibule of death before the final release came. The curtain fell suddenly, and all was over. Fortunate in his life, Milnes would have assuredly esteemed himself not less fortunate in his death.

The exceptional circumstances of his earlier days must have tended to sustain and intensify the originality of a fresh and buoyant nature, which never lost the wild charm of being untamed, unsubdued. As a boy he was brought up entirely at home and by private tutors. Whatever disadvantages his inexperience of public school life may have entailed, one can hardly conceive of any conditions better calculated to stimulate the free play and spontaneous growth of his gifts. Nor were the scenes and the social environment of his boyhood less conducive to this end. Till a short time before he went to Cambridge he lived much in Italy. Who can doubt that it was the free unfettered life beneath an Italian sky, to the influences of which he was indebted for that *abandon* which, as it is entirely the reverse of English, is without any English equivalent, and which was the dominant trait of his manner and his mind. Intellectually he was as much the child of Italy as if he had been of Italian birth, nor did the

gay idiosyncrasies which he had contracted in the South desert him in after years. At Cambridge he asserted himself and showed his quality as naturally, and with the same absence of cautious self-restraint that he afterwards showed in the turmoil of what is called London society. To the social position he was indeed born. His father—"single-speech Milnes"—was a man well known. He was offered, and he declined, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Spencer Percival, as he was subsequently offered and refused a peerage. His son, Richard Monckton, the future Lord Houghton, married Miss Crewe, a great favorite in that social realm which associated itself with Lansdowne House; and the house (No. 16 Upper Brook Street) in which Milnes, during many years, collected all that was greatest and most intellectual, and above all most poetical, in the London world, had a "pedigree," if so we many speak, connecting it not only with the famous assemblies of Mrs. Cunliffe Offley (the aunt of Miss Crewe), but also, unless we mistake, with the "Mrs. Crewe and true blue!" who answered the Prince of Wales's toast with her "True blue and all of you!" Never did there live a poet of any order who was so warm a friend of poets as Milnes. If he loved poetry much he loved the makers of poetry even more. Their merit as poets was not with him the only question. What he admired and what interested him was the poetic impulse. On the occasion of one of his daughter's marriages, he specially aimed at securing the company of all the English bards of every degree whose addresses he could discover. Nor should it be forgotten that in his capacity of the poets' friend he placed on record one illustration of his power which will always be gratefully remembered. It was under the counsel of Milnes that the Laureateship was conferred on his college friend, Tennyson. Already, as one of that little band of Cambridge undergraduates, surnamed the Apostles, most of whom became famous themselves, he had obtained a hearing for Tennyson, and had, not without difficulty, forced him upon a somewhat reluctant and at first very much puzzled world. The difficulty of the task and the unattractiveness which

the muse of the new singer had for much of the culture of the day, may be judged from a single incident. Miss Berry, one of the brightest and most intellectual women of her day, piqued herself upon her capacity for keeping pace with the intellect of the younger generations. At the instance of some of the men who, like Milnes, were then "preaching up" the new poet, she seriously set to work to read Tennyson. Educated in the school of Pope and habituated to classical models she could make nothing of him. Perplexed and chagrined, she suspected that she was the victim of an amiable imposture, and full of misgivings proceeded confidentially to interrogate a common friend of her own and Milnes' on the point. This, however, parenthetically. When Wordsworth's death caused a vacancy in the Laureateship, Sir Robert Peel asked Milnes to tell him who, in his judgment, should succeed the bard of Rydal. "Beyond all question," was the reply, "Tennyson." "I am ashamed," rejoined Peel, "to say that, busied as I have been in public life, I have never read a line of Tennyson's. Send me two or three of his poems which may enable me to form an opinion." The poems sent were *Locksley Hall* and *Ulysses*. Peel, with unusual warmth, expressed his admiration of both, bestowing upon the *Ulysses* his highest praise, and he made at once the appointment which Milnes had advised.

Such an exercise of power was, it must be confessed, an exceptional incident in Lord Houghton's career. For the most part his influence was disproportionate to his position as a leading member of Parliament, to his abilities, to his social opportunities and rank. Ascendency is to the stern, is even perhaps to the fierce, while Milnes was the most kindly, forgiving, tolerant, and indulgent of men. "Houghton," writes to me one who knew him well, "with all his high gifts, had, like most really noble men, a good deal of the woman in his nature, not only of the gentle, the merciful woman, but also of the woman excelling man by her ready initiative, by her swift sagacity transcendent of the reasoning process, and now and then by her nimble, her clever resort to a charming little bit of stage artifice. My laundress had come to me one day in

floods of tears because her little boy of eleven years old, but looking, she said, much younger (being small of stature), had wandered off with another little boy of about the same age to a common near London, where they found an old mare grazing. The urchins put a handkerchief in the mouth of the mare to serve for a bridle, got both of them on her back, and triumphantly rode her off, but were committed to Newgate for horse-stealing! My laundress (not wanting in means) took measures for having her child duly defended by counsel, but I thought it cruel that the fate of the poor little boy should be resting on the chances of a solemn trial, and I mentioned the matter to Milnes. He instantly gave the right counsel. 'Tell your laundress to take care that at the trial both the little boys—*both*, mind—shall appear in nice clean pinafores.' The effect, as my laundress described it to me, was like magic. The two little boys in their nice 'pinafores' appeared in the dock and smilingly gazed round the court. 'What is the meaning of this?' said the judge, who had read the depositions and now saw the 'pinafores.' 'A case of horse-stealing, my Lord.' 'Stuff and nonsense!' said the judge with indignation. 'Horse-stealing, indeed! The boys stole a *ride*.' Then the 'pinafores' so sagaciously suggested by Milnes had almost an ovation in court, and all who had had to do with the prosecution were made to suffer by the judge's indignant comment."

There were many other essentially feminine traits in his nature; prominent among them his love of domestic management. Although he was ever surrounded by the ladies of his family, and was comforted in late years especially by the society of his sister, Lady Galway, with whom as a boy he had been brought up, and who devoted herself to him with an affection and assiduity infinitely touching and beautiful, he wrote his notes of invitation with his own hand, and himself made the arrangements for the reception, the departure, and the general entertainment of his guests at Fryston. It was owing, perhaps, to this womanly element in his nature that he sometimes elicited confessions of a sort not often vouchsafed to men. During one of the divisions on

the Jew Emancipation Bill, which was taking place at a time when the success of the measure was virtually assured, Milnes, finding himself by the side of Disraeli in the Lobby, made bold to congratulate him in his character of a Jew. "Yes," observed Disraeli, "I am a Jew and a Radical, and I defy anybody to say I ever pretended the contrary." The true meaning of this little speech, which only stupidity can misconstrue, is obvious. What Disraeli desired to convey was not of course that he had never worn the Church of England and the Tory cockade, but that what he had worn was *only*, after all, a cockade, and that having enlisted with the Conservatives, he desired to help them for his own sake in fighting their battles, without really playing the hypocrite to the extent of making any intellectual man fancy that he really shared their notions.

The mention of Mr. Disraeli's name suggests another of Lord Houghton's distinguishing qualities. In a letter written to me by the late Mr. Hayward, eight years ago, *apropos* of an opinion I had presumed to offer on Lord Houghton, are these words: "Houghton's is a fine intellect, spoiled by paradox." A paradox is conventionally supposed to imply something in the nature of a contradiction—to involve on the face of it some aggressive inconsistency. One should rather understand by it something that runs counter to the received opinion, and inasmuch as there is always an *à priori* objection to the truth of whatever does this, every paradox may be thought to bring us to the verge of romance. With Milnes, paradox was generally an instrument either for the suggestion of truth, in which case it served the same logical purpose as analogy, or for stimulating conversation and eliciting the opinions of others. It was, thus, the precise sort of intellectual weapon natural to one who was not what the French call *un homme sérieux*, who was always pursuing truth tentatively and who, with that aim, loved to throw out views which were not necessarily the less sound because they might be strange. When for instance Milnes declared some forty-four years ago that Disraeli, then strange and actually repulsive to the House of Commons,

would achieve the highest place in Parliament, he was thought by those who heard him to be uttering a mere piece of uninteresting nonsense. It took the slower world years to learn that he had truly divined the future. An instance of the second kind of paradox, the paradox with a purpose, in which Milnes delighted, was the audacity with which, at a dinner table, he once improvised a vindication of deception and falsehood. The object was rendered immediately apparent because it "drew" Carlyle, who proceeded to do exactly that which Milnes had meant him to do, vehemently to take up the cudgels in favor of the Eternal Verities.

No one who has ever possessed anything like Lord Houghton's intellectual power has qualified it by so much of sportiveness. And perhaps it would not be wrong if one were to say that intellectual sportiveness and intellectual curiosity were the two dominant "notes" of his mind. In one of his poems, *The Men of Old*, he contrasts the old Pagan thinkers and patriots with their latter-day successors. "I know not," he writes, "that the men of old were better than men now." Yet on the whole he gives the palm to the former, of whom he says:—

"Blending their soul's sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play."

The words, "noble boys," carry with them a touch of illumination to those who have heard Lord Houghton talk of the intellectual friends with whom he lived at Cambridge as his "playfellows"—a pretty, and, on his lips, singularly appropriate expression. He was a worker, but he worked in his own light-hearted fashion; he was a searcher after truth, but in his own easy way. Aristippus, the Cyrenaic, often wished that he could for a short time be a woman, and there was a heroine of Greek mythology, Cænis, who, prompted by an analogous motive, actually succeeded in effecting a corresponding transformation, and was henceforth known as Cæneus. If Milnes never gave articulate utterance to the wish of Aristippus, he at least went so far in that path as to play Shakespeare's Beatrice in some theatricals at Cambridge. There was

much, as will be presently pointed out, in common between the genius of Houghton and the genius of the poets of classical Hellas. He resembled, too, the more restless of the Hellenic speculators by the intensity of his intellectual inquisitiveness. His impassioned eagerness, ever of an intellectual kind, distinguished him from all other people. "If," writes to me the friend from whose instructive letter I have already quoted, "you had had the devil himself staying with you, Houghton would have almost turned you out of your own house, in order to learn all that your guest could tell him; would have turned the conversation abruptly to the subject of 'hoofs and horns'; would have asked whether the prowess of the Angel Michael was not greatly exaggerated; and would not have gone away till he had mastered the whole subject of the Evil One, and his relations with the heavens above and the earth below. He never, like other young men, affected a love of dangers; but under the impulsion of insatiable curiosity he would brave anything. I once knew him go up in a balloon. This, a descent in a diving-bell excepted, was probably the only achievement approximating to athletic which Lord Houghton ever attempted. Prodigious though as a young man, and even as a man matured or advanced in years, his energy was, it displayed itself always in an intellectual field. He was never a sportsman. He never hunted and he never shot."

There can be little doubt that what constituted to a large extent Lord Houghton's intellectual and social charm was an obstacle in the way of his political advancement. He was not naturally a good speaker. Such, however, were the pains which he took with himself that he ended by acquiring the art, and what he once said to the Prince of Wales, "The two best after-dinner speakers, sir, are your royal highness and myself," was literally true. On occasions of a graver character he never commanded an equal success. The intellectual inquirer was so prominent in his nature, that although he might speak quite positively without uttering a word which tended to disclose the *arrière-pensée*, he always found it impossible to induce his hearers to take him in earnest. There is reason to suppose that he was well aware of this dif-

ficulty. What he lacked by nature he endeavored to make good by art. He even went so far as to assume in his speeches a kind of gravity or solemnity absolutely foreign to himself. Undertaking once at the Cambridge Union to deliver an oration glorifying the genius of Milton, he attempted to rise worthily to the height of his great argument by reverently calling the author of *Paradise Lost* "Mr. Milton." As an inevitable result, he threw the whole assembly into roars of laughter. No one had a larger store of learning or of precepts on the subject of oratory in the House of Commons, and many are they who have profited by his counsels. Yet he could not practise what he preached. He could not make his audience take him as *un homme sérieux*. One need not, therefore, wonder that he failed to obtain the official rank which he coveted. His intellect indeed was so bright, so discursive, and his individuality so splendidly strong, that he was not a man to be put in a team under the harness of the public service. Yet he did not think so himself, and was eager to take office, singling out the most laborious office in the world—the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs; and, as his abilities were universally recognised, his knowledge vast, his speaking fully good enough for the purpose, and his acquaintance with public men abroad and at home almost universal, whilst, moreover, he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, and was afterwards on terms of friendship with Lord and Lady Palmerston, it might seem that there was absolutely nothing to prevent his attaining the object in view; but the one cause of the obstruction was assigned by Lady Palmerston in three words spoken one day when Palmerston was forming a government. To a friend of hers who had mentioned Milnes praisingly, she said simply, "Yes, but I observe that men smile when they speak of him, as if they did not think him quite serious."

Speaking of the Palmerstons, "Milnes," again to quote my correspondent, "was with them at Broadlands in the Christmas of 1851, when no other guest was in the house. All at once—I think in the evening—there came a despatch brought by a Queen's

messenger. Palmerston read the dispatch quietly without betraying any emotion, or even any particular interest, and handed it silently to Lady Palmerston. She seized its import at a glance, and putting no restraint upon herself burst out into violent wrath. The dispatch was one from 'Lord John,' simply dismissing Palmerston from his office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs! The blow was the more startling, since 'dismissal'—unmitigated, unveiled 'dismissal' under any such conditions—had at that time become obsolete. I dare say Milnes to the utmost of his kindly nature shared the indignation of Lady Palmerston; but he loved the drama, and could not have helped being interested by seeing a blow delivered so apparently powerful and decisive, yet destined, as perhaps he foresaw, to be after all so harmless. Before many more weeks had passed, the tables were turned on 'Lord John.'"

There is a sense in which this great lover of paradox illustrated in his life a paradox far more striking than any of those which he ever propounded in speech. Forced by the eagerness of his nature to be always in a crowd, whether in London society, in assemblies of politicians, of philanthropists, of poets, of philosophers and publicists, he was yet at heart the least gregarious of men. In his mind, at least, he never "trooped," never "flocked," never "herded" with any of the myriads of his fellow creatures. Perhaps the man himself never spoke more sincerely, or more from the depths of his heart than in what, though I believe it has been vulgarised by being set to ginglyng music, is one of the finest and profoundest of his poems, *Strangers Yet*. Take these two stanzas:—

"Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of 'old friends,'
After passions fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,
And the souls be strangers yet.

"Strangers yet
Oh, the bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man,
Nature, by magnetic laws,
Circle unto circle draws,
But they only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet."

It was not any instinctive tendency to go

in the beaten track of humanity but the inexhaustible kindness of his own good heart which bound him to his beloved fellow-creatures. Whether this individuality would have remained throughout so strong, whether he would have always stood firm as a rock against the examples of people about him, but for the conditions under which he had been brought up, his home education and the early Italianisation, to use a barbarous compound, of his mind, may be doubted. But of the fact itself there can be no doubt whatever.

The merit and beauty of Lord Houghton's poetic performances are in an inverse ratio to their length. He is seen at his best, his thought is most felicitous and his diction most polished, in his shorter pieces. He was, as Lord Beaconsfield described him, under the guise of Mr. Vavasour in *Tancred*—a description so admirable that it practically exhausts the man—"a poet and a real poet." But then, "his life was a gyration of energetic curiosity; an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket." An existence of this kind could not but have the effect of withdrawing attention from his poetry. Speech in the House of Lords; meeting at Marlborough House; speech by the chairman of this society; speech by the chairman of that—no one reading of these labors every day in his *Times* would incline to turn from his newspaper to the lovely poems of Milnes' early days; and it is only now, when the grave has closed over him, that he will cease to intercept the public appreciation of his works. For years together a great critic, who never tired of declaring his exalted estimate of Houghton's genius, used to work himself into a perfect fury of passion at the spectacle of his poet appearing so constantly in public life.

Intense sympathy is, perhaps, the keynote of Houghton's poetry as it is of his character. He did not describe so much as interpret. Instead of drawing a mere picture of Oriental personalities,

or of the heroes of the old Greek mythology, he identified himself with them, and told the world what they felt. Other poets, proceeding objectively, produced more or less frigid and inanimate presentments of the heathen life of Hellas, or of the sensuous existence of the gorgeous past. Houghton brought the subjective treatment to bear on old times and made them aglow with the warmth of actual being. Contrast the treatment of classical themes, as shown in *The Tomb of Laius* or *The Flowers of Helicon*, with the treatment of Shelley or Keats. Contrast his handling of the life of the harem with that of Moore, and a difference, as between that of life and death, at once discloses itself. Houghton loved to linger on the borders of wonderland. He was for ever laboring to believe. There was no mystery of the hour in which he did not strive to initiate himself. As it was with thought-reading, so had it previously been with table-turning. No yearning could be more insatiable than his to find that the destiny of poor mortality might not, after all, be so narrow, so meaningless, as science demonstrated it to be. He was enamoured of credulity; and although his keen, clear intellect and his sense of the ludicrous prevented the gratification of his passion, he still held that, impossible as it was to push his search after knowledge beyond the limits inexorably set, there still might be bliss, actual bliss, in belief resting on fancy. "We would," he writes in *Anima Mundi* :—

"We would, indeed, be somehow as Thou art,
Not spring and bud, and flower, and fade,
and fall,
Not fix our intellects on some scant part
Of nature, but enjoy or feel it all.
*We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows to understand the whole.*"

The lines italicised seem exactly to explain the attitude of Houghton's intellect towards the problems of the universe. He was, as he may have called himself in the lines entitled *The Peace of God*, "this life's inquiring traveller," endlessly busy with the unravelling of complicated truths and the solution of dark enigmas, ever analysing the complex aggregate of human sentiment, ever impressed by the hidden analogies and resemblances of things, now ready to

elevate the creations of his fancy to the dignity of immortal verities, now asking whether there be such a thing at all as Truth.

In some of the most exquisite of his earlier verses he laments the rapid, irretrievable passing away of youth. "Youth," he exclaims, "is gone away; cruel, cruel youth!" And he concludes—

"We are cold, very cold,—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth.
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Soul-preserving warmth, in vain."

But the youth whose flight the poet deploras is not merely the freshness of man's existence, it is the freshness of the world. It is more than the individual man that is growing old, it is the round earth and everything that is thereon. The ancients were the youths of humanity; we moderns, as Bacon said, are the true ancients. Houghton bewails the disappearance of the primitive Paganism of mankind as if it were a personal loss which he had himself sustained. He writes on all these subjects like one born out of his due time. In those days in which he seems to say he fain would have lived, there was no depressing consciousness of the world's failures, there were no gloomy yesterdays of aspirations baffled and sorrows accumulated on which to look back. The retrospect was bright in fancy; the prospect glorious with hope. What matter if the heathens of classic antiq-

uity lived in an atmosphere of vain imaginings, and fed themselves only on the fictions of their fancy. It was enough for them; their fancies were to them as facts, and they therefore supplied a faith. The feeling which Houghton betrays in his classical poems towards these men is one of almost passionate envy. With such thoughts the poetry of his best and earliest period is charged. He realised and gave articulate expression to the sentiments and aspirations of pagan antiquity with an enthusiasm and pathos that in their way have never been surpassed and seldom approached. Again and again he speaks as from the very soul of one of his Hellenic heroes or favorites who were troubled by no doubt that their worthy resolves would be sanctioned by the approving thunders of Zeus, might even be followed by counsels from the lips of Pallas Athene herself. He could not, like the Emperor Julian, undertake to bring back into life the past which he loved so much by any positive edict, but he could testify his sympathy with the vanished epoch through the mouth of his muse. As in Edward Bunbury's great history of *Ancient Geography* and its illustrative maps we see the small circlet of territories within the ring-fence of Oceanus, which was all that had then been irradiated by the mind and imagination of Greece, so under the spell of Houghton's genius the circlet becomes all aglow with the rapturous fervor of a life illumined and glorified, and almost created by poetry.—*Fortnightly Review*.

KARUKAYA.

A STORY OF A SKIN PICTURE.

BY FRANK ABELL.

TEN years ago, when I was resident in Japan, I happened, during a pedestrian tour, to be weatherbound at the famous Lobster tea-house, in the town of Atsungi, about nineteen miles from Yokohama. Inured as I was to the fickleness and the severe extremities of the Japanese climate, the rain which came down during these three October days

was of such volume and continuity that not even the coolies would go out, but preferred to crouch round the charcoal brazier of the wine-shop and crack jokes over the steaming cups of Otari. To me these long hours of enforced idleness were almost intolerable: I had no books with me, I had elaborated over and over again the sketches I had made

during my trip, I had slept, I had smoked, I had eaten and drunk at all hours. There was nothing to see in the street; there was too much to smell in the public rooms below; to attempt to pursue my homeward road would have been folly, for between me and the Great Road there was a swollen, raging river over which no ferry-boat would go, and beyond that a wide stretch of teal-land, far too swampy for the lightest of European boots.

On the morning of the fourth day a travelling tattooer happened to stop at the house. As most people know, in Japan the art of pictorial tattooing is carried to the very highest perfection, the subjects represented being not only artistic studies in themselves, but their colors so deftly pricked in that the lapse of long years produces little or no effect upon their brilliancy and durability.

This professor was on his way to the European settlement at Yokohama, for, so long ago as 1874, the Japanese were beginning to regard tattooing as a penance unworthy of a nation which owned telegraphs, railways, ironclad gunboats, and public offices filled with little men who transacted business in shabby European evening dress; nay, the Government had even issued an edict forbidding the practice; but as most foreigners were in the habit of carrying away a memento of their visit to the Land of the Rising Sun in the shape of a more or less elaborate tattooing, the professors still did a roaring trade amongst residents, globe-trotters, and naval officers.

The gentleman was ushered up to me. Anything was welcome to break the monotony of my day, so I welcomed him. He produced a book of patterns, and I finally selected that which is still as bright and distinct on my right arm as when it was first done. It represents a gentleman clad in a costume of stiff killed silk, standing with his face half averted from a little girl, clad in brilliantly patterned scarlet robes, who is clinging to his sleeve, and apparently trying to persuade him to do something against his will. The man in his right hand holds a bucket of flowers and vegetables, whilst his left, muffled in the black robe, supports his chin.

The name of the story thus represented is Karukaya, and is so romantic

and characteristic of that old Japanese life which has disappeared for ever before the march of Western civilisation, that I give it at length.

Long, long ago, during the "Immortal" era of Japanese history, there lived in the city of Yedo a young noble named Karuka. Although barely twenty-five years of age, he had proved himself so skilful a general and so dauntless a warrior that he was regarded as one of the grandest and truest sons of that splendid country which to this day artists, poets, and actors worship under the title of Dai-Nippon.

He lived in great honor and state in his castle, which stood close by where the British Legation now is, and as his parents were dead, and he was the wealthy head of the noble Karuka family, it may be imagined that every match-making mamma in the capital held him before the eyes of her daughters as a most desirable "catch."

Young Karuka was as handsome and accomplished as he was brave and rich. In my picture his face certainly does not accord with our notions of manly beauty, but it is to be remembered that he is there under the influence of conflicting passions, and that when a Japanese gentleman wishes to express rage, grief, or disappointment, he contorts his features almost out of human semblance. But the legend says that he was tall and slim, strongly and symmetrically built, with the oval face, the almond eyes, and the arched eyebrows which constitute manly beauty in Japan. He was a skilful archer, a bold fencer, an expert swordsman, a daring rider who had ascended the steep steps of the "Men's Path" up the hill of Atango on a fiery steed, a good musician, well versed in the ballad and legend lore of his land—in fact, he was a Japanese Admirable Crichton.

Now amongst all the damsels who sighed and pined for him, there was one in particular who really loved him. She was the daughter of one of the proudest Hatta-Motos, or Imperial bodyguards; she was beautiful and accomplished, and had rejected many noble lovers who had come from distant provinces to sue for her hand, all for the love of Karuka.

And yet she could produce no impression upon his heart. In vain she em-

ployed all her woman's *finesse* and cunning: in vain her mother called frequently at the Karuka castle, and sent him magnificent presents. He received the broad hints and oglings with coldness, and, although he could not in accordance with etiquette return the presents without creating a blood feud between the families, he gently put them aside and never opened them.

Nevertheless, O Kiri—such was the lady's name—so far from being repulsed, only prosecuted her suit with greater ardor. She gave up the usual pursuits and amusements of ladies of her position, grew careless in her dress, pale and interesting in her appearance; she would sit and brood for long hours, and was known frequently to steal out at night, gain admittance to the castle yard of her lover, and from behind a group of azalea bushes watch the paper windows of the room most generally used by Karuka. When a woman disappointed in love, says the old adage, takes to brooding in solitude and silence, good rarely comes of it. And it was so in the case of O Kiri.

She began to suspect Karuka, although after long watching she had not been able to trace the object of his affections, and was assured that it could be nobody in his usual circle of acquaintance.

One evening she was watching the movements of Karuka's shadow behind the paper shutters of his room from her usual observatory behind the azalea bushes. She saw him dress his hair in ordinary plebeian fashion, she saw the figure of a retainer approach kneeling with an undistinguishable mass in his arms, she saw Karuka change his clothing for what the retainer had brought, and place a common broad-brimmed coolie hat on his head. Then the shutters were opened, and by the light of the oil wick in the room O Kiri saw her idol attired from head to foot in common workman's costume.

Her heart sank within her, for her woman's keenness told her that he was on some cavalier expedition. Presently the retainer, whom O Kiri recognised as Karuka's chief steward, fastened a pair of common straw sandals on his feet, slung an ordinary carpenter's bag over his shoulders, and with profound obeisance left him. O Kiri's heart beat

wildly as she watched Karuka cross the castle yard stealthily and swiftly, rather as a criminal flying from justice than a great lord in his own domain. She waited until he had got through the gateway, and then darted after him. Keeping him in sight, she followed him along all kinds of evil back-lanes and by-streets, the rain soaking into her thin robes, the unusual exertion of walking quickly over uneven ground upon high clogs wounding her delicate feet. The people stared at her, as well they might, but she kept on, past the great temples of Shiba, past the castle of the great lord of Satsuma, past those scattered hill temples which afterwards became European Legations, until they arrived at the dirty bad suburb of Shinagawa. Karuka went some way down the crowded, evil-smelling street, then stopped at a small shop, in the front of which clogs and sandals were exposed for sale, and entered, crying "O Hana! O Hana!" Under the deep shadow of a projecting eave on the other side of the street, O Kiri saw a bright-eyed, fresh-faced girl of eighteen, come forward at Karuka's summons, affectionately greet him, and disappear into the house with him.

Rage and grief seized O Kiri when she saw this. She leant for support against the wooden shutters of the house, her hand tightly grasping the hilt of the small dagger which all Japanese ladies carried with them when they went abroad, and half resolved to rush into the house and slay this common O Hana who had stepped in between her and her love.

But she thought that deliberate revenge would be better than sudden outrage, and so returned home. The next day she sent a servant down to enquire about O Hana's people. The answer came that they were Etas—the pariahs of Japanese society, despised and insulted by the very beggars, the lowest of the low—a tribe who live distinct from all others, and whose business it is to execute criminals, kill animals, and to make clogs and sandals.

"So," muttered O Kiri, "this will be pretty news for the city, that the head of the great Karuka family loves an Eta woman! This is pleasant for me to see, that I, in whose veins runs the blood of the immortals, am set aside

in favor of a common outcast wench ! It will be sufficient to proclaim his connection to disgrace him, but I want more than disgrace : I want and will have revenge."

But she determined to have a practical proof at home of his affection for O Hana, before resorting to extremes. So she desired her father to call upon Karuka in state, knowing that in the course of a week Karuka would be obliged to return the visit. Then she sent a servant to O Hana's shop to command her to bring for inspection a number of the best black lacquered clogs in preparation for the New Year's festivities. So O Hana's father brought the clogs up the next day, but O Kiri abused him for daring to come into the presence of a lady, and commanded him to send a woman to wait upon a lady. Three times accordingly O Hana came, but as Karuka did not happen to be there O Kiri made some excuses and ordered alterations in order that the lovers should be thrown together.

So when Karuka came to repay the visit, O Kiri had so contrived that her clog woman should be announced. Karuka came in state, with his "kami shimo" or winged coat on, his armor bearer, and a score of retainers bearing his crest, the double triangle, embroidered on their sleeves.

When O Hana was announced, O Kiri expressed great anger that a common tradeswoman should dare to interrupt a state visit, but Karuka laughed out of compliment, and O Hana entered. Directly she beheld Karuka she uttered a cry and sank on the mats. Karuka's face turned ghastly pale, he staggered as he squatted, and saw that O Kiri's eyes were fixed on him.

"Dear me, Sir Karuka !" exclaimed O Kiri with affected concern, "what is the matter ? You start as if you had seen a spirit !"

Karuka stammered out some excuse, and, declaring that he felt unwell, begged to be allowed to depart. So O Kiri knew that Karuka really was intimate with the Eta woman, perhaps—but she shuddered to think it—was her husband, although her teeth were not blackened.

Now O Hana, although but an Eta, was well worthy of any man's love. Her father being out at work all day,

and her mother bedridden, upon O Hana devolved all the responsibility of the household, and from early morning until late at night she was incessantly at work. Yet none of the neighbors had ever seen her other than clean, tidy, and smiling. But when she returned home after her expedition to O Kiri's house, her cheeks were stained with tears, and her eyes red and swollen.

"O mother !" she cried, "you know I have always wondered why Yoroshi, my lover, is always so clean and sweet, although he works so hard as a carpenter. Well, who do you think he is ? He is no carpenter at all, but the great lord Karuka. I have just seen him in his splendid dress, with all his men and standards ! Oh, what shall I do ? It will be known that I have dared to love a great lord ! We shall be ruined and disgraced !"

"Why, then, O Hana," said the old woman, "you must have no more to do with him. Of course it would never do for you to marry a great lord. But are you sure that it was he ?"

"Quite sure," replied O Hana, "for—for he turned pale, and almost fell back when he saw me. O mother ! I think it will break my heart to lose him, for I do love him so much, and he is so good and kind to me !"

"Never mind that," said the old woman ; "you'll soon get over it. There are plenty of good husbands to be found amongst our own people. So think no more about it, and banish him from your mind."

But O Hana was not so easily to be consoled, and passed all that night in sobbing and sighing, so that the next morning she did not seem a bit like her own self.

In the evening, as she was doing her marketing after work hours, she went into a drug shop to get some clove pills for her mother. As a customer was being served, she had to wait, and as she waited she could not help hearing him give very strict directions about the mixing of a very deadly poison for the rats which infested his house. There was nothing very remarkable in this, for the shop was famous for its rat poison ; but when O Hana looked at the man, who was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, she recognised one of the retainers who

had admitted her to the great lady's house the day before.

Now Japanese of all classes read sensational literature with assiduity, and those who cannot read attend regularly the representations of the sensational drama. O Hana was no exception to the rule, and being familiar with schemes and plots and designs of all kinds from her reading, and remembering how strangely the great lady had behaved to her, she saw some meaning in the purchase of deadly poison by a retainer of the house of the Lady O Kiri.

Karuka came that night as usual. O Hana, of course, was bound to behave differently now that she knew who he really was. She would not remove her forehead from the mats until he implored her. She used the honorific "Sama" when she addressed him, or rather when she replied to his remarks, for it is directly against etiquette and custom for an inferior to address questions or initiate remarks to a superior. In vain he assured her that the great love he bore her had made them equal; in vain he protested against her humility and self-abasement, and declared that he was only waiting for the New Year's festival to pass over in order to make her his wife and take her away to his castle in the pleasant land of Tosa. No prayers, no exhortations, no reassurances of his could persuade the simple, humble-minded girl that a great lord could ever be the equal of a despised Eta.

At length he rose and prepared to take his leave; then she said:—

"O, my most honorable lord, your servant craves permission to say one thing to you. This afternoon, as your servant was at the drug shop, there came in a retainer of the house of the most honorable lady you visited yesterday, and bought some poison. Your servant is unworthy to say any more: your lordship will understand that she tells you in good faith."

"You are a good, true little girl," said Karuka. "I understand what you mean, and I will beware."

Then he bade her as affectionate a farewell as she would let him, and turned homeward, musing deeply on all that had taken place.

The next day a present arrived at Karuka's castle from the father of O

Kiri. It was a large, straw-bound cask, bearing upon it the impress of the red carp which betokened the famous Yebizdai wine, accompanied by the Lady O Kiri's good wishes. He thought of what O Hana had told him on the previous evening, and, ordering a servant to bring a rabbit in from the garden, poured out some of the wine and gave it to the animal: the rabbit died in violent convulsions in less than ten minutes. So Karuka wrote the following letter to O Kiri:—

"Madam,—The wine you sent me as a present was poisoned. I know why you wish to be revenged on me. Beware. If I proclaim you as a murderess it were worse for you than it would be for me if you proclaimed the fact of my being betrothed to an Eta.—KARUKA."

Some weeks elapsed. During that time all intercourse between O Kiri and her family and Karuka ceased, and Karuka, with much trouble, had managed to conquer O Hana's scruples, and to make her his wife privately. But Karuka saw that the secret was known. His old friends deserted him; his very retainers resigned their situations, refusing to bear the crest of a lord who had sullied his name for ever; all but the old steward who had served Karuka's father, and who swore that he would never desert the son. Gradually he found himself ostracised and alone. Burning with resentment, he strode off one day with the intention of making arrangements to take O Hana away to his country house in the Province of Tosa. A few paces from his gate he met the young Prince of Nagato at the head of a band of retainers, who, as well as their master, were evidently in liquor.

"Ah, Karuka!" cried the young prince, who had never borne Kuruka very much good will since the day the latter had unhorsed him at the tilting yard. "Going to see your Eta sweetheart, I suppose! What a proud race the future Karukas will be."

The blood rushed to Karuka's face; with one sweep he drew the famous Muramasa blade which he had so gloriously used in his country's cause, and cut the young prince to the ground. Nagato's retainers, seeing their lord lying weltering in his blood, rushed on Karuka with savage yells. But they had

to deal with the boldest and most skilful swordsman in Japan, and Karuka, edging slowly back so that he stood against the wall, laid about him with such good will that in a few minutes half a dozen of his assailants were writhing on the ground, and the rest had made off.

But Karuka knew now that nothing remained to him but instant flight, for all Yedo would know that not only had he insulted his order by marrying an Eta, but that he had grievously wounded the young Prince of Nagato, and, if he were taken, not only would he be publicly disgraced, but he would suffer the death of a felon.

Aided by his faithful steward, he escaped in disguise that evening, but determined to call upon O Hana so as to arrange with her where to meet him. To his surprise when he arrived at the well-known street in Shinagawa, he found the house shut up. Upon inquiry he found that the Eta people had in turn taken the matter up, and that O Hana and the child she had borne to Karuka had been obliged to fly in order to avoid the penalties which the Etas imposed upon such of their order as should dare to aspire beyond it.

Wearied, faint with loss of blood, sick at heart, and almost despairing, Karuka passed the night at a mean tea-house, and by daylight the next morning was on the road to the holy mountain Oyama, disguised as a pilgrim.

Four years elapsed, during which time, in spite of the most diligent search by the Government and the Nagato family, not a trace of Karuka could be found. In fact, he had taken up his residence in a hut which he had erected with the help of his steward on a little-known slope of Oyama near the miserable village of Tanzawa, and here, free from all intercourse with the great world, he led a solitary life, hunting the deer and the wild boar, and composing poetry. Of O Hana he had heard nothing, although he had sent his steward, who lived in the village of Koyias upon the other side of the mountain, to search for her in all directions.

At the end of the fourth year of his exile, Japan became engaged in war with her ancient enemy, Corea. The gods frowned on the Japanese arms: the "Yamato Damashi," the spirit of

old Japan, seemed dead: every junk brought news of further disgrace and disaster: the Court and Assembly of Nobles were in despair, for there was not a general of talent to stem the tide of misfortune.

"O that we had Karuka!" exclaimed one old noble, with tears in his eyes.

"We would forgive him everything, if he would but come forth and lead our armies," said another.

"Ay, that we would," was the general chorus.

So the Government messengers were sent forth; proclamations were posted at the entrance to all towns and villages offering huge rewards for the discovery of Karuka. But no one knew of his whereabouts, and meanwhile the war went on, with such disgrace to the Japanese arms that the idea of a humiliating truce was seriously entertained.

Karuka's steward, who loved his country almost before his master, of course heard of all this as he sat amongst the travellers and the merchants of an evening in the Koyias wine-shop, and each time that he took Karuka's supplies of food to him he entreated him to come forth from his hiding-place and save his country. But Karuka, although his spirit burned to be once more in war panoply at the head of his troops, sternly shook his head, and declared that the country which had disgraced him for marrying a girl he loved had no claim upon his aid in the hour of need.

Sadly the old steward returned each time to Koyias, almost resolved to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of proclaiming to the authorities the whereabouts of his master, and only restrained from so doing by remembrance of his solemn oath of fealty.

One bitter winter afternoon, as the steward and half a dozen jovial fellows were crouching over the brazier in the tea-house, there came in a wandering minstrel leading a child by the hand. A thick hood hid all her face but her eyes; her poor thin clothes were ragged and patched, her feet were blue with tramping through the cruel snow, and she was so wearied that she sank upon the raised floor with a piteous apology. The kind-hearted travellers made her drink some hot wine, insisted upon her coming close to the brazier, and one of

them took off his own thick outer garment and wrapped the child in it. When she lowered her hood to thank them, the steward recognized O Hana, although four long years of suffering had written sad traces on her once fresh, youthful face.

A happy thought struck him, and after she had rested herself and seemed revived, and was leaving the tea-house, he followed her and whispered in her ear :—

"O Hana, do you not remember me?"

She started, gazed at him for a moment, and murmured his name with joyful surprise.

"O Hana," he continued, "you would like to see your husband?"

A light of joy sprang into her sad eyes as she replied :—

"Oh, yes, that I would, but my people told me that he was dead long ago."

"He is not dead," said the steward; "but I can only tell you where he is and let you see him upon one condition."

"Name it, sir, I pray," said O Hana. "I cannot do much, for I am weak and ill, but you may depend upon my exerting myself to my very last breath, if I could be rewarded by but a glimpse of his dear face."

"Very well," said the steward. "Where are you going now?"

"Indeed, sir, I didn't know," she replied.

"Very well; you want sleep and food, you must come with me," said the steward.

O Hana thanked him fervently, and followed him to the little house in which he lodged.

When O Hana and the child were fast asleep between the quilts, the steward wrote the following note :—

"My Lord and Master,—The bearer of this is your little daughter. I send her to you to implore you for the sake of your wife to place yourself once again at the head of our armies."

Early the next morning he told O Hana of the resolution he had taken. At first she was unwilling to trust the child to go even with him into the solitudes of the mountains, but he swore that no harm should happen to her, and O Hana, happier than she had been for many long days, consented.

So the steward bought the child a new red dress embroidered with azalea flowers, took her on his back, and started. When he arrived within a hundred yards of his master's hut, he directed the child which way she should take, and waited below to hear the issue.

Then followed the scene which forms the subject of my skin picture.

So great was Karuka's joy that for some moments he could only embrace her in silence. Then he asked her about her mother, and wrote on the back of the steward's letter that he would only take again the field on behalf of his country upon the condition that if he succeeded all the past should be forgotten, and he should be permitted to introduce O Hana to her proper station in life.

The child came down with Karuka; the steward hastened back to Koyias, told O Hana of what had happened, took her back with him to where Karuka was waiting, and, without staying to witness the joyful greeting between the long-separated husband and wife, made all speed to Yedo with his message.

Very little remains to be told. Of course the nobles gladly accepted Karuka's conditions: he came forth from his retirement, made almost a triumphal procession through the streets of the capital, saw that O Hana was settled in his old castle under the protection of the faithful steward, and went off to the seat of war. In a few weeks the news therefrom was of such a character as to infuse proud enthusiasm into every Japanese heart. The junks which had so long brought nothing but news of disgrace and defeat now sailed proudly into Yedo Bay with bunches of evergreens at their mast-heads, and by the summer the Coreans had been utterly crushed, and Japan had dictated her terms of peace.

Karuka returned full of honors to his native land: the people rebuilt for him the castle, which had been suffered to fall into grievous decay during his exile; the assembly of Daimios voted him an annual income of six thousand 'kokus' of rice, equal to four thousand pounds sterling; the greatest in the land crowded to his castle to pay their respects to him and to O Hana, and prominent amongst

them came the Prince of Nagato and his wife, once known as O Kiri, the admirer of Karuka. Nor was the faithful old steward forgotten, for Karuka bought for him an estate in the country, where he died at an advanced age, to the

grief of all who knew him. The child grew up beautiful, and by her marriage with the Prince of Choshu stamped all the Eta taint from the family of Karuka.—*Belgravia*.

COLOR-MUSIC.

BY REV. J. CROFTS.

THE sense of beauty in color seems to be by no means peculiar to man. Readers of Darwin may remember that he says ("Descent of Man," pt. I. ch. iii.): "When we behold a male bird elaborately displaying his graceful plumes or splendid colors before the female, whilst other birds, not thus decorated, make no such display, it is impossible to doubt that she admires the beauty of her male partner. The nests of humming-birds and the playing passages of bower-birds are tastefully ornamented with gaily-colored objects; and this shows that they must receive some kind of pleasure from the sight of such things. With the great majority of animals, however, the taste for the beautiful is confined, as far as we can judge, to the attractions of the opposite sex. If female birds had been incapable of appreciating the beautiful colors, the ornaments, &c., of their male partners, all the labor and anxiety exhibited by the latter in displaying their charms before the females would have been thrown away; and this it is impossible to admit. *Why* certain bright colors should excite pleasure cannot, I presume, be explained, any more than why certain flavors and scents are agreeable."

Mr. Darwin goes on afterwards to build upon these generally acknowledged facts his theory that the colors of the male are actually developed by a long course of sexual selection; that is, females of each generation being most readily won by the males remarkable for their beauty, he maintains there would be a constant tendency to the transmission and development of such charms. And though his theory has been questioned by some—Mr. Wallace for example—and strong arguments adduced for its modification, yet of the original

proposition, that the female is susceptible to the charm of color in her mate, there can be no reasonable doubt. And as to insects, all are agreed that it is the color of the flowers, quite as much as, or even more than the scent, which proves the first attraction. Mr. Darwin notes ("Descent of Man," pt. II. ch. xi.) how the humming-bird moth has been repeatedly known to visit flowers painted on the walls of a room, and vainly endeavor to insert its proboscis into them; also how several kinds of butterflies in South Brazil show an unmistakable preference for certain colors over others, "very often visiting the brilliant red flowers of five or six genera of plants, but never the white or yellow flowering species of the same and other genera, growing in the same garden." And Mr. Wallace not only agrees with this view of the influence of color upon insects, but emphasises it by declaring that the attraction of butterflies and other insects "is the main function of color in flowers as shown by the striking fact that those flowers which can be perfectly fertilised by the wind, and do not need the aid of insects, *rarely or never have gaily-colored flowers*." ("Natural Selection," p. 263.)

Yet true though it be that the sense of beauty—so far as deriving pleasure from certain colors is concerned—is shared by man in common with many of the lower animals, the sensations of a cultivated man are different altogether in kind from those of the lower creatures, inasmuch as in his case they are associated with complex ideas and trains of thought. No animal except man can appreciate the delicate pencillings of a flower, or the exquisite color-harmonies of an autumnal landscape, for the obvious reason that such appreciation de-

pendes wholly upon the mind of the beholder. Color itself, which appears to be in the bodies at which we gaze, has really no such existence at all. There is no color in a geranium flower, nor in the eye which sees it, nor in the brain which receives the impression, but only in the mind or consciousness of the spectator. We will say a little more upon this point later on : suffice it here to simply note the fact. Such, then, being the case, though, of course, a quickened sense by no means indicates higher mental faculties—for such sense depends almost entirely upon the quality of the nerve-fibres which act as telegraph wires to the brain—yet the *idea conceived in the mind* at each communication, and the degree of appreciation of any beautiful object—in other words the *measure of the sense of beauty*—will depend wholly upon the mental organisation.

The lower creatures have senses for the most part much keener than ours. There can be no doubt that some of them are gifted with senses entirely distinct and different—senses of which we know absolutely nothing, and for which we have not even a name. And this being so, the external world must be to them as unlike what it is to us as Venus is to Mars.

All entomologists, for example, know that the males of certain species among the Lepidoptera are possessed of a very remarkable sense, or faculty, or instinct—call it what you will—that enables them to discover a female of their own species even though she be confined in box within box and placed in the pocket of the collector. And so powerful and unerring is this sense that instances have been known of insects being led by it for two or three miles straight to a house, and through the open window to the box wherein the object of their solicitation was imprisoned.

Such phenomena are suggestive of further thought. If certain creatures have these subjective sensations of which we have no experience, there must of course be certain mysterious—to us impalpable—objective essences, or, to use more scientific language, *ether waves*, to correspond to them, the nature of which we have no means of even guessing. Truly there are more things in heaven

and earth than are as yet dreamt of in our philosophy.

Voltaire, in one of his tales, has an amusing fancy of people in Saturn with seventy-two senses, receiving a visitor from the Dog-star who was blessed with no less than a thousand. And, indeed, there is no reason at all to suppose, because we have only five, that the possession of other senses by other creatures is impossible or unlikely.

In a most interesting paper, read in Manchester, in 1873, by Professor Croom Robertson, he explains in a somewhat fanciful way, and in a single paragraph, all that science really has to tell us about the senses. He begins his lecture as follows :—

"Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second ; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod : how will he be affected by it ? So long as it turns but a few times in a second, he will not be affected at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear ; and as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness ; silence will again reign as at the first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man ; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin ; which again will grow more and more intense as now through tens and hundreds and

thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much the greater. But, lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away, till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and, last of all, a violet. And to the violet, the revolutions being now about eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness—night, as in the beginning. This darkness too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses."

It will be observed that according to this theory those sensible qualities which we call color, heat, and sound are all ether waves and vibrations; and that these waves had no effect on the man, except at particular stages, and within a definite range at each. There was a blank before the first deep sound was heard, then a tremendous blank after the last screech had died away, until heat began to be felt, and lastly an immeasurable blank beyond the limit where light passed into darkness. At one rate the motion appeared only as sound, at another as heat, and at another as color.

Why should other rates among or outside of these not appear as anything at all? The answer is, because of man's limited capacity of being affected. The nerve-fibres of which we are possessed are adapted for dealing with those vibrations only which convey to us the sensible qualities we call color, &c.; but it is perfectly conceivable that beings might be furnished with nerves adapted for dealing with other rates of motion, which would thus convey to them new qualities of external objects, qualities of which we know nothing and can learn nothing. So, instead of the senses being limited to five, they might become fifty, or five hundred, or almost any other number.

Of the five senses we possess, that of sight is the one of which we make most uninterrupted use, and upon this sense we most implicitly rely. It is true that if I do not hear the approaching vehicle, I

may be run over and killed, yet, if I do hear it, I do not feel satisfied as to its distance, or its character, till my eyes have afforded further information respecting it; whilst, on the other hand, if my eye be the first informant, upon its testimony I rely without seeking any further evidence.

Let us now follow the business man who has just turned out of his house, and is setting out for a walk into the country after a week of close work at his office in town. He walks with head erect, his senses all alive, and he is drinking in with the keenest enjoyment the sounds and colors and scents of the world around; the skylark overhead, and the linnet in the brake, the hum of insects so soft and dreamy, the bleating of the lambs, and the chimes of the distant church bells—how delightful it all is to him! What a paradise these things make! But if, presently, the sounds should all fail, and utter quiet reign over valley, wood, and hill, the man will probably experience little or no regret; the "gleams of silence" in this hurrying, noisy, boisterous world are very sweet, and in their way as enjoyable as its most delightful rural music.

As regards his sense of smell the man is still more independent. He may walk for miles without once being actually conscious that he possesses such a sense at all—beyond the general sensation of being in a pure and fresh atmosphere. Half a dozen times perhaps in his walk he wakes up to it. A bean-field in bloom, or a bank of violets, or burning weeds, or new-mown hay, or some blossoming woodbine, or the wall flowers or mignonette in a cottage garden—some one or other of these may arrest his attention at rare intervals by their fragrance, and so steal into notice; but the man does not look for them, and he is quite content to begin and finish his walk—if it so happen—without any of them.

How different with the dog who has set out with him, and has been enjoying his walk side by side with his master, receiving impressions from the same surroundings and under the same circumstances! What a completely different aspect things have had for him! His sense of enjoyment has been—like his master's—according to his capacity, but

what different influences have appealed to him! If, when they reach home, the dog were able to make known his impressions, and spread them out side by side with his master's, they would probably be as opposite as the poles—just as unlike as if they had been received, these on this earth, and the others amongst the mountains of the moon. Watch the dog for an instant, and see what his interest is centred in, what sense it is that engrosses his attention most. He has an exceedingly quick eye and ear, and it would be difficult for even a mouse of lightest foot to emerge from its hole, and creep round the old stump close by and in again without being detected. The faintest rustle of a leaf, the slightest movement, would be sufficient to betray its presence. Either through eye or ear, very likely through both at the same instant, the dog will be made conscious of the interesting little circumstance. But quick as all his senses are, it is to that of smell, above all, that the dog *trusts*. This is the final arbiter—the test to which all difficult problems are subjected, and by which all doubts are solved. It is in a world of scents that a dog lives, and moves, and has his being. What a curious scent this bramble-leaf has! and this spot in the road! and that last nettle he passed—how interesting! How unlike all other nettles he ever met with! He must return and investigate! And, doing so, he becomes, for a few moments, so engrossed that even his master's command can scarcely persuade him to leave it. And then, as to judging of character, let a reader who possesses a dog say whether he knows of any test that can be for one moment compared with the test supplied by the bundle of nerves that spread themselves out at the tip of a dog's nose. If a pun may be pardoned, I would express my belief that by no other known means can so correct a diagnosis of a man's character be obtained. At all events, all will agree that a dog depends upon it without any reserve whatever, and no amount of flattery will serve to alter the opinion he has by such means arrived at. And who does not remember how—when Ulysses returned home after his many years' absence, disguised as a beggar—neither length of

time, nor change of appearance and clothing, served for a moment to deceive his faithful hound. Whilst every other member of the household was regarding him as a stranger, his dog came up and instantly discovered his identity.

Herein, then, we notice an extraordinary difference between the senses of man and those of his most intimate companion amongst the lower animals—a difference sufficient in itself to affect the whole aspect of the outer world.

It is true that men vary considerably amongst themselves in their sense organisation, and, strange to say, some have even claimed to possess the canine faculty just referred to. Dr. Jäger, for example, a professor of Stuttgart, has put forth pretensions which it is impossible to read without a smile, professing, as he does, simply by means of the nose on his face, eyes shut and ears closed, to discriminate the character of any stranger to whom he may be introduced, or who may pass him in the street.

Whether such abnormal faculties ever have an existence other than in the imagination of fanciful persons, at least they are unknown to mankind in general, and it is chiefly, as has been said, by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings.

Nurses tell us that the first impulse of a new-born infant is to turn its face toward the light. "Light is sweet," the wise man says, "and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Man is irresistibly attracted by light, while gloom inspires him with an unconquerable aversion, and utter darkness an instinctive horror. But it is when to the glories of light is added the boundless wealth of color that his heart truly rejoices. "The gay tulips, the blushing rose, the golden scarabæus, the gorgeous peacock, the infinitely varied beauties of the butterfly, the brilliant plumage of the humming-bird," the magnificent harmonies of an autumnal sunset—few persons in this year of grace can regard such objects with indifference. Baring Gould says: * "I remember one day in the South coming upon a tall flower, bright golden yellow, a tuft of blossoms, and this was covered with dazzling blue stars, blazing, send-

* *Village Conferences on the Creed*, p. 152.

ing out rays of light in the sun, just as if little bits of the blue sky had strewn themselves on the yellow flower, and these were shining with all their light as jewels. It was merely a number of wondrously beautiful little beetles clustered on the flower. But, oh! so exquisite was the sight, I remember—I was a little boy then—lifting up my hands and crying out with delight at the sight, and gratitude to God for having made anything so fair to glad my eyes.

It is, however, unquestionable that the degree of appreciation, and even, to a large extent, the perception of the various hues will depend upon the mind's cultivation.

Mr. Ruskin, in a most interesting passage in "*Modern Painters*," shows that the sense of color has been developed in the course of ages. He says, "The Greek sense of color seems to have been so comparatively dim and uncertain that it is almost impossible to ascertain what the real idea was which they attached to any word alluding to hue; and above all, color, though pleasant to their eyes, as to those of all human beings, seems never to have been impressive to their feelings. They liked purple, on the whole, the best; but there was no sense of cheerfulness or pleasantness in one color, and gloom in another, such as the mediævals had.

"For instance, when Achilles goes, in great anger and sorrow, to complain to Thetis of the scorn done him by Agamemnon, the sea appeared to him 'wine-colored.' One might think this meant that the sea looked dark and reddish-purple to him, in a kind of sympathy with his anger. But we turn to a passage of Sophocles, peculiarly intended to express peace and rest, and we find that the birds sang among 'wine-colored' ivy. The uncertainty of conception of the hue itself, and entire absence of expressive character in the word, could hardly be more clearly manifested.

"Again, the Greeks liked purple, as a general source of enjoyment, better than any other color, as all healthy persons who have eye for color, and are unprejudiced about it do, and will to the end of time. . . . But so far was this instinctive preference for purple from

giving, in the Greek mind, any consistently cheerful or sacred association to the color, that Homer constantly calls death 'purple death.'

"Again, Sophocles tells us the birds sang in the '*green* going places' (places where the trees separate, so as to give some accessible avenue); and we take up the expression gratefully, thinking the old Greek perceived and enjoyed, as we do, the sweet fall of the eminently *green* light through the leaves, and when they are a little thinner than in the heart of the wood. But we turn to the tragedy of '*Ajax*,' and are much shaken in our conclusion about the meaning of the word, when we are told that the body of Ajax is to lie unburied and be eaten by sea-birds on the '*green* sand.' The formation, geologically distinguished by this title, was certainly not known to Sophocles; and the only conclusion which, it seems to me, we can come to under the circumstances is, that Sophocles really did not know green from yellow or brown."

And here we may as well, perhaps, pause for a few moments to consider some exceptions in our own day to the general rule of a sensibility to and appreciation of color.

These exceptions may be generally divided into two classes: first, those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of color; and second, those who are affected with the peculiarity of vision called "color-blindness," and sometimes "Daltonism."

To these must be added a third class, which we may believe and hope is not a large one, of persons who object to the use of color from some religious scruple. That what people are pleased to call "quiet colors" have something about them savoring of piety, whilst brighter colors are allied to profanity and godlessness, is by no means an uncommon notion amongst people of demure habits; and it would be next to impossible to persuade such persons of what has, nevertheless, been abundantly proved, viz., that at first *pure taste* showed a preference for primaries in all manner of ornamentation, and that it was only when taste began to be corrupted that a superabundance of the secondaries was admitted.

But some carry their objections to

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 225.

color still further, and afflict their soul because the whole world is not draped in drab. Take the case of John Woolman for example—not a common one we admit. This man—born in 1720 in Burlington County, West Jersey, and a member of the Society of Friends—spent the latter part of his life in one unceasing, self-sacrificing crusade against the use of colored dyes. It is declared he was not mad, but, at least, it must be admitted that he had extraordinary views. He took it into his head that "the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them" was inconsistent with the Christian profession. His objection to color, it is true, was twofold; first, because it was calculated to please the eye; and secondly, because it tended to hide dirt; but it was in its pleasing the eye that its sinfulness seems to have chiefly consisted; and it was to propagate this strange doctrine respecting dyes that Woolman came to this country and underwent untold hardships, travelling through the grimy manufacturing districts in weak health, and on foot, and suffering such persecution and ridicule as we can readily understand such a man, with such a cause, would have to suffer.

It is easy to laugh at a man who is willing to undergo martyrdom for the sake of an undyed hat, but at least it shows how intense were his feelings upon the subject, and how sincere his religious scruples. "The apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity," he says, "felt uneasy to me. And here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, become great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for His sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind at our general spring meeting in 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me; and when I returned home, got a hat of the natural color of the fur."*

Of the first of the two classes mentioned above—viz., those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of color—nothing need be said. It is a mere matter of averages. Just as there will always be a certain percentage of persons without any taste for music, so there must always be a certain number equally unimpressible as regards color.

The second class, however—those affected by color-blindness—demands more notice. It may be conveniently subdivided into two groups—first, of those incapable of receiving impression of any color except white and black; and second, those able to perceive certain simple colors, but incapable of distinguishing properly between them. There are persons, strange as it may appear, in whom the sense of primary color is entirely deficient, and who, instead of red, yellow, and blue, see only different degrees of black and white. The earliest case of this kind on record is that of a woman, thirty-two years of age, who, in 1684, consulted Dr. Tuberville, about her sight, which, though excellent in other respects, had this peculiarity. Spurzheim also mentions a family, all the members of which could only distinguish different shades of light and black. And Mr. Huddart, in a letter to Joseph Priestley, dated January 16, 1777, gives an account of a shoemaker in Cumberland similarly affected. This person's peculiarity was unknown to himself until one day, while a boy, playing in the street, he found a stocking, and for the first time was struck with the fact that it was called by his companions *red*, whereas to his mind it was capable of no further description than that designated by the word *stocking*. Two of his brothers had the same imperfection, while two other brothers, his sisters, and other relatives, had the usual condition of vision.

Of the other group the cases are much more numerous, but one or two examples only need be given. Mr. Harvey, of Plymouth, mentions a tailor who could see in the rainbow but two tints, yellow and bright blue; all other hues appearing to him alike—crimson and

* *John Woolman*, a Biographical Sketch, by Dora Greenwell. London, 1871. *J. Woolman*,

by David Duncan, London, 1871. See also *Sunday Magazine*, February, 1877.

green, brown, purple, and scarlet undistinguishable for each other. Fancy a tailor with such an eye for color! and what lamentable results it might lead to, especially when it came to the question of a patched garment returned late on Saturday evening!

But the most interesting case of all is that of Dr. Dalton, discoverer of the atomic theory in chemistry, and celebrated also as a mathematician. It is from his name that the term Daltonism—generally applied on the Continent to color-blindness—is derived. In 1794 he published an account of his own case and that of several others in the Transactions of the Manchester Society. The only two colors of the rainbow he could distinctly perceive were yellow and blue, but he had also a slight perception of purple. As usual in such cases, he saw no difference between red and green, being unable to distinguish the color of a laurel leaf from that of a stick of read sealing-wax. An amusing story is told of his having once appeared at a Quaker meeting—of which body he was a member—in a suit that not a little startled the sober-minded Friends, for, as a supposed match to the drab coat and small clothes he always—as a Quaker—wore, his legs were arrayed in a pair of flaming red-colored stockings, which he had innocently selected for their quiet and snuffy hue.

As another instance, Professor Whewell states that when the doctor was asked "with what he would compare the scarlet gown with which he had been invested by the university, he pointed to the trees, and declared that he perceived no difference between the color of his robe and that of their foliage." Other remarkable cases of color-blindness might be given, and amongst the list of persons thus affected some well-known names; as, for example, that of Dugald Stewart, the celebrated metaphysician. In truth, the number of color-blind persons is by no means small. Professor Seebeck found five cases among forty boys who composed the upper classes of a gymnasium of Berlin. Professor Prevost, of Geneva, stated that they amounted to one in twenty of those he examined, and more recent investigations have tended to raise the propor-

tion still higher. Color-blindness is, however, found much more commonly amongst men than women, as shown by the fact that out of 150 registered cases, there are but six of females, and one of them a doubtful case. This, perhaps, is no more than might have been expected, seeing that the circumstances of a woman's position in life, and the necessity she is constantly under of exercising her color-sense in her household arrangements would tend—according to Mr. Darwin's theory—so to educate and develop in her this sense, that in the course of time it would become what we might call a peculiarly feminine faculty.

It is not, however, only in modern times that a special love for color has been attributed to the feminine mind. When the prophetess Deborah represents Sisera's mother as anticipating, in her fond fancy, the victory of her son, the form her soliloquy is made to take is instructive. Very unlike it is to anything a man, under such circumstances, would have been likely to utter, whatever the calibre of his mind or tastes. "Have they not sped?" she is saying to herself; "have they not divided the prey? to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil." "She takes no notice," as Harvey in his "Meditations and Contemplations" points out when commenting upon this passage—"She takes no notice of the signal service which her hero would do to his country by quelling so dangerous an insurrection. She never reflects on the present acclamations, the future advancement, and the eternal renown, which are the tribute usually paid to a conqueror's merit. She can conceive, it seems, nothing greater than to be clad in an embroidered vesture, and trail along the ground a robe of the richest dyes. 'A prey of divers colors, of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides'—this is, in her imagination, the most lordly spoil he can win; the most stately trophy he can erect. It is also observable how she dwells upon the trivial circumstance, reiterating it again and again. It so charmed her ignoble heart, so entirely engrossed her little views, that she

can think of nothing else, speak of nothing else, and can hardly ever desist from the darling topic."*

Virgil affords us an instructive instance too in the character he gives us of Camilla.† She was an Amazon and possessed of many great qualities; but, in the one particular of a love for colored finery, still a woman. Addison, in a paper contributed to the *Spectator*,‡ remarks upon this point. He says: "I cannot conclude my paper without observing that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. A golden bow hung from his shoulder, &c. The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:—

Totumque incauta per agmen
Femineo prædæ et spoliis ardebat amore."

Again, it was the prey of divers colors, of divers colors of needlework, that was so irresistibly attractive; and it was her heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles that the poet (by a nice-concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of this female hero.

If there is, in each of these passages, a tone of reproach and irony, it is, of course, directed, not against the natural and feminine susceptibility to the charms of colored ornamentation, but to the vanity and greed that, in their several cases, accompanied it. Readers of Charles Kingsley will remember that he again and again defends women from the charge of being generally vainer than men. "Who does not know," he says, "that the man is a thousand times vainer than the woman? He does but follow the analogy of all nature. Look at the Red Indian in that blissful state of man from which (so philosophers inform those who choose to believe them), we all spring. Which is the boaster, the

strutter, the bedizener of his sinful carcase with feathers and beads, fox-tails and bears' claws—the brave, or his poor little squaw?"* But even Kingsley, we suspect, would not say that the Indian brave is more susceptible to the charms of ornamentation than "the poor little squaw" before whom, and for whose delectation, these ornaments are so proudly displayed.

But now, returning to the point we arrived at above—viz., that it is chiefly by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings—when we reflect upon this, viewing it in connection with that other universally acknowledged truth, that there is, in nature, great wealth of color-harmonies, and abundant suggestions of a pure color-art, whilst positively nothing even approaching what we understand by musical harmony or even melody, it is strange that we should to-day be able to enjoy the marvellous musical creations of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, whilst of a color-art, we have not so much as laid the foundations. As Mr. Haweis says,† "there exists, as yet, no color-art as a language of pure emotion. The art of painting has hitherto always been dependent upon definite ideas, faces, cliffs, clouds, incidents." And the truth of this statement is obvious; for who would ever have thought of attempting to represent in black and white a subject dependent wholly upon its color-harmonies? Yet we all value some of the etchings and engravings after Gainsborough, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or even after Turner.

Color, then, has hitherto only been used as an accessory, however important, to form. "No method has yet been discovered of arranging color by itself for the eye, as the musician's art arranges sound for the ear. We have no color-pictures depending solely upon color as we have symphonies depending solely upon sound;" and a color-art pure and simple is still a thing of the future. We have no name for it, nor any system of notation by which to deal with it; everything has still to be done. It is called Color-Music in this paper for want of a better name, and because it is not un-

* Note, p. 102. † *Virgil's Æn.*, xi. 760, &c.
‡ Vol. i. p. 15.

* *Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. p. 52.
† *Music and Morals*, p. 31.

natural to speak of one art in terms usually applied to another, just as we already use the term "color-harmonies," and speak of great musical composers as "tone-poets."

Now this lack of a color-art is not by any means due to the rarity of a passionate responsiveness in mankind to color-harmonies. There is scarcely anything more widely spread, or more commonly strong, than the love of color; and it is because Turner, more than any artist since Gainsborough, is the great master of color, that the admiration of his works is so widespread and so enthusiastic. Nor, again, is it that man's attention has never been directed to the initiation of such an art. Again and again some system of notation has been attempted, and efforts made to arrive by such means at satisfactory results: always unsuccessfully. The result of each such effort has only been to clothe the experimentalist with ridicule, and to convince the reading public of the hopelessness and folly of all such attempts. Perhaps under these circumstances it may be thought rash to express the belief Mr. Haweis seems to share with many others—that, notwithstanding all such failures, we are already on the threshold of an age in which color-music will take its place as an emotional art on equal terms with its elder sister, and vice, in the magnificence of its results, with sculpture, architecture, painting, and music. Mr. Haweis closes his reference to this subject with a passage well worthy of being quoted in this place. "Had we," he says, "but a system of color-notation which would as intensely and instantaneously connect itself with every possible tint, and possess the power of combining colors before the mind's eye, as a page of music combines sounds through the eye to the mind's ear—had we but instruments, or some appropriate art mechanism for rendering such color-notation into real waves of color before the bodily eye, we should then have actually realised a new art, the extent and grandeur of whose developments it is simply impossible to estimate What a majestic symphony might not be played with orchestral blazes of incomparable hues! What delicate melodies composed of single floating lights, changing and

melting from one slow intensity to another through the dark, until some tender dawn of opal from below might perchance receive the last fluttering pulse of ruby flame, and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite color! Why should we not go down to the Palace of the People and assist at a real color-prelude or symphony, as we now go down to hear a work by Mozart or Mendelssohn? But the color-art must first be constituted, its symbols and phraseology discovered, its instruments invented, and its composers born. Up to that time, music will have no rival as an art-medium of emotion."

One word in passing upon the all-importance here laid down of having a system of color-notation before any considerable advance in the new art can be looked for. It may be objected to this, that the systems now employed in music, architecture, logic, mathematics, &c., were actually preceded by the practice of singing, building, reasoning, &c. It may be said that "a drayman will taunt a comrade by exclaiming 'You're a pretty fellow!' without having learnt that he is employing the figure called irony; and that he may afterwards go home whistling a tune, without knowing a note of music; that he may poke the fire without knowing that he is employing the first kind of lever; and set the kettle on to boil, though ignorant of caloric and of the simplest elements of chemistry"—all of which, of course, is obviously true, as it is also true that acquaintance with a system can never make a Mendelssohn, a Christopher Wren, or a Newton; but it does not therefore follow that systems are useless or trifling. For example, the new system of philosophy, introduced by Bacon, was *not* developed by the discovery of new phenomena, but, on the contrary, the phenomena were brought to light, and the most remarkable advance in knowledge made *as a result of the system*.

This being so, the importance of having a sound basis for our system cannot be exaggerated.

Now it so happens that, in this matter of a color-art, what experiments have been hitherto made have been persistently conducted upon a hypothesis proved to be mistaken—viz., that be-

tween such an art and music there must, of necessity, be a close analogy; and that, therefore, a system found to be successful with the one will only need modification and adjustment to become adapted for the other.

As soon as it was observed that there were seven primitive colors in nature, just as there are seven intervals in a musical octave, such a coincidence would naturally excite attention; but when Newton discovered* further, that in the colored spectrum the spaces occupied by the violet, indigo, blue, &c., correspond to the divisions of the monochord, which gives the sounds re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re—though Newton himself, like a wise philosopher, went no further than his discoveries led him—many rash people jumped at once to the conclusion that an analogy between color and music was established, which might be relied upon in the formation of a system.

The chief points of Newton's discovery were as follows:—

1. That the light of the sun contains seven primitive colors.
2. That these colors are formed by the rays experiencing different refractions; and the red is that which is least broken or refracted; the next orange, then yellow, green, blue, indigo, and last, violet.
3. That these different colored rays are afterwards unalterable.
4. That the spaces occupied by these several colored rays correspond, as has been said, to the length of chords that sound the seven notes in the diatonic scale of music.

It is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence that they should so correspond, but the analogy is purely accidental, and of no more practical importance than the discovery made by Linnæus 150 years ago of a connection in plants between their color and flavor:—yellow he found to be generally bitter, red sour, green of a rough alkaline taste, white sweet, and black disagreeable and poisonous.

It is surprising what absurd theories have been propounded and conclusions arrived at in the matter of color.

For example, one theory is that since

the primaries, when used in the proportion necessary to form white light, neutralise each other, they should therefore be so employed for decorative purposes. This is exceedingly like nonsense. As if the great object in using colors should be to make as little of them as possible. It is as if it should be suggested that a musical instrument, and the playing of it, should be so contrived that no musical sound may be heard.

There is also an absurd notion respecting accidental or complementary colors.

Readers will understand that a complementary color is the exact contrast to the color before us. Bluish-green (blue and yellow) is complementary to red, orange-red is complementary to blue, &c. The advertisers of Pears' soap have made familiar to every one the fact that if the eye rests for any considerable time upon one color—say scarlet—and is then removed, another color—the complement of scarlet—will be perceived by the eye as if in reaction from the fatigue it has sustained.

The absurd theory has been maintained that a primitive color may be *destroyed* by its opposite derivative or accidental: and, *vice versa*, a derivative destroyed by a primitive not contained in it.

Another ridiculous notion which has found favor in its day is that, in decorating a building, the order should be that of nature—green at the lower part of the wall, brown underneath that (as the earth is beneath the grass), and blue (to represent the sky) at the top.

Again, very great ingenuity and care have been expended in drawing up tables to show the relative powers and proportions of colors and hues; the theory in this case being that color is produced by the joint influence of light and shade.* The results are interesting, but they cannot be discussed in this place, and they are, for practical purposes, useless.

In short, attempts innumerable have been made to establish theories and rules upon data altogether insufficient for the purpose. Instead of referring all difficult problems to the eye, and being content to receive and record as final the decisions thus arrived at, attempts

* This was in 1666.

* Hay on Color.

are unceasingly made to substitute rule. Memory is trusted rather than the perception. Because such and such colors stand in certain relationship to others, or are compounded in a particular way it is affirmed that they *must therefore* accord or disagree with some other color, as a matter of course. Reference, too, is constantly made to nature. If only a flower can be produced with such and such colors in juxtaposition or combination, that is regarded as settling the question of their harmony, and affording unquestionable authority for employing them at any time in combination : whereas, really, it does nothing of the kind. Persons who so argue forget—as has been truly said—that “besides the petals and the leaves, their eye sees at the same time the yellow anthers, the brown stalk, or other colored objects, even when the flower is plucked, and many more when it is viewed in the bed where it grows. The light and shade, and sometimes the semi-transparency of the petals, also give to the hues in flowers a somewhat different effect from what they would have as flat colors. But whatever may be the *cause* of the difference, there is no doubt of the fact, and this is all that is necessary for us to notice in considering the agreement or disagreement of the colors. If, too, the combinations in nature *must necessarily* be perfectly harmonious, and always concords, *most opposite* combinations must be accepted with equal favor.” Moreover, if all *colors* in nature are concords, what of the sounds? Few persons, surely, would call a peacock or a parrot a very tuneful fowl, and as for some of the quadrupeds—a pig for example—probably even Bottom the weaver would admit that, when in pain or terror, with the one exception of the lion, “there is not a more fearful wild-fowl living.” That brutal monarch, Louis XI. of France, is said to have constructed, with the assistance of the Abbé de Baigne, an instrument designated a “pig organ,” for the production of natural sounds. The master of the royal music, having made a very large and varied assortment of swine, embracing specimens of all breeds and ages, these were carefully *voiced*, and placed in order, according to their several tones and semitones, and so arranged that a key-board communicated

with them, severally and individually, by means of rods ending in sharp spikes. In this way a player, by touching any note, could instantly sound a corresponding note in nature, and was enabled to produce at will either natural melody or harmony! The result is said to have been striking, but not very grateful to human ears.

As a matter of fact, neither are the sounds of nature nor her colors always harmonious. Even the colors of flowers are sometimes discordant; and the best and truest guide in nature, and the only one to be trusted, is the natural taste of man.

Of all the attempts that have been from time to time made to found a system for a color-art upon the supposed analogy between color and music, the best known are those of Father Castel, a French Jesuit. This man, who was a perfect enthusiast in the matter, not only formed a system, but, so early as the year 1734, actually constructed a model of a color harpsichord, by means of which he promised to offer the eyes a new pleasure similar in character to that which the ears receive from music.

As a first preliminary, however, and for reasons of analogy, he changed the orders of the colors into the following, viz., blue, green, yellow, orange, red, violet, indigo, and in the last place blue, which forms, as it were, the octave of the first. These, according to his system, are the colors which correspond to a diatonic octave of our modern music, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. The flats and sharps gave him no trouble; and the chromatic octave, divided into its twelve colors, was blue, sea-green, olive-green, yellow, apricot, orange, red, crimson, violet, agate, indigo, blue, which correspond to do, $do\sharp$, re, $re\sharp$, mi, fa, $fa\sharp$, sol, $sol\sharp$, la, $la\sharp$, si, do.

Now, if a harpsichord be constructed in such a manner, says Father Castel, that on striking the key *do*, instead of hearing a sound, a blue band shall appear; that on striking *re*, a green one shall be seen, and so on, you will have the required instrument; provided that for the first octave of *do* a different blue be employed. Father Castel does not explain what we are to understand by one blue an octave to another, but he says, that as there are reckoned to be twelve

octaves appreciable by the ear, from the lowest sound to the most acute, there are in like manner twelve octaves of colors, from the darkest blue to the lightest ; which gives us reason to believe that since the darkest blue is that which ought to represent the lowest key, the blue corresponding to the octave must be formed of eleven parts of pure blue and one of white ; that the lightest must be formed of one part of blue and eleven parts of white, and so of the rest.

Father Castel had the greatest belief in his theory, and was most sanguine of the results to be looked for. He even thought that a piece of music might be translated into colors for the use of the deaf and dumb. "You may conceive," he says, "what spectacle will be exhibited by a room covered with rigadoons and minuets, sarabands and pascailles, sonatas and cantatas, and if you choose with the complete representation of an opera. Have your colors well diapasoned, and arrange them on a piece of canvas according to the exact series, combination, and mixture of the tones, the parts and concords of the piece of music which you are desirous to paint, observing all the different values of the notes, minims, crotchets, quavers, syncopes, rests, &c., and disposing all the parts according to the order of counterpoint. It may be readily seen that this is not impossible, nor even difficult, to any person who has studied the element of painting, and at any rate, that a piece of tapestry of this kind could be equal to those where the colors are applied as it were at hazard in the same manner as they are in marble.

Such a harpsichord," he continues, "would be an excellent school for painters, who might find in it all the secrets and combinations of the colors, and of that which is called *claro-obscuro*. But even our harmonical tapestry would be attended with its advantages ; for one might contemplate there at leisure what hitherto could be heard only in passing with rapidity, so as to leave little time for reflection. And what pleasure to behold the colors in a disposition truly harmonical, and in that infinite variety of combinations which harmony furnishes ! The design alone of a painting excites pleasure. There is certainly a design in a piece of

music ; but it is not so sensible when the piece is played with rapidity. Here the eye will contemplate at leisure ; it will see the concert, the contrast of all the parts, the effect of the one in opposition to the other, the fugues, imitations, expression, concatenation of the cadences, and progress of the modulation. And can it be believed that those pathetic passages, those grand traits of harmony, those unexpected changes of tone, that always causes suspension, languor, emotions, and a thousand unexpected changes in the soul which abandons itself to them, will lose any of their energy in passing from the ears to the eyes ? It will be curious to see the deaf applauding the same passages as the blind. Green, which corresponds to *re*, will no doubt show that the tone *re* is rural, agreeable, and pastoral ; red, which corresponds to *sol*, will excite the idea of a warlike and terrific tone ; blue, which corresponds to *do*, of a noble, majestic, and celestial tone," &c.

As if this were not sufficiently extravagant, Father Castel proceeds presently : "A spectacle might be exhibited of all forms, human and angelic, birds, reptiles, fishes, quadrupeds, and even geometrical figures. By a simple game the whole series of Euclid's Elements might be demonstrated." "Father Castel's imagination," says Hutton, from whose *Mathematical Recreations** this notice of Castel is taken—"Father Castel's imagination seems here to conduct him in a straight road to Bedlam." He spent over twenty years in completing his instrument, but without success. "His harpsichord, constructed at a great expense, neither answered the author's intention, nor the expectation of the public." And, indeed, if there be any analogy between colors and sound, they differ in so many points that it need excite no wonder that this project should miscarry.

It may be thought that, before concluding this paper, the writer should offer his own ideas as to the means by which the much-to-be-desired consummation of the establishment of a pure color art may be attained. It is, however, one thing to criticise others and point out the mistakes of their efforts,

* Vol. ii. pt. iv. p. 55.

and a very different thing—as “her Majesty’s Opposition” sometimes find out—to propose a counter-scheme to supersede it.

If we are ever to have a Color-art at all, it can only be perfected—like other arts—gradually. It must be an art entirely apart from others; governed by its own laws, and developed by a system formulated upon perfectly independent data. It will need, above all, its men of genius—its Jubals and Amatis and Cristofalis to invent instruments, and its Mozarts and Beethovens and Mendelssohns to write its preludes and symphonies, and, until these appear, little can be done.

As regards the *medium* for such an art, it may be suggested that perhaps we have it already to hand—not in pigments and washes—but in electricity.

Great as are the results already attained since Von Kleist discovered the Leyden jar, and Dr. Franklin combined the jars into a battery, we are still only on the threshold of our new knowledge. We have, as it were, just opened the door of an inexhaustible treasure-house, and taken a stupefied glance at its contents. However, what has been seen disposes us to accept very meekly the intimation that, amongst the Coming Race, “VRIL” will take a central place as *the unity in natural agencies* that will so affect and shape the destinies of mankind, that “*Avril*” will be synonymous with “civilization,” and “*Vril-ya*” with “civilized world.” Only it is a great blow to some of us to be told at the same time that, in the great future, of all the pleasurable arts, music will be the only one to really flourish, and that color will be chiefly or only employed by ladies in dress as an indication of the state of their affections: “robes of bright red being a sign of preference for a single state; grey, a neutral tint, to indicate that the wearer is looking about for a spouse; dark purple if she wishes to intimate that she has made her choice; purple and orange when she is betrothed

or married; light blue when she is divorced or a widow and would marry again; and that light blue, therefore, and as a matter of course, is seldom seen.”

This, indeed, would be an artless use of color with a vengeance. The comfort is that it is not yet history.

To any one who has witnessed some of the effects produced by very simple means from electric light, it seems strange that so few people are acquainted with them, and that results more practical have not already been reached. By the simple expedient of presenting conductors of different substance and of varying power, the flash of light is made to change in color from crimson to blue, yellow, green, violet, white, &c., at will; sparks passed through balls of wood or ivory are crimson; those from one polished surface to another, white; those through imperfect conductors, purple; green, when taken from the surface of silvered leather; yellow, when taken from finely powdered charcoal, &c.; and if the air through which the flash of light is passed be rarefied, further changes in the color and character of the flash take place. In the ordinary vacuum of the air-pump, the passage of electricity appears as streams of diffused light, exhibiting movements and palpitations strongly resembling the coruscations of the aurora borealis.

Thus we have the means of expressing variety, velocity, intensity, form, elation, and depression—in short, all the complex properties of emotion; and it only requires a master mind to direct and adapt and reduce to system and order what is already in our hands as raw material, for the world to possess a new art-medium of emotion in all respects capable of rivalling music itself.

That the time will come when such magnificent possibilities will become realities the writer, at least, has little doubt; but how soon, and whether or not it will be in our day, remains to be seen.—*Gentleman’s Magazine*.

PARADISE.

RÜCKERT.

BY W. D. S.

O PARADISE must fairer be
Than all on earth excelling :
O would that I, from trouble free,
Were there securely dwelling
In Paradise a river clear
Of heavenly love is streaming,
Where every bitter earthly tear
A lucid pearl is gleaming.

In Paradise soft breezes blow
To cool the heart's hot fever ;
The pangs and pains that here we know
They waft away for ever.
In Paradise, on greenest glade,
The tree of Peace is planted ;
The sleeper underneath its shade
By blissful dreams is haunted.

A cherub sentry at the gate
His wakeful watch is keeping,
Lest worldly din should penetrate
To rouse me, sweetly sleeping.
My heart, that shattered bark, will there
Be safe in harbor riding :
Its ever restless infant, Care,
Be lulled to rest abiding.

For every thorn that gave a wound,
A rose will there be borne me ;
And joy, that here no roses found,
With rosy wreaths adorn me.
There will all pleasures breathe and bloom,
That here untimely withered,
And blossoms rare of rich perfume
From arid stems be gathered.

All that was here my heart's pursuit,
Will grow from hour to hour,
From tender frond as golden fruit,
As summer's opening flower.
The blighted hopes that here were mine,
Like wreaths from many a far land,
In fragrant bloom will round me twine,
My never-fading garland.

Youth, that on rapid beating wing
So swiftly o'er me darted,
And Love, that on a morn in spring
One nectar draught imparted,
Wingless and flightless there will be,
And to their heart will hold me,
And, like a child on mother's knee,
In soft embraces fold me.

And that Divinity, whose light
Shone dim and fitful gleaming,
Whose lovely visage angel bright
I only saw in dreaming,
Fair Poesy unveiled will show
Her eyes' celestial fires.
While joyously my song shall flow
To sound of angel lyres.

—Temple Bar.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

SEVERAL years ago an automaton chess-player was exhibited at the Crystal Palace for some time. But the Turk was not a player *de la première force*, for the writer, although not boasting any particular proficiency in the game, won with ease the only *partie* he contested with him. The mechanism, too, of the android was decidedly inferior to the one invented by Von Kempelen about the middle of the eighteenth century. In fact, in the case of the automaton at Sydenham, it was tolerably obvious in what part of the figure the chess-player was concealed who conducted the games.

The original automaton, on the other hand, was not only seldom beaten, but so remarkable was the ingenuity displayed in its construction that notwithstanding many attempts from time to time were made to find out the principle of its mechanism, not one of the explanations offered of the puzzle proved to be the correct one. Indeed, the secret was so well kept that it was not until the automaton had been in existence for upward of half a century that a solution of the problem was given to the public. In 1834, however, one Mouret, a skilful chess-player who some years previously had been in the employment of the proprietor of the exhibition, sold the "secret of his prison house." On information furnished by him was based an article entitled "*Automate Joueur d'Echecs*" in the *Magasin Pittoresque* for 1834. In that contribution a full description of the mechanism of the android was given.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to reproduce that statement *in extenso* here, the object of the writer being, primarily, to furnish a brief account of the career of the automaton and to give some anecdotes connected

with its adventures in various countries. But before doing this, it will not be altogether superfluous to furnish some particulars with respect to the inventor of the android, and to describe briefly the ingenious and successful attempts made by him to prevent any discovery of the place of concealment of the person who directed the moves of the Turk.

Wolfung, Baron von Kempelen, the inventor of the automaton, was born in Hungary about the year 1723. He was an Aulic Councillor of the Royal Chamber of the Hungarian States; a man of extraordinary mechanical ability, a good naturalist, and an excellent artist. In 1769, when at Vienna on official business, he, during his intervals of leisure, constructed the mechanical chess-player which was destined to render him famous.

The automaton consisted of a chest or box, upon which was seated the figure of a Turk. The chest was three feet and a half long, two feet broad, and two and a half feet high, placed on casters, which enabled the exhibitor to move it occasionally from one part of an apartment to another. The object of this arrangement was to show to the spectators that no trap-door communicated with the chest. The left arm of the Turk was hollow, and through it a wire ran which communicated with the interior of the chest, where, by means of a lever, the operator concealed within it was enabled to give every desired motion to the arm, hand, and fingers of the figure.

The chest was divided into two compartments above and a drawer beneath. In the smaller of the two compartments, occupying about the third of the longitudinal dimensions of the chest, were placed a number of pieces of brass, made

very thin, and designed only for the purpose of 'misleading the spectators, for they were no part of the machinery by which the moves of the game were effected. In the other compartment were also similar pieces of brass, representing quadrants and other philosophical instruments, intended, as in the previous instance, to give the impression that they conducted to the working of the automaton. The two compartments communicated with each other by means of a sliding panel, but so carefully was it contrived that the partition had the appearance of being immovable. The drawer, which when drawn out seemed to be the entire horizontal dimensions of the chest, was deceptive, as it was so constructed that it could not be pressed back more than a foot and a half, whilst by a species of telescopic arrangement of the sides of the drawer, it had, when pulled out, the appearance of being quite two feet six inches in depth. Behind this movable back of drawer there was consequently an unoccupied space left which extended the whole length of the chest, and was more than a foot in breadth.

At the commencement of the exhibition, on every occasion, the operator of the automaton sat behind the mock machinery of the smaller of the two upper compartments of the chest, his legs occupying the hidden portion of the drawer. Then the front doors of both apartments were opened at the same time; a lighted candle was placed *in* the larger one, so that it could be distinctly seen that the space not occupied by the quadrants and other instruments was vacant. Another candle was placed, not *in*, but *in front* of, the other apartment, which was apparently completely filled with machinery. Next, after closing the doors the exhibitor turned the automaton round, so as to show the back of the chest to the spectators. While this was being done, the concealed operator moved into the large compartment, closing after him the sliding panel. In this position he remained until the back door of the small compartment had been opened and shut again.

Thus by these ingenious contrivances the spectators were led to believe that it was quite impossible that any one could be hidden in the chest. As re-

gards the Turk, seated cross-legged on the box, it was perfectly obvious that, putting aside the fact that his body was shown to be occupied by machinery, the figure was not large enough to hold a human being.

When the doors of the automaton had been closed, the operator began to make his arrangements for the game. This he did by swinging the whole furniture of the interior of the chest—wheels, machinery, and partition—against the outer doors and walls of the box, so as to throw all the subdivided compartments into one apartment. By this means he had room enough to seat himself comfortably before the chessboard on which he played. The moves of the adversary of the Turk, when made on the board before the figure, were communicated to the occupant of the chest by means of wires connected with a number of discs inserted in the top of the apartment, and directly any one of the pieces on the Turk's board was touched the fact was indicated by the corresponding disc being put in motion. The concealed chess-player reproduced his opponent's moves on his own board, and when he was ready to reply to them he made use of the left arm of the figure for that purpose, as already stated.

The automaton was exhibited in Vienna for some months, attracting a crowd of *savants* from all parts of the empire. From the capital, Von Kempelen removed the android to Presburg, where it remained for a considerable period. Finally, the scientific and mechanical pursuits of the Baron having made sad inroads upon his patrimony, he set out on a tour through Europe with the object of endeavoring to retrieve his impaired fortunes by giving exhibitions of his curious invention in the principal cities on the Continent.

Before starting on his travels, Von Kempelen engaged the services of the most skilful chess-player he could find to operate the android. To secure, too, the Turk, so far as practicable, from all hazard of defeat at the hands of more able adversaries, endings of games only were usually played, under the pretext that complete games would occupy too much time. A book, containing a series of end-games, was always handed to the opponents of the automaton, and they

were allowed their choice of the white or black pieces. Nothing, in appearance, could be fairer than this; but, as a matter of fact, the positions were so contrived that whosoever took the first move—which the Turk invariably claimed—had a forced-won game. However, it was not, on all occasions, possible for Von Kempelen, without discourtesy, to refuse to permit the automaton to play entire games with some of the adversaries who presented themselves. Consequently the Turk was sometimes beaten. In 1783, at the Café de la Régence at Paris, he encountered Philidor and Legel, being vanquished by them both. From Paris Von Kempelen went to Berlin, where the android played with Frederick the Great, who was compelled to succumb to his prowess. It has been stated that the king bought the automaton in 1785, but this is an error, for Von Kempelen died with it in his own possession in 1804. It is possible that the *secret* of the invention may have been sold to Frederick, but even that is doubtful.

Directly after the death of Von Kempelen his son disposed of the automaton to one Maelzel, 'Mechanician to the Court' (Hof-Mechanikus) at Berlin, who occasionally exhibited it. In 1809, Maelzel was occupying some portion of the Palace of Schönbrunn, when Napoleon made this building his headquarters after the battle of Wagram. It was there that the automaton played with the Emperor the historic game of chess, the particulars of which—if Maelzel's own account of the occurrence may be accepted—have been not a little distorted and embellished by the various narrators of the incident. The real facts seem to have been as follows: In Von Kempelen's days the antagonist of the Turk had played upon the board in front of the figure, but Maelzel always placed a table, with another chessboard, a few paces from the automaton, with the object—as was asserted—not to intercept the view of the spectators. Maelzel therefore was constantly passing between the Turk and his adversary's table to repeat each move on the board of the other party. The space occupied by the automaton was separated from the rest of the apartment by a silken cord. When Napoleon evinced an intention

of passing the barrier, Maelzel checked him with "*Sire, il se défend de passer outre.*" The Emperor at once acquiesced, with a good-natured "*Eh bien!*" and took his seat at the little table on his side of the cord. It has been asserted that Napoleon, overstepping the barrier, struck his hand on the automaton's chessboard, and exclaimed, "I will not contend at a distance. We fight face to face." Also that he placed a large magnet on the board to see if it would have the effect of disarranging the machinery. Neither of these statements is correct. In fact, on this occasion, the conduct of the Emperor was perfectly free from the *brusquerie* which has been attributed to him. Napoleon, who was a poor player, quickly lost the game. He then challenged the automaton to a second encounter. In the course of the game he purposely made a false move; the Turk bowed gravely, and replaced the piece on its proper square. A few moments later the Emperor repeated his manoeuvre and with a similar result. But when the same thing occurred a third time, his opponent swept the whole of the chessmen off the board. Napoleon, however, instead of being irritated by this treatment, only laughed, saying, "*C'est juste!*" He added, too, a *quasi* apology for the violation of the laws of the game of which he had been guilty, by alleging that it had arisen from his desire to learn what course the automaton would pursue in the event of so unexpected a contingency presenting itself. Allgaier—the inventor of the gambit named after him—is believed to have been the player who had the temerity to inflict so merited a rebuke upon the "Victor of a hundred battles."

About two years later, Eugène Beauharnais, then Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, witnessed an exhibition of the automaton at Milan. His curiosity was so great to penetrate the mystery of the Turk, that he bought of Maelzel both the android and the secret of its mechanism for thirty thousand francs. The Prince, however, soon tired of his purchase, and the automaton, relegated to a lumber-room, remained for the succeeding four or five years in inglorious retirement.

In 1817 Maelzel, who, at this period, had settled down in Paris as a manufact-

urer of philosophical instruments, proposed to Eugène Beauharnais to buy back the automaton from him for the same price which had been paid for it. This offer was accepted, and, as Maelzel was not able to pay the whole purchase-money in one sum, it was stipulated that the debt should be liquidated by instalments, out of the proceeds arising from exhibiting the android.

In conformity with this arrangement, the Turk once more set out on his travels. He visited this country in 1818. Whilst in London he measured himself against the leading chess-players of the day, being usually, but by no means invariably, victorious in these encounters. Returning to the Continent in 1820, Maelzel continued to give exhibitions of the automaton for several successive years, but with only indifferent success. Finally, he conceived the project of trying his fortunes in the New World.

Maelzel, having failed to meet the instalments of the debt payable to the heirs of Eugène Beauharnais (the Prince had died in 1824) as they came due, was in danger of being arrested by his creditors, and his proposed journey prevented. He, therefore, left Paris, suddenly, without waiting to make arrangements with any skilful chess-player to accompany him, contenting himself with leaving instructions with a friend to send one out to him as soon as practicable.

Maelzel sailed from Havre on the 20th of December, 1825, for New York, taking with him, besides the automaton, a *fantoccino* of his own invention, consisting of mechanical rope-dancers. He arrived at his destination on the 3rd of February, 1826, and after waiting in vain two months for the chess-player he was expecting, he opened his exhibition without him. He confided the duty of operating the android to a Frenchwoman, the wife of a man who guided the motions of the puppets. She was faithful to the trust reposed in her, and her conduct in this respect offered a practical refutation to the cynical proverb that "a woman cannot keep a secret." Only few persons attended the first exhibition of the automaton, but their report of the performance was so favorable that the rooms where it took place were soon crowded night after night.

End-games only were played until the

arrival of the long-expected chess-player, who only reached New York on the 27th of September. This gentleman, an Alsatian, of the name of Schlumberger, was an exceptionally strong player, and could be with safety relied upon to beat the best amateurs that New York, or any other city in the Union, could then boast. Consequently, during the tour of the Turk through the United States he was almost invariably victorious.

When Maelzel was in Baltimore, by a curious accident a discovery was made of the fact that some one was concealed in the automaton. The affair happened in this wise: One day two lads mounted upon the roof of a shed commanding a view of the back room to which the Turk retired when the exhibition was over. On this occasion Maelzel, directly the audience had dispersed, rolled the android behind the curtain. Intent only upon relieving his ally from his irksome confinement—for the heat in that southern city is in summer well-nigh intolerable—Maelzel stepped to the window, threw the shutters wide open, and then, returning to the automaton, he removed the top of the chest. From this hiding-place there emerged, in full sight of the youths, the figure of a man in his shirt-sleeves, whom there was no difficulty in recognizing as Schlumberger. To be the depositaries of so important a secret was a burthen under which their strength gave way; and the story, confided in the first instance to their respective parents, soon spread and reached the public. But the tale obtained very little credence. The general opinion was that a secret which had baffled for upwards of half a century the best mechanics and mathematicians of the age was something altogether too deep to be penetrated by a couple of schoolboys.

This danger, therefore, Maelzel safely tided over; but not long afterwards a more serious one presented itself. One day a young man of the name of Walker called upon him in New York and said, "Mr. Maelzel, would you like to buy another chess-player? I have one ready made for you." Surely enough, this was the case. Maelzel saw the automaton in question, and made the inventor an offer of one thousand dollars for it; for, although the mechanism of

the machine was very different from that of the original, there seemed to be some likelihood of its competing injuriously with his own. The offer, however, was declined by the owner of the new android, who proceeded to exhibit it on his own account. In this he was unsuccessful, for there existed in the community a deeply-rooted prejudice in favor of the historical invention of Von Kempelen, which gave Maelzel a vantage-ground from which no efforts of rival exhibitors could easily have driven him.

The automaton consequently remained as profitable a property to its owner as ever, and Maelzel continued to travel with it in the United States, Mexico, and the West Indies until 1837. In that year he died on his passage from Havana to Philadelphia. Notwithstanding the large sums he had realized during the eleven years he had successfully exhibited not only the chess-player but a panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow, he died poor and in debt.

A short time after Maelzel's death his effects were sold at auction in Philadelphia. The automaton was the first lot put up, and was knocked down to a bid of four hundred dollars only. Undoubtedly the purchaser was under the impression that before long he should meet with some enterprising *entrepreneur* willing to give him a considerably higher price for the android than he had paid for it. But he was mistaken, and, more than a year having elapsed without a single offer being made for the automaton, the owner was glad to dispose of it for the same sum as that for which he himself had bought it. The purchaser was a Dr. Mitchell, and his idea was to constitute the Turk the property of a club. Each member was to subscribe ten dollars, and thereby become a joint owner of the automaton and a joint

depository of its secret—when discovered. The plan was carried out with success; the machine was unpacked, and, with some difficulty, its *dissecta membra* put together. Private exhibitions to the families of the shareholders and their friends followed. Becoming tired of giving these, the question arose what disposition to make of the property. Such interest as had been re-excited in the automaton after Maelzel's death had been confined to a narrow circle; it had not sufficed to create a demand on the part of the community for public exhibitions, nor to elicit an offer for it from any speculative showman.

Finally, the automaton was deposited in the Chinese Museum in Philadelphia, where it occupied a recess in a small room in a part of the building but little frequented by visitors. In this position few persons inquired for, few even saw, the once famous invention, and the latter days of the veteran chess-player were spent in complete obscurity.

Fourteen years later the end of the Turk came. On the 5th of July, 1854, a fire broke out in the National Theatre, which extended to the Museum, which was separated from it by only a narrow alley. There was ample time to have rescued the automaton, if any one had thought of doing so. But so entirely had all interest in it died out that not only was no effort made to save it, but its fate attracted no notice whatsoever. In fact, the Philadelphia press, whilst giving full details in other respects of the loss of property caused by the conflagration, did not devote even one brief paragraph to chronicle the destruction of a piece of mechanism which for originality of conception and ingenuity of execution has never been excelled.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HIGHER ANIMALS.

BY PROF. W. K. PARKER, F.R.S.

In the study of living creatures, whether plants or animals, we begin with that which is superficial and familiar, and then gradually pass to the deeper and less known. For one who dissects

out the structures, there are hundreds who observe the outward form and habits; and for one who studies the embryological development, there are numbers who dissect and study the structure

of the various types in their adult condition. So that, although this biological field is as wide as the earth and as broad as the sea, yet there are very few who go to the bottom of things, working downwards, until they see the origin of a type, and then afterwards coming up to tell their less adventurous fellow-workers what facts they have found in those dark depths.

In seeking to trace the origin of organisms in the modern Darwinian manner, it is always easiest and safest to pass from the familiar to the less known, and every now and then to make a stand in the ways and to see what lies about us on this side and on that, and then to choose which way we will go, what untrodden path we will try to thread our way through. Inquirers, candid and uncandid, those who pray that they may know, and those who come fully assured beforehand that they know all about the matter already—both these sorts of inquirers ask for impossibilities; they seek to have the whole matter put into a nutshell; they cannot wait for evidence in detail. Yet the evidence of these things must come in detail or not at all.

None of those who mock shall understand; but patient, and wise, and teachable minds shall be able to learn, not adequately, indeed, but in a very useful, practical, and pleasant manner. Assuredly, the best and most laborious of the biologists of this generation, and of that which has just passed away, have not been living in the region of old-wifedom, nor following cunningly devised fables. Men like Lyell, Darwin, and Robert Chambers, not to mention other great and cherished names, were of a sort not easily to be deceived. To say nothing of those in Europe, in America, and in the Isles of the Sea who are assured of the truth of the modern doctrine of development, we have here at home numbers of able men, each looking at the subject from a standpoint of his own, who have been convinced of the truth of this theory. There is indeed a marvellous consensus, or harmony, in the deductions of those who have been trained in these researches, and who are spending and being spent in this kind of work.

Those who know what it is to gather this excellent knowledge, who busy

themselves in harvesting and garnering what Nature, in her lusty strength, has grown for them, without their sowing and without their tilling, are cheered on by the light and strength this theory gives them. These are they who, as botanists and zoologists, gather all that comes to hand, thus laying up in store all good things for the embryologist. In gathering and classifying and even dissecting the full-grown forms, they are only preparing the way, and filling the hands of the student of Development; yet there is nothing in the deductions they are able to make, that has received or that ever will receive anything but corroboration from that slower, but most important kind of work. Also those who do business in the veins of the earth, not merely near its surface, where it has been baked with frost, but deeper down; these men, who bring up the remains of old, extinct types, are ever adding to the weight of evidence in favor of this theory.

The workers of all sorts have well done what they have done, and they are a very useful and united family; but deep crieth unto deep below all that has yet been discovered, and the need for those who will go down into the very heart of things is still very great.

Now, we will suppose the candid inquirer to ask two questions; and then try to answer them according to modern lights.

1. Did the higher kinds of the vertebrata (that great sub-kingdom which characterized by a jointed spinal column, a brain, and a spinal cord) arise suddenly, as by a creative catastrophe; or by metamorphosis of the lower kinds; or slowly, during the ages, by the accretion of gentle and easy modifications, caused by the surroundings of the creature?

2. Did the lower vertebrata arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or by metamorphosis of still lower, non-vertebrate types—the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

I.

The first question refers, of course, to the origin of reptiles, birds, and beasts; creatures that, from the time of their hatching or their birth, breathe air,

and have no gills for aquatic respiration during any period of their life. These are the higher vertebrata. Fishes (such as the lamprey, shark, and perch) and amphibia (such as salamanders, frogs, and toads) all have aquatic respiration, either permanently or for a time. These form the lower stratum of the vertebrata.

Even in their outer clothing, the three great groups of the higher stratum—reptiles, birds, and beasts—have new and strange structures, such as are not found in the types beneath them. The exquisitely folded skin of the serpent, here wrought into parallel plaits, and there into diamond-shaped *tesserae*; the plumage of the bird, and the hairy covering of the beast are all, in one sense, new things. They are adaptations to the new life on the dry land, in the open air. But you must have more than a hood if you wish for a monk, and the kind of clothing of these three groups is but the outside of what we have to deal with in biology.

The difficulty of supposing that the almost infinite variety of living creatures all arose from simpler, and still simpler and more generalized types, by a mere process of slow and gentle modifications, taking place during untold periods of time, is as great to the biologist as to one untrained in the science of life. To a certain extent, the old adage, *nihil per saltum*—nothing by leaps and starts—is true in Nature; but it is not universally true. Hence no well-informed naturalist is an absolute *uniformitarian*; he is also, more or less, a *catastrophist*. But if—leaving the great difficulty of such a problem unsolved for the present—we suppose the existing groups of higher animals to have arisen from some common, low, generalized stock, then we can easily imagine the huge results that may have taken place during long, almost unlimited, secular periods. The doubter should begin by considering, first, the close relationship of the races of one type or *species*, and then the little, non-essential things that separate or distinguish the various species of one *genus*. Thus, for example, the various races of oxen (*Bovidae*) differ only in non-essential characters, and no one can tell where a race ends or a species begins. In this family, even the ordinary test of the fertility or non-fertility of crosses fails

the naturalist altogether. Our common oxen, the bison, the aurochs, the yak, and all the different kinds of buffaloes, all go together to form one single special group, or family, in that Order of Ruminants which Moses characterizes in the following words: "Every beast that parteth the hoof and cleaveth the cleft into two claws, and cheweth the cud."

Now there are in this Order certain distinctions easily observed, and at the same time very useful in zoology; they are derived from the most superficial modifications, from differences that are merely skin-deep. There are ruminants with hollow horns, with solid horns, and without horns. Oxen, sheep, goats, and antelopes have a hollow, bony core, covered with a horny sheath; the core is a growth from the bone of the forehead; its horny sheath is a modification of the outer skin; these horns are permanent, and are generally possessed by both sexes. In the deer family, a large branch of solid bone grows out of the forehead on each side, carrying with it the skin, which is covered with soft hair, hence called velvet. When the bone ceases to grow, the skin dies and is rubbed off against the trees. These horns, called antlers, are soon shed, and, as a rule, exist only on the male. The musk-deer, the chevrotain, the llama, and the camel have no horns of any sort. The two last kinds, the llama and the camel, differ so much from the rest, that they form a special sub-division of the Order. They are evidently very ancient types.

Again, the larger cattle, besides being divided into ruminants and non-ruminants, are classified as even-toed and odd-toed beasts. The nobler and more modern types of even-toed beasts chew the cud; but there are some manifestly ancient forms still lingering on the planet which do not chew the cud; as, for instance, the hog, of which there are many species, and the hippopotamus. These, as is well known, like the more archaic ruminants, do not possess horns. All those beasts which have an even number of toes are destitute of the first or inner toe, corresponding to our thumb or great toe. In oxen the second and fifth toes are also suppressed, only the corresponding *nails* remaining as small binder hoofs. In deer, notably in the reindeer,

these hinder toes are present, but the bones are small.

As a rule, the ruminating animals have only one bone in their shank—the so-called cannon-bone; but in the early embryo, this is composed of two equal parts, each of which has a convex surface for articulation with the corresponding toe-bone; this accounts for the fact that the cannon-bone carries two toes. In the non-ruminating, even-toed animals—the hog and hippopotamus—these two bones never fuse to form a cannon-bone, but remain distinct; and this is seen in the fore-legs of the African water-deer (*Hyomoschus*—a name suggesting an intermediate position between the musk deer and the hog). This animal and its small relatives, the chevrotains of Ceylon and Java, belong to an almost extinct family of ruminants.

The hippopotamus is manifestly of an older and more general type than even the pig; he stands almost alone as the living representative of a family of gigantic even-toed beasts. In former days giants of this kind were as common as the members of the hog family are now.

None of the odd-toed cattle chew the cud; only two families still exist—the several species of rhinoceros and the horse group, consisting of the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga.* The rhinoceros has three well-developed toes, each ending in a small hoof; but in the horse and his relatives only the middle toe is developed, and the bone with which this is articulated is a primarily single cannon-bone; the corresponding bone of the second and fourth digits being a mere splint, pointed below.† The rhinoceros on the one hand, and the horse on the other, are the culminating forms of the odd-toed beasts which have diverged *during time* into forms so remarkably unlike. It is very curious that these should be all we have left of the odd-toed herbivora.‡

* Naturalists, as a rule, include the tapirs among the odd-toed beasts. In reality they are a much more archaic group than the rest. They possess a well-developed fifth digit on their fore-foot; only the *first* being suppressed.

† Thus we see the remarkable difference in formation between the foot of a cow and that of a horse.

‡ Amongst the herbivorous tribes just mentioned no place has been found for the huge

And now the carnivorous tribes, the cat family, the dog family, and the kindred of the bears and seals, have all to be traced downwards to some common stock; to say nothing of aquatic whales, aerial bats, lemurs, monkeys, apes, and men. All these, in their multitudes, come flocking for the registration of their ancestry; nor do they seal up the sum of this great and varied Class, for the insectivorous kinds (moles, hedgehogs, and so forth), and the edentate tribes (the ant-eaters and pangolins with no teeth at all, and their imperfectly toothed relatives, the sloths and armadilloes), these, lowly as they are, also belong to the noble (*Eutherian*) types of the mammalia.

Down to this point we need ask for no catastrophe, no metamorphosis, nothing but time and surroundings, and the marvellous working of that indwelling force which moulds and fashions each type into a form in harmony with its outward life and conditions. All these types now mentioned belong to the highest of the three platforms* of mammalian life; all have the common characteristic that they carry their young, and do not "cast forth their sorrows" until a very considerable though varying ripeness has been attained; for a longer or shorter time they minister to the necessities of their progeny of their own substance internally, and afterwards *externally*, by providing them with milk.

Before I go on to speak of the creatures on the next lower platform (the *Metatheria*), I must remind the reader that in the groups just mentioned all our zoological distinctions fail us. As we descend to the older and still older types, every landmark gets wasted away and removed, and the familiar terms that serve as distinctions in the existing fauna become utterly useless; the

elephant, no place for the little hyrax (dayman, or coney of the Bible); for these lie far off from the other cattle, and their kindred must be sought among the root-stocks of old and generalized types, from which sprang the forefathers of the existing rodents—the rat, squirrel, beaver, &c.

* *Eutheria* (literally, "noble beasts"), *Metatheria*, *Prototheria*—the *Eutheria* being the placental mammals; the *Metatheria* the pouched animals, or marsupials; and the *Prototheria* those existing links which connect the Mammalian group at its lower extremity with birds and reptiles.

Orders lose all order ; Ruminants, Solipeds, Proboscidiæ, Carnivores, Rodents—all these distinctions melt away into one common, generalized, archaic group. Such a group must have contained the essence of all the present, easily distinguished orders—"all these in their pregnant causes, mixed."

For instance, in the earlier tertiary periods, we come upon large herbivorous lemurs or types that cannot well be separated from that group of four-handed creatures that lies so close beneath the Primates—monkeys, apes, and men. The term "Proboscidian," again, is now restricted to a group containing only two species, the African and the Indian elephant. But that ancient kind of creature, the tapir, has a rudimentary trunk ; and in former times many sorts of quadrupeds supplemented their short and stunted features by a long, two-tubed, jointed nose ; nay, there still exist among the lowest noble (*Eutherian*) kinds—the Insectivora—certain American and African types that have a perfect proboscis, the cartilage of the snout being divided into rings as in the elephant. That *quasi*-mouse with curious snout, the shrew, has a very long, double nose-tube, though the cartilage encircling this tube is not segmented into rings ; but in the young of a species of *Rhynchocyon*, from Zanzibar—a relative of the exquisite little elephant-shrews of Africa, as large as a rat—I have made out thirty double rings.

We may, therefore, safely leave the evolution of all the high beasts (the *Eutheria*) to the working of ordinary influences, and no "new thing" need be created ; all that is wanted is merely a recasting and remodelling of "old things" to new uses ; and even the dwarfing of certain types and the gigantic development of others may be left, mentally, to the operation of forces that have worked hitherto and do still work.

But here we have to let ourselves down as dangerous a cliff as any that "he who gathers samphire, dreadful trade," ever descended. We must, if true to Darwinian principles, ask for as few interferences as possible ; we expect to find no new *invention* of the Absolute Eternal Mind ; for, "known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." Therefore, as the Author

of all meets with no unexpected difficulties in the evolution of His Eternal Purpose, we may, in the patient labor of hope, expect to find all things coming up, each beautiful in his season or time, the creatures of one season being the natural descendants or children of those of the preceding.

Time was when the higher mammalia were not ; and the highest quadrupeds to be found on the earth were, as geology teaches, of the same low sort as those which we now find in certain very restricted zoological provinces. I refer, of course, to the Marsupials, or pouched animals, which are found at the present time in the Western Tropics, and to some slight extent in the northern part of the New World, and which in the East are restricted to a territory south of "Wallace's line"—that is to say, to the Australian region.

Of these Metatheria, or intermediate beasts, I must now speak : of their lowliness, and of their intimate relationship with the higher sorts of those creatures that lay eggs—the air-breathing Ovipara, reptiles and birds. If these meaner cattle can be connected with the nobler kinds, if they can be yoked on to the others without any violence, but gently and naturally, then we shall be able to dispense with a catastrophe for the next part of our journey downwards. It may be remarked, in passing, that this journey downwards is not a *facilis descensus*, but is hard, panting, laborious work ; the mental descent and the mental ascent are equally hard. Nevertheless, if we "gird up the loins of our mind," fearing nothing but our own impatience of imperfect evidence, we shall discover things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.

One of the wisest and most judicious of "those whose talk is of bullocks" (scientifically, of course, and not as a mere grazier) suggested recently to the writer that the marsupials are the *true mammalia* ; milk is all in all to their children. And why ? The reason of this is partly open and plain, and partly lies deep down in the nature of these remarkable creatures : this shall now be explained.

There are various degrees of ripeness of the young at the time of birth ; some, like the foal and calf, are strong-limbed

and active, with their special senses perfect, while others, like the pup and kitten, are blind and helpless. This difference may occur in species of the same genus. The new-born rabbit is feeble and blind; the leveret is wide-awake and active from the first. In the bird class, we have whole groups, like the perching and climbing tribes—songsters, woodpeckers, and so forth—whose young are hatched in a tender state, and require great parental care; while in other birds—fowls, geese, rails, plovers, and the like—the young are strong and active as soon as they are hatched; and in the gull, they are in an intermediate condition. It may be noticed that, both in the mammal and the bird, the highest social conditions are developed in those cases when the young are born in a helpless condition. Now, in the marsupial animals the young are born, so to speak, prematurely, so that the little kangaroo, whose mother is the size of a sheep, is not so large as a new-born Norway rat; and although the mother still ministers to her young of her own substance, this is not done in the same manner as in the higher tribes, where, for many months, in some cases, the progeny and the parent are as much one organism, physiologically, as the fruit-tree with its ripening fruit. Here, among the marsupials, the germ develops itself by its own individuated morphological force, and then hastens to assume an independent life—but only partially independent, for it must now live on its mother's charity, and for many months she feeds it on milk sweet as charity.

Yet, there is no difference in all these various family arrangements that cannot be accounted for as resulting from the influence of surroundings, and the magnetic response of the organism to those surroundings.

Here, then, we are brought to reflect upon the lowness of these pouched animals, which (although even they are not the lowest of all mammalia) are almost *oviparous*, and upon their relation to the truly *oviparous* types, monotremes, reptiles, and birds. In reptiles and birds, the developing germ, as is well known, is wrapped in an exquisite drapery of membranes, and has, suspended from its own body, a large store of rich food-yolk, an oleo-albuminous emulsion, fit

nourishment for the tender, unhatched young. The marsupial embryo—opossum or kangaroo—has also these fine, gauzy foldings wrapped about it; but they are all small, because of its early birth; and thus the food-yolk is soon used up, and there soon arises the necessity for a fresh supply of nourishment. In the nobler animals the supply of food-yolk is again much smaller than in the marsupials, and the new supply is obtained by a regrafting of the individuated germ on to the living inner walls of the parent, until the fulness of time comes for the new creature to take on a separate existence.

These instances show us that the ordinances of Nature—which are wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working—accomplish the maturation of the new individual in two very different ways, in the quadruped on the one hand, and the bird on the other. In the bird the food grows from, and is part of, the germ, which merely asks for the patient attendance of the nursing-mother, for the sake of due warmth, until the chick is ready for hatching. In the nobler kinds of quadrupeds, where the germ itself is so poor in substance, Nature herself broods over the young. But in this ancient and lowly order of mammals, the marsupials, there is a condition of embryonic development which is, in some respects, below that seen even in the existing reptiles and birds, most of which are evidently modern types.

But if the humble marsupial thus runs down, in some of his characters, from his mammalian platform towards the non-mammalian vertebrata, his great relations, the higher mammalia, still cannot cast him off. They, some of them, bear in their bodies, even now, the traces of their relationship to him. In that remarkable insectivore, already spoken of, the *rhynchocyon* of Zanzibar—himself a low Eutherian—considerable tracts of the base of the skull are so unchanged from the marsupial type of structure that these parts, in fragments, could not be told from the corresponding parts in the skull of a phalanger or opossum. I have no doubt that many of the earlier tertiary cattle, whose remains are being brought to light daily, and in rich profusion, would be found, if they could be thoroughly worked out, to have skulls

in which the characters of the marsupials are inextricably mixed with such as are diagnostic of the nobler forms. Hence, in the study of these ancient types the zoologists find that all their neat systems fall to pieces like a house of cards. The mere classifier, who only knows the new, high, special types, is put to confusion, for not only has the ruthless Palæontologist removed the old landmarks of the higher territory, but he has also broken the hedge that kept the Metatheria from the Eutheria, the low cattle from the high.

Again, in this secluded, lowly group of the marsupials the dog is typified and foreshadowed in the most wonderful manner; the thylacine, or dog-opossum, has made the most remarkable advances dogward. The wonder grows when the two types are carefully compared, so much alike are they in outward form, and, for the matter of that, in internal structure also. Yet the gulf between these two types—anatomically, in the whole structure of these beasts through and through—is almost incalculably greater than that between a dark, human savage and a black, brutal gorilla.

Not that this remarkable anticipation of the nobler mammalia, to be seen in the ignoble marsupial group, is at all unique; it is quite similar to the range of forms to be seen in the tailless amphibia (frogs and toads), which get very high up considering their low origin, but still lie a long way down below the true reptiles. Facts of this class are very numerous; for when any particular group is arrested at a low level, and yet can go in and out and find pasture, so as to be able to increase and multiply upon the earth, then secondary, adaptive modifications are sure to arise. Thus the group becomes subdivided into various tribes and families, some of which in their intense specialization must become very unlike the general ancestral form.*

Now, having got thus far in our descent, which is not *easy*, but is a danger-

ous kind of scrambling downwards, we have received no sudden shock—no Cerberus has barked at us. But let me not be misunderstood. I have not been asserting that no *lesser* sudden changes have taken place. There must have been many such in the evolution of a high and noble beast from a low, ignoble, ancient marsupial, a creature very much lower than a common rat. But any gardener could show you changes, apparently sudden, in numbers of the commonest cultivated plants, quite equal to anything that need, from time to time, have taken place in the slow, secular uprising of the nobler beasts of the field.

After this pause, we may recommence our descent; and if we are cautious we need not fear. We have got safely down from the highest to the second mammalian platform—from the Eutheria to the Metatheria; we have now to let ourselves down from the second platform to the lowest—from the Metatheria to the Prototheria.

Down a long way below the marsupial group lies that which is termed the Monotremata—hairy, *Oviparous* creatures, much of whose structure is only on a level with that of an ancient kind of bird or reptile. This family has lost all its members but four or five; and these belong to only two generic types, *Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*. The former of these is the so-called "spiny ant-eater," of which there are three or four kinds; the latter is the duck-billed platypus, or great water-mole. These are all shut up in the Australian region (Australia and New Guinea), nor have any fossil remains of them been found in any other zoological region, nor yet any of importance even in the Australian, though Sir Richard Owen has described some remains of a larger kind of *echidna* than any now existing. Fossil mammalia belonging to the highest group (Eutheria) are found in large abundance in many regions; but we are much poorer in fossil specimens of the next division—the Metatheria or marsupials; and in the case of the monotremes or Prototheria, it is a great disappointment and sorrow to the biologist that Nature has so effectually covered her slain. At present, therefore, we can merely study the structure and development of these stray living remnants of an old mamma-

* One word more about the marsupials. The Australian kinds, varying from the heavy, stupid, *cavy-like* wombat, to that most active creature the kangaroo, are all marvellously uniform in their essential structure. Thus no anatomist can be found who desires more than one common root-stock for all these types; and the American opossums have very near relatives among the Australian types.

lian fauna ; we have to work them out and compare them with other types of vertebrated animals, both above and below them, and then to make a cautious use of our imagination.

The marsupials, when they conquered the monotremes and possessed their cities, little thought that, *in a few millions of years*, a nation greater and mightier than they would appear, multiply exceedingly, and dispossess them in their turn. Some of these marsupials, in their far-eastern "reserves," grew, only lately (speaking geologically), to a gigantic size ; most groups have done so when all things have gone well with them, when they have had peace in their borders and their mouth has been filled with all good things : these gigantic marsupials are all extinct now.

The ganoid fishes of the old red sandstone thus increased and became mighty in the streams and rivers of an ancient world ; but the world that then was perished.

After that time, the old forefathers of the amphibia thus increased—there were giants also in those days ; they existed when the lower types of plants also became gigantic, in the days of the formation of the coal measures.

Later on, aquatic reptiles typified or prefigured the modern mammalian whales ; and, still later, terrestrial reptiles grew into monsters, such as fancy never feigned nor fear conceived.

In a yet much later epoch, when, as we have just stated, the marsupials had grown into large and monstrous forms, the armadilloes and sloths also—low Eutherian types—grew into ponderous beasts, whose remains, in many cases so happily recovered, are among the richest treasures of palæontology.

Similar overgrown creatures may have sprung up at one time in the family of the monotremes ; but, although the biologist is calling aloud for a revelation of them, there is no voice nor any that regardeth. The biologist has to wait for evidence, and be patient, feeling assured that the earth is rich with hidden treasures of this kind, all of which would witness for him could they be brought to light. It does not disturb his composure when an opponent attempts to bring mere negative evidence wherewith to combat his theory of the earth and its

inhabitants ; for at any time, any day or hour, the links he is searching for may turn up.

Meantime we may learn much from those Sibylline leaves that have become so intensified in their value, because of the destruction of the rest.

From these two living witnesses, the duckbill and the echidna, we learn what a curious reptilian creature a primary mammalian beast may be. These creatures have the great diagnostic, for they have a milk-gland, or udder, though no teats ; they have also the constant correlate of these glands—namely, a hairy covering. But deep down in their internal construction they are, if compared with the high and noble forms of mammalia, a sort of half reptile ; indeed, in some respects more than half. The organs that relate to the maturation of the ovum (egg), and those that pertain to excretion, are quite like those of a bird or reptile. The bones that encircle the chest, the shoulder blades, and collar-bones are of a type far below what is found in the bird, and quite archaic as compared with their counterparts in the common lizard ; they are curiously and strikingly like the bones of the shoulder-girdle of the great fish-like lizards of the secondary epoch, the ichthyosauri. Their spine, ribs, and breastbone show a curious mixture of reptilian and mammalian types of structure ; their limbs, also, have much primitiveness in them, in spite of their perfect specialization for digging purposes. Like birds and tortoises, they have lost their teeth during the ages that have given them so much leisure for special adaptation. The echidna needs none ; he is an ant-eater, and for a long while was thought to belong to the same group as the South American ant-eaters, which, however, are low types of the highest group (Eutheria). The duckbill, however, has a sort of excuse for teeth, like the right whale among the higher mammals, and like geese, ducks, swans, and flamingoes in the bird class. The skull, jaws, brain, and organs of the special senses all bear witness to the mixed character—half reptile, half mammal of these beasts.

He who, knowing these facts, does not draw some remarkable deductions from them must have lost some part of

his mental machinery ; he who is not excited by our growing knowledge of these ancient types must be as dull as "the fat weed that rots on Lethe wharf."

There is one thing about which biologists, even now, are somewhat doubtful. No low form of vertebrate foreshadows the mammals so much and so well as the *imago stage* of the higher existing amphibia—in plain words, frogs and toads after their *metamorphosis*. Yet the duckbill and the echidna strongly resemble the next higher group above frogs and toads—namely, reptiles ; not, indeed, such as those now existent, lizards, snakes, tortoises, &c., but generalized, ancient types. This difficulty has to be looked in the face, and the question asked,—Did the lowest mammals arise from, by transformation of, some true reptile—an air-breathing creature from the time of its birth or hatching ? I believe not ; the confusion and difficulty have arisen from our not having considered that the modern transforming types (the coelilians, salamandrians, and batrachians) must be merely waifs and strays from the fauna of a far-distant age. These types, generally small, have large relatives in the coal period, and even they, the labyrinthodonts, may have been the modified descendants of much older transforming fishy creatures. Such supposed types must have begun life with gills for aquatic respiration, and, in their adult state, must have possessed lungs for aerial respiration also ; they may or may not have lost their gills as they became adult.

Those who are not familiar with the metamorphosis of the lower forms of vertebrata must trust, not implicitly, to those who are familiar with these phenomena from lifelong observation. He who is acquainted with such matters feels and knows that the existing vertebrata are a sort of united family, after all. The extreme types may call each other "brother ;" the lamprey and the man are not very far apart ; the head of the group cannot say to the foot, "I have no relationship with thee." When the morphological worker has become familiar with those low fishes, the lamprey and its kindred, passing on to the various higher fishy types with their more and more perfect skeleton and soft

organs—then, in studying the structure of the noble air-breathing sorts, reptiles, birds, and mammals, he is constantly receiving pleasant surprises. He constantly comes across old things in new shapes ; he finds structures which were adapted to low types transformed for new uses in creatures that roam over the earth, or take to themselves wings, and, spurning the earth, wing their way through the thin air. He is often to be found muttering over his work the question put by the old preacher, "Is there anything of which it may be said—See, this is new ?" Yet these old things may be so transformed during growth that it requires some acuteness to know them under their disguises ; also, many things are dropped or suppressed, and others largely developed, whilst some parts remain permanently in an arrested condition. All this may take place slowly ; but, during incalculably long secular periods, very wonderful changes may have been brought about by these slow and gentle modifications. Yet changes of this kind, almost insensible, though very potent factors in evolution, are certainly not all that have taken place, some parts must have modified themselves suddenly ; but partial, *per saltum* changes, must not be confounded with general metamorphosis.

By metamorphosis we mean such great and sudden *lifetime* changes as we are all familiar with in the insects among non-vertebrate creatures, and in the newt and frog among the vertebrates. Here is certainly something that takes place suddenly—a marvellous leap, so to speak, of an organism into new structural stages, which rapidly fit it for a nobler and higher kind of life than that with which it started. We may call this a catastrophe if we like ; we are certainly not prepared with any very satisfying solution of the problem. It is a great mystery—greatest to those who are most initiated. I feel certain that when we have descended to where the three great roads meet—the way of the reptile, the way of the bird, and the way of the mammal—when we get near the great starting-point or place whence these three diverged, we shall have to feign to ourselves metamorphic changes as taking place at that very distant point.

The passage from a generalized am-

phibian into a true reptile does not seem to ask for a very great metamorphic change; but the bird and the mammal, even in their outer covering of feathers and hair, present us with a greater developmental difficulty. The difference between the skin, with its appendages, of a frog or salamander on the one hand, and that of a bird or mammal on the other, is certainly as great as the difference between the hairy skin of the caterpillar and the scaly covering of the butterfly. Such outgrowths from the skin as feathers and hair are seen for the first time in the bird and mammal respectively; there are no structures comparable to them in any of the types below. Nay, even below the mammals and birds, among the true reptiles, we see modifications of the skin which are quite new to us in the scale of ascent. And these familiar but remarkable outward changes, seen in the three great groups of air-breathing vertebrata, are correlated with equally great internal changes which affect the whole structure of the animal. To me it appears that not even the lowest of these three groups—reptiles, birds, and mammals—arose, without metamorphosis, by gentle, insensible changes from an amphibian type; and I see no reason to suppose that they all three had one common metamorphosing parentage. I should rather be inclined to derive them from the same stratum of life—from the same intensely vital root-stock, but from independent suckers. They would then be quite near enough akin to have very much in common, whilst the special diverging development in each case may have been sufficient to initiate all those great differences that have appeared during the ages and generations since these air-breathing types arose; yet each group had, possibly, a *multi-larval* origin.

The various modes of the development and maturation of the larvæ (tadpoles) of frogs and toads, and the imperfect, hesitating, and irregular metamorphosis of several of the salamandrian types help us greatly in this dilemma. Nature working, so to speak, after the counsel of her own will, allows a marvellous amount of liberty to her amphibian children, letting them settle their family matters in their own way. And during the chances and changes of amphibian

life, now and in the past, there has been a necessity laid upon these lowly tribes to be wise in their generation, and prudently to hide themselves and their offspring from danger in this manner and in that.

Take the case of our common frog, whose eggs and larvæ are a prey to the teeth of a thousand greedy enemies. Those that escape these dangers have barely time to transform and take on aerial and terrestrial life before the streams and the brooks are dried up. In some cases, as in the primeval forests of South America, the eggs are laid and the tadpoles are developed in the midst of the moist herbage at the roots of the trees. In other cases the tadpole never develops more than the merest trace of gills, as in the monstrous toad (*Pipa*) of Surinam. In this type the broad, flat back of the female is covered with a multitude of small pockets, each of which, in spawning time, is filled with a single egg about the size of a pea. The egg, being much larger than in the ordinary kinds, has an unusual amount of food yolk in it; and the embryo develops into the larva, and the larva into the perfect toad, in the closed pocket. By the time the young escape from the pouches on the back of the mother, they are as far advanced in development as are the young of the common frog and toad six months after the loss of their tail. In other kinds of South American tailless amphibia the eggs are placed in a large continuous pouch on the back of the mother, a cavity very similar to the abdominal pouch of a kangaroo or opossum.

Again, the tailed amphibia (salamanders and newts), all of which have gills either permanently or for a time, show great variations in the mode of their development. The newt, after hatching, swims about as a gill-bearing larva for some two or three months; but the true salamanders (*Salamandra atra* and *S. maculosa*) are viviparous, and in the latter species the young are retained for a whole year in the oviduct. Nevertheless the embryo develops gills freely, and if these embryos are artificially born they breathe by their gills, which they subsequently lose. Certain kinds of the tailed amphibia retain their gills throughout life, although the lungs also are well-developed, as in

that blind albino the *Proteus* of the subterranean caves of Carniola, and in the American *Menobranchus*. The well-known, large, gill-bearing salamander of Mexico—the axolotl—is very apt to undergo transformation when young, and the transformed individual has to be placed in the highest group of the tailed amphibia, while those which do not undergo transformation belong to the lowest.

Directly below these transforming amphibian types, which, normally, have limbs with four or five digits, there is an order of fishes which are double breathers (*Dipnoi*), having both lungs and gills, permanently, like the lower tailed amphibia; the limbs of these fishes do not divide, like those of the amphibia, into fingers and toes. That these forms are very generalized and ancient is quite certain. They are nearly extinct: only one (*Protopterus*) being found in Western Africa, another (*Lepidosiren*) in Louisiana, and a third (*Ceratodus*) in Australia. The teeth of this last kind have been found in nearly the lowest secondary rocks of this country; it was the contemporary of the oldest known marsupial animals.

We are thus led to this important fact—namely, that below those remarkable metamorphosing types, the amphibia, there is a group of fishes, evidently very ancient, of so general a structure as to combine, in their organization, characters that make it difficult to say whether they are more related to cartilaginous fishes, to ganoid fishes, or to amphibia. Now, generalized types such as these double-breathing fishes, and types that undergo metamorphosis, are most instructive to the biologist.

The development of these remarkable fishes has not yet been studied; it is very probable that they also undergo metamorphosis.* If this is the case, their larva will be found to represent a much simpler and lower kind of vertebrated animal than that of either the newt or the frog.

The facts detailed above will, I think, satisfy any reasonable mind that, although there is nothing in the development of the types that can be called a

creative catastrophe, yet remarkable and often sudden changes do take place. If these variations are partial, they lead to the formation of species, genera, and families; but the uprise of such groups as reptiles, birds, and mammals from lower gill-bearing tribes can only be accounted for on the supposition of a complete metamorphosis.

If we knew as much about those ancient amphibia that we suppose were parental to the highest forms as we do about the modern amphibia, tailed and tailless, it is very probable that we should find nothing more to wonder at than we do actually find in the metamorphosis of these familiar types.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of the various stages that are to be found in the embryos of the highest types of the vertebrata; but the embryologist is perfectly satisfied that these are the unused, historical equivalents of stages which were utilized in active life in the ancient types from which the present high vertebrata have arisen.

II.

And now, having thus crept down from rank to rank of the great vertebrate hierarchy, we have found no variation which cannot be accounted for as having been brought about in one or other of two ways—either by slow and gradual modification, as in the case of the various divisions of the mammalia, or by metamorphosis, as, probably, in the rise of reptiles, birds, and mammals from low, generalized, aquatic types. So far, we have been able to give an answer to the first question. We now come to the second question: Did the vertebrata themselves arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or did they spring, by metamorphosis, from lower, non-vertebrate types; the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

The attempt to answer this question will be put in as few words as possible. The evidence here in favor of evolution, more or less gradual or sudden, is of precisely the same kind as that with regard to the rise of the higher vertebrata from the lower.

There is a misconception in many minds as to the relation of the vertebrata to the non-vertebrated tribes; the two

* Since the above was written, Mr. Caldwell has discovered that the Australian kind—*Ceratodus*—does undergo metamorphosis.

groups are looked upon as practically the two halves of the animal kingdom. This view is quite erroneous. There are many groups that are the proper zoological equivalents of the vertebrata. The vertebrata are but the highest of the many culminations of the tribes that rise above the protozoa, or first and lowest forms of animal life. Hence, in any attempt to answer this second question, we must keep clear of all other culminations—the various groups of the highly-specialized Arthropods, as insects, spiders, lobsters, &c., and also all the various orders of the soft-bodied unjointed shell-fish (*Molluscs*); and, indeed, of many more groups which have become modified in this way and in that, along certain ascending lines.

Now, there is one mysterious little creature, the lancelet (*Amphioxus*), which is neither a vertebrated type nor a worm, but something intermediate between the two; this type yields the first and best light we get upon the difficult subject of the uprise of the vertebrata. The next type below this is the sea-squid (*Ascidian*); of this there are many kinds, species, genera, and families. The ascidians undergo metamorphosis, and are most useful to us in this inquiry while in their larval state. I can only give a very meagre account of these two sorts of creatures—the lancelet and the ascidian—and of their relationship to the vertebrata.

First, let it be remembered that these low forms are classified with the vertebrata in one general group—the *Chordata*. They all have a cord of cellular tissue running along the axis of their body—throughout the whole length of the animal in the lancelet, only along the tail in the ascidian larvæ, and from the middle of the skull to the end of the tail in all the vertebrata. This tract of delicate tissue is enclosed in an elastic sheath. In the lancelet and in the vertebrata, the continuous nervous axis lies over this primary skeletal cord, which is more primitive even than the muscular segments into which in these types the body is divided.

Just above the lancelet comes the hag-fish (*Myxine*) with its relative, the large *Edelostoma* of the Cape region. These also have no vertebræ; they have a strong skull, but their long body, with its nu-

merous fleshy segments or rings, is supported, not by cartilaginous arches or vertebræ, but merely by a huge dorsal cord (the notochord), with its thick, tough elastic sheath. The lamprey, during its larval life, has the same simple structure, and so have all the vertebrata for a time.

The respiratory organs of the fishes just mentioned, and those also of the tadpoles of frogs and toads, enable us to understand the morphology of the aquatic respiratory organs of the true vertebrated types, and to see that they are merely a modification of the huge, vascular, perforated throat of such forms as the lancelet and the ascidian. In these low forms, the large upper end of the digestive tube is highly vascular, and has a great number of clefts in it, so that water can pass freely through the walls; and thus fresh and fresh currents containing oxygen in solution are perpetually bathing the lining of the throat with its fine network of capillary blood-vessels. The respiratory organs of all gill-bearing vertebrata are but a modification of this simple apparatus, intensely specialized certainly, but fundamentally the same.

These are the most striking harmonies; but embryology is daily bringing to light new evidence of the intimate relationship of the vertebrata to those low, non-vertebrate types which agree with the high forms in having a perforated pharynx for respiration and an axial body-cord.

There may have been in the earlier epochs—most probably there were—innumerable low and soft-bodied creatures which "died and made no sign"—left no fossil remains. Forms must have existed, intermediate, on the one hand, between the sea-squid and the lancelet; and, on the other hand, between the lancelet and the low radical forms of the vertebrated types. The morphological distance between a newly hatched frog's tadpole and the adult frog is almost as great as that between the adult lancelet and the newly hatched larva of the lamprey.

Gradually, as biological laboratories and stations increase, and as studies of this kind become more general, so as to make it an opprobrium for any educated man to be entirely ignorant of such

matters, the mists that rest upon these great subjects, and the misconceptions that are formed of them, will assuredly disperse. The wish of many, of whom better things might have been expected, is evidently that the shadow on the dial should be brought backwards, and not be allowed to take its normal course. There is, however, "no variableness, neither shadow of turning," in the morphological force; it is perpetually clothed itself afresh and afresh with "the things which are seen"—itself an emanation from the Great Unseen, the Eternal.

In conclusion, we may rapidly traverse the ground already gone over. Thus we shall see if there is anything that stands in the way of the views here taken as to the origin of the nobler animal forms. If the groups made by zoologists—varieties, races, species, genera, families, &c.—are merely convenient pens into which we may put our cattle according to the nearness or distance of their relation to each other, then it is evident that there are no absolute distinctions between the groups. If, also, the fossil forms—all, as far as they go—suggest the gradual divarication of types from each other during secular periods, according to fixed laws, and if embryology in the revelation of the various stages of development of the embryo gives the same kind of evidence, then it is clear that we are on safe ground, and may confidently draw our deductions.

Now, this is certain, that whichever great group of gill-less vertebrates we examine—reptiles, birds, or mammals—we may go to the bottom or foundation of that group without ever seeing the necessity for more than a very limited and partial amount of transformation. There, however, we must use our imagination; but if this be bridled and kept well in hand, we shall not be carried away to any region of "science, falsely so-called." Once at the base of these three great groups, we must call in the aid of metamorphosis; yet this need be no greater nor more wonderful than that which we are all familiar with in the development of beetles and of butterflies, of newts and of frogs.

That great change which we call metamorphosis, a most marvellous transfor-

mation of an active living creature of a low type into one of a much higher grade, is certainly not quite a soluble problem to us at present. This change, however, is not a rare, momentary, miraculous cataclysm, but a perfectly normal mode, in which the morphological force works in the development of a very large proportion of existing animal forms. It still takes place in several orders of the vertebrata. There is no adult fish, except one or two manifestly degraded types—the hag and the lamprey—that is at all comparable for lowliness to the tadpole of the common frog or toad. Yet this creature, which might have remained in its larval state throughout life, becomes in a few months a much more elevated type than any fish.*

Once at the bottom of the fish-class, we are in the neighborhood of forms which, as we have seen, are at an almost immeasurable distance below the vertebrata, and yet give promise of that pattern of structure which characterizes the vertebrata.

When modern biology is as old and as strong as modern astronomy, then those two great problems—the meaning, nature, and causes of metamorphosis; and the uprise of the vertebrata from non-vertebrate types—will undoubtedly have received much elucidation. Meantime, there are those who, having put their hands to this plough, will not look back. By them the orderly sequence of organic phenomena is never even imagined as taking place without the introduction of the element of *time*. It has become absolutely impossible for them to imagine that the almost infinite complexity of a high kind of creature—say, an ox, a horse, or a man—did at first arrange itself miraculously in an actual moment of time. According to the old notion of creation, atoms must have run into molecules, molecules have become protoplasmic cells, cells have become differentiated, and transformed themselves

* The tadpoles of some frogs are two or three years before they transform, and may be made to remain much longer in the larval state. I strongly suspect that some individuals among the larvæ of the paradoxical frog (*Pseudis*) do not transform at all. These facts must lead us to see the wide and powerful influence of surroundings, upon both the manner and extent of the development of the individual organism.

into various tissues, these tissues have become organs of divers kinds, and these organs have been collocated and set to work—with all their harmonious correlations and co-adaptations—all this with

an utter elimination of the element of time.

This timeless hurly-burly was devoutly attributed to the ETERNAL.—*Contemporary Review*.

DEMOCRACY AND TRUTH.

THE recent advice given by two clergymen to the farm laborers of England, respecting their vote in the ensuing election—advice on which we have already commented, and to the political aspect of which we do not propose to return—must have revived an old problem to the minds of many of our readers. Where do the claims of truth stand, when they are weighed against other claims? May we not give false information to those who have no right to any? This question is one we have considered before, and we will now merely remark, as a contribution towards the answer, that the claims of truth and of every other duty should be looked at from a different point of view, according as the breach is a matter of retrospect or of prospect. There is no inconsistency in looking mainly at the excuse for an accomplished action, for which, while it was still in the future, we had nothing but disapproval. If anybody were to pour forth a flood of righteous indignation against a ploughman who failed to keep a promise he had given his landlord about the ensuing election, we should feel no sympathy with the denunciation; but when, on the other hand, we hear the ploughmen of England encouraged to make promises they intend to break, the fact we are most sure of in an entangled question is that to guard against any exaggerated scruple about an extorted promise in addressing a set of working-men is about as necessary as to put on the drag in going up-hill. The first question anybody who gives advice to a class should ask himself is,—How will it look *from below*? How will it tell on a weak nature? Not to allow for this in any social maxim is like making arrangements for machinery and not allowing for friction. And what would be the effect of teaching uneducated people that *any* falsehood is comparatively innocent, is

a problem we should have thought to which the answer was at least as clear as that to any political question whatever. It might probably be expressed in the confession once made by a candid game-keeper, "I suppose *anybody* would tell a lie to save a noise." However, these considerations are too obvious to need any elaborate discussion.

But it does not seem superfluous, nor is the occasion unfitting, to point out the claims of that part of duty which we sum up in the word *truth*, and especially to consider how far it is desirable to be on our guard against untruthfulness as characteristic of a class. We may, without offence, assume that whatever is characteristic of a nation is characteristic of a class, and respect for truth is certainly unknown to some of the most civilised races of the globe. This quality forms a link between the intellectual and moral halves of our nature, and shows its complex character in its varied aspects. No two desirable things are more dissimilar than the eagerness of a scientific man to verify some new principle, and the resolution of a poor man to refrain from some lucrative lie. The scientific man, it is evident, is considering truth as it is opposed to *ignorance*; the poor man is considering truth as it is opposed to *falsehood*. Now truth, as it is opposed to ignorance, is evidently not an idea that suggests itself to an ignorant mind. And truth, as opposed to falsehood, is wholly a negative ideal. Reserve is no breach of truthfulness. Properly speaking, the love of truth is a wrong expression. We are obliged to use it if we would make ourselves understood; but if any one think what the "love of truth" means, he will see that the words are absurd. "The love of truth!" The love of the fact that a man's income stands at so much, when he has to state it with a view to income tax! The love of the fact that

a servant-girl has broken a jug, on the part of that servant-girl! Falsehood is an original act which may very well be hated, an initial movement of authorship which creates a very definite sense of responsibility in the mind. Truthfulness is a mere repression of one's own individuality in the face of a course of events which one may regard with feelings the very opposite of love. A virtue so purely negative has no root in the emotional part of the nature, and can have but a comparatively slight hold on an uneducated mind.

And while it has weak allies, it has strong foes. The desire to see things as they are may often become the antagonist of the desire to make things what they should be. Some characters need nothing more urgently than an atmosphere of such anticipation as none could form who knew them. It is not anxious precaution which most soothes an irritable temper; the fearless touch of one who knows nothing of sore subjects has often a marvellous power to soothe a spirit that anxious and guarded tenderness would only ruffle. It is not burning indignation which best represses the first promptings of the lower impulses of our nature. The neighborhood of unconscious purity silences many a whisper of evil which the denunciation of righteous severity raises to a deafening clamor. Woe to the nation that is divided between vice and wrath! The last loses its best instrument, the first its most healing medicine, when they stand face to face, and each considers the other alone. A thinker in the extreme twilight of the old world saw in the fable of Orpheus a warning to the spirit which, escaping from the shadow of sin, turns back to gaze into the darkness even for the sake of some precious thing that it hopes to recover. It is a profound truth, which Boethius here read into the legend of a race perhaps not deeply enough exercised in the experience of moral conflict to have discerned it; and so far as it is a truth, it must be allowed to be an enemy to what we mean by truthfulness.

If the claims of Truth be only of a negative character, and if it has so many foes, it is surely far *more* necessary to give it all the influence that words can give, than it is in the case of that other

hemisphere of duty which belongs to a part of our nature more remote from all that language can express. The duty of love, in all its forms—pity, reverence, kindness, pardon—is not one which is much elucidated or strengthened by any words that human lips can utter. We must preach that with our lives, rather than with our lips; and as there is not much help in what can be said for it, so there is no very great danger in what can be said against it. Its advocate is often silenced by passion and interest, but rarely confronted by sophistry. But with the duty of truth it is different. This unemotional, unimpulsive duty, this sternly impersonal virtue, demands an intellectual soil to attain its full vigor; it should be the especial duty of the cultivated classes to strengthen its claims upon those whose circumstances are such as sufficiently to exhibit all the excuses for transgressing it. A member of the wages-receiving class, who is as truthful as the average English gentleman, probably overcomes more temptations to deceit in a week than the gentleman does in a year. These considerations about what one would do if one could save one's life by telling a lie, which we have been reading in the newspaper for the last week or two, have not indeed been presented to the intellect of a poor man; but whatever truth they contain has been distilled into his daily experience, and drawn into his moral constitution. The necessities of life have impressed on him the excusableness of sometimes telling a lie. Whatever *theory* we present to his mind should go the other way. And we must always remember that if our sermons in favor of difficult duty go but a little way, our arguments *against* difficult duty may go a great deal further than we intend that they should. Truthfulness on a non-intellectual soil becomes honesty, and an argument which in a cultivated mind is discerned as merely pointing out the relative character of the claim of truth, tells on an uncultivated one as lowering the claim of honesty. It is quite as true, that the lady who leaves her change on her dressing-table must share the responsibility of the theft with the servant who takes it, as that the squire who canvasses for his party must share the responsibility of the lie

with the tenant who deceives him, and no one, surely, would think the first fact was one to put before the tempted party. It seems to us just as wrong in the case of the second.

What the duty of the poor man is who has had a promise extorted from him to vote for the candidate he disapproves, we do not attempt to decide. It seems to us a mistake for one man ever to decide for another when he should relax a principle in favor of a strong inclination. We cannot see the distinction between truth and any other duty in this respect set forth by a correspondent in these columns. Nothing would justify us in committing a murder, says Sir Edward Strachey. If that be a truth, it is an identical proposition. A murder has no other meaning than a homicide that nothing can justify. Prove that you could save your own life only by killing the man who rushed upon you, mistaking you for a burglar, and you have *not* committed a murder in killing him. It does not follow that that man deserved to be put to death; society may possibly be the loser by his life having been sacrificed to yours. When the man is slain, when the untruth is told, we must decide whether the killing was murder, the deceiving was a lie. In both cases it is surely a mistake to put before the person whose interest would be to kill or deceive, the innocence of such an action in possible cases. To have addressed the arguments which justified the acquittal of Baretta for murder, to a man who was likely to be thrown among a set of vicious ruffians like the one he stabbed, would be as wrong as to tell the laborers they may innocently break their promise. When a wise man deceives another person, if he ever does so, he is choosing what he supposes to be best. "*This* is better than *that*" is the form in which he makes his decision. But it is a strictly individual decision. "*This*" and "*that*" are both concrete lines of action, clearly discernible to his mind's eye; the moment they were generalised into rules of conduct, he would feel that he was committed to something he might condemn. The reason why this is more obvious in the case of truth than in the case of such a duty as not taking life is partly because the ways of civilised life remove the last temptation from our

habitual contemplation, but still more because the reasons against taking life are rooted in our moral sympathies and apparent to everybody, and the reasons for telling the truth are of an intellectual nature, and fully apprehended only by a cultivated mind.

Although the aspects of truth are various, its root is one. The truth of science is as closely connected with, as it is entirely separate from, the truth of honesty. The connection between the two seems to us strikingly illustrated in the address of one of the clergymen who recommended his parishioners to give a false promise to canvassers. He reminds them of the prayer of Solomon, and suggests that they should consider their acquisition of the vote as a similar opportunity to the invitation given to the Jewish monarch to ask for whatever he desired. The clergyman who made this suggestion did not, of course, suppose that there was any real analogy between an offer from Omnipotence to grant the desires of its creature and the opportunity given to a voter to bring the claims of his class before Parliament. No educated man is so ignorant as to be capable of such a notion, though unfortunately many uneducated men are. What he meant, probably, was something of this kind:—"Here are these poor creatures suffering from all sorts of need and misfortune that legislation might do a good deal to alter, and unless they ask for it very urgently they are not likely to get it. Political life is new to them; they want some strong stimulus to put their energy into that channel. I am quite aware that Parliament is very far indeed from being omnipotent; but still, it might do a good deal more that it does for the poor, and till it has done that, the poor may as well think it could do everything." We should desire no better illustration of what irreverence for truth means than the translation of such a fact into such a fiction. It was probably allied with a real compassion for the sufferings of the poor; but it is calculated to do them more injury than any misfortune "that laws could cause or cure." We want to impart to the uneducated a firm, unalterable conviction that behind all the laws that men make and execute are laws which they must simply obey, or take the consequences.

We want to save them from the misery of believing that we are close to the garden of Eden, and that somebody has hidden the key. We want to encourage that fortitude of which the worst foe is the belief that all suffering and privation is somebody's fault. The poor need, above all things, to be taught that we inhabit a world of inexorable sequences,—a world in which Will finds granite barriers, and works efficaciously only when it recognises them. And those who would benefit the new electorate begin by teaching them that when a few hundred Englishmen seat themselves in a large house at Westminster, they suddenly become omnipotent! In the name of Truth, in the name of political science, in the name of a true Liberalism, we protest against the propagation of such fictions.

Perhaps it is from the last side that the protest may be made with most effect. We would entreat all who think it no harm to translate their belief that Parliament might do for the poor more than it has done, into the assertion that a claim on the Legislature may be made in the same spirit in which a prayer was recorded by the Jewish Scriptures to be made to the Almighty, to consider whether they are not preparing a vehement reaction in favor of any party which has not opened the door to such anticipations as these words create and foster. A wise Conservative would desire nothing more ardently than that such preachers as these should have a large audience. Their advice might take a great effect for the time, and it

might not be very soon that that effect would pass away; but there is no recoil so hopeless as that from unreasonable hope, and no infidelity so deep as that which has sprung from the confident application of a wrong test. It is not, however, on the *impolicy* of such Liberalism as this that we would base our remonstrance with Liberals. We would appeal to that reverence for the humanity in every man which should be the strength of Democracy. Nothing more contemptuous than the theory that truth is a luxury for the rich was ever invented by an aristocrat who looked down on the *canaille*. Let us try to give the poor man twenty shillings a week by all means if there is any possibility of doing it. But, in the mean time, let us treat him as a freeman. Do not let us initiate his civil career by the hypothesis that he *must* tell a lie. Let us beware how we implant on the soil of a new Democracy the weeds of a region we have left behind us. It is far easier to transport the tares than the wheat. There are excellences in an aristocratic Constitution which we must consent to forego in the new scheme of things. Let us not incorporate in that new scheme its worst evils; let us not confuse the barriers of the moral and the social world, and suppose that when we cross the line which separates the gentleman from the peasant we have left behind us all aspirations after truth, all fortitude in danger, all resolution to bear ills rather than to lower the standard of right and stain the purity of a lofty ideal.—*The Spectator*.

TEGNÉR.

WITH the single exception of Runeberg, who, though he wrote in the Swedish tongue, was a Russian subject, Tegnér alone among the many poets of Sweden has attained a European reputation. Triumphant over a disadvantage which has robbed the poets of Russia, Poland, and Hungary of half their glory—the necessity of writing in a language but little understood abroad—he ascended to fame early in the present century, with a rapidity which was surpassed by Byron alone, to enjoy a popularity well-

nigh as cosmopolitan as his. Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Vexjö, was born A.D. 1782 in the province of Vermland, and descended from a long line of yeomen ancestors. His father was pastor of Millesvik, a village lying in the flat, treeless peninsula which projects southward into the broad expanse of the Werner lake. Few poetical associations surrounded the cradle of the future poet; the arable land of a corn-producing district, varied by detached rocks and patches of scrub, constituted the unin-

viting landscape. Nor were his early vocations better calculated to arouse poetic ardor; he was apprenticed to a tax-gatherer, who, however, noticing the superior talent of the lad, generously bestowed on him a liberal education. Esaias was so assiduous in the pursuit of knowledge that in a short space of time he acquired the classical languages together with the most useful of the modern. He learnt English from the translation of Ossian, and his works bear witness in places to this juvenile partiality. He graduated at the University of Lund, where, in 1812, he was appointed Professor of Greek. In the same year he received holy orders and was endowed with a pastorate. The next twelve years, which immediately preceded his election to the see of Vexjö, were devoted to the fulfilment of his duties at Lund, and formed the period of his greatest poetical activity. Subsequently the poet became merged to a great extent in the conscientious ecclesiastic. Another cause of diminished literary fertility was a mental disorder which afflicted him about this period. But he recovered, and his last years were tranquil. During the protracted illness which preceded death he was confined to his couch; but his mind was clear, and the perusal of his favorite authors, among whom were Ariosto and Scott, solaced his latter days. He expired at midnight, during an extraordinary display of aurora borealis, on the 2nd of November, 1846.

The genius of Tegnér was not precocious. He was twenty-seven when his "Song for the Skaane Militia" procured him universal recognition; he was forty before his first narrative poem, *Axel*, was given to the world. The former is a dithyrambic effusion inspired by the Russian invasion of Finland in 1808. Skaane, the nearest province of Sweden to Denmark, who had joined the League of the Emperors concluded at Tilsit, was the point exposed to greatest danger. Three years later the poet's reputation was established by the publication of the patriotic ode, *Svea*, the ancient name for Sweden. The conquest of Finland had in the mean time caused a revolution which seated Charles XIII. on the Swedish throne in place of his nephew Gustavus IV., and the sonorous Alexandrines em-

ployed by the poet prove that he was likewise a courtier. After deploring in harrowing terms the wretched condition of his country, he thus proceeds:—

See, from perdition's brink where giddy thou
wast placed,
The courage of thy noblest lately hath re-
leased;
With mild and generous heart and locks of
silver hue,
Charles still protects the ruins which he saved
anew,
The *Victor* stands hard by, whom all the world
adores,
And *Oscar*, growing up, to Fingal's sword as-
pires.

Three generations of royalty are thus adroitly flattered. The *Victor* of course is Bernadotte, afterwards Charles XIV. The work was crowned by the Swedish Academy, and in the following year its author received the appointment at Lund which has been alluded to. Innumerable minor pieces flowed from Tegnér's pen during this portion of his career, when versification was evidently treated merely as a pastime. Among the most interesting are his odes in celebration of historical personages, written on the anniversary of their death or the performance of some notable public action. Such, for instance, is that dedicated to Charles XII. on the centenary of his fall before the fortress of Fredriksten. The following extract, which is inscribed on the monument erected where the King was shot, may convey some idea of the condensed and vigorous style of the original:—

In victory and defeat,
O'er fortune towering high,
He never could retreat,
Could nothing else but die.

In deep contrast to the above is the ode dedicated to the other great national hero, Gustavus Adolphus, who divides the homage of Sweden with his half-frantic but heroic great-great-nephew. Beautiful, if somewhat extravagant, is the eulogium which it bestows on him:—

For freedom, all that man possesses holy,
For light and faith he fell;
His camp was God Almighty's tabernacle,
Where only cherubs dwell.

Passing from national heroes to foreign celebrities, Luther became in 1817 the subject of four noble stanzas commemorating the tercentenary of the Reformation. The first of these admits of a literal translation:—

In darkness sat the nations
And night lay upon earth,
Then came the great translator
Of God's forgotten word,
The Holy Bible's wonders
For all men he expounds,
And, loud as Heaven thunders,
His dauntless voice resounds.

The descent from Luther to Napoleon is great; yet it is a fact that Tegnér's imagination, like Byron's and Pushkin's, was powerfully excited by the colossal grandeur of the Corsican's public career. In 1831, when a proposition was made to transfer his remains from St. Helena to Paris for interment beneath the column in the Place Vendôme, the poet burst forth:—"Touch not his dust! 'Tis his glory which sweeps to the ends of the earth. Let his dust be still!" And in the following stanza he seeks to explain the secret of the conqueror's grandeur:—

This was his greatness; he would weld
What ever must be separate all;
The new ideas with those of old,
This was his greatness—and his fall.

Partiality to France is a trait characteristic of the Swedes, the result of long political connection, and from this Tegnér was by no means exempt. We may look in vain, therefore, in his writings for any trace of sympathy with our own heroes of the revolutionary period. We find a by no means complimentary ode to Pitt and Nelson on the occasion of their death:—"Two comets, menacing and cruel, have disappeared from the firmament of Europe. The clouds which obscure the morning-star of peace grow thinner and more thin." Such is the text upon which he expatiates. For him Nelson is the "Tamerlane of the Sea," although eulogized in glowing terms:—

In peace unnoticed, but in peril grand,
Like Hecla, though destructive, cold as well,
He crushed as Samson did, the hostile band,
Although himself he fell,

Pitt figures as Milton's fallen angel, who defies the thunderbolts which crash around him; or, by a somewhat rapid transition, to Atlas, who supports a world of hate upon his Herculean shoulders. Both are extinct volcanoes, and Clio points at them with terror as a warning to all generous minds. Pitt, in conclusion, is exhorted, if he can discover a peaceful nook in Tartarus, to disturb its repose; Nelson to fight with Charon

as he is being ferried across Styx! Scarcely more soothing to our national vanity is a metrical altercation between England and France. The following are selected specimens of international vituperation:—

ENGLAND.

Lie there, destroyer, and eat all around like a cancer,
Swallow up nations entire, yes, swallow and hunger for more.

FRANCE.

Hindoos with pearls and blood cannot purchase
their Eden back from thee.
Negroes are whipt to death, alas! but to sugar
thy tea.

ENGLAND.

With the Channel I gird me round as Pluto by
Styx is surrounded.
Never a living soul returned across Styx again.

FRANCE.

Hercules came back again, and brought back
Cerberus captive,
The monster with two heads; but Hercules
still is alive.

France, however, obtains the last word in the quarrel, which is brought to a close by a stinging invective, which is certain to cut every true Briton to the heart:—

Lie like a hulk moored fast; but the anchor of
credit betrays thee,
And the ruinous wreck shall drift before wind
and 'fore wave.

It is now time to glance at the poet's longer and better known productions. In 1820 appeared the *Children of the Lord's Supper*, which, as translated by Longfellow, is presumably familiar to the public. In 1822 came *Axel*, written in the style of Byron's tales, but with no trace of the idiosyncrasies of that poet; in fact, it wears the faithful impress of its author's native genius. The narrative itself is of a popular character. Men hate their enemies, but not their enemies' daughters; and the story of a campaigner who assails the hearts of the ladies in the heart of their country usually commands popularity. Axel is a favorite officer of Charles XII.; Maria, the heroine, a subject of his rival, Peter the Great. The King sends Axel with a despatch from Bender to Stockholm; but he is waylaid and half-murdered by Cossacks in traversing Russia. Left for dead, he is rescued by Maria, who tends him till recovery, when he departs in fulfilment of his mission. She, how-

ever, falls into a love-sick state, and resolves to follow. Disguised in male attire, she joins a Russian expedition which crosses the Baltic and attacks the Swedish coast; receives a mortal stroke in the battle which ensues, and is finally discovered in a dying state by Axel himself, who is in command of the native forces. The poem, which is very beautiful, though its diction may perhaps seem too luxuriant, has been translated into English. The year 1825 saw the production in its complete form of the poet's masterpiece, the *Tale of Frithiof*, which has been so frequently rendered into English that a brief notice of the criticisms to which it seems most open is all that can be requisite here. It has been objected that this poem is less an epic than a collection of ballads composed as it is of four-and-twenty short pieces—a defect, if such it be, which originated in its publication piecemeal in the detached numbers of a periodical. A more serious blemish may perhaps be detected in its anachronistic treatment; the poet has overlaid his theme, which is founded on the Icelandic saga of *Frithiof hinn Frækinn*, or "the Bold," with a veneer of modern civilization which is quite out of place from a realistic point of view—the rugged viking of history has been pared down to a hero of modern romance. The climax of this ideal is reached in the final song, where a glimmer of Christian faith is represented as penetrating the still Pagan North. The high-priest of Balder thus addresses the repentant Frithiof:—

Men say, a Balder dwelt far South, a Virgin's
son,

Sent by the Father of all things to explain the
runes

Writ on the Fate's dark shield-edge, all un-
known before;

Peace was his battle-cry, and Love his shining
sword,

Pious he lived and taught, when dying he for-
gave,

And under distant palms his grave in glory lies.
They say his doctrine spreads from vale to
vale,

Makes soft the hardened heart, and joins the
friendly hand,

And builds the realm of peace on a regenerate
earth.

* * * * *

Some day, I feel, 'twill come, and like a dove
wave light

Its snow-white wings above the mountains of
the North.

The *Crown Bride*, written in 1841, may be regarded as the child of Tegnér's old age. He had then long been in tranquil occupation of the see of Vexjö, and this charming idyl reveals the picture of his patriarchal existence in the midst of his flock. A wedding is to be celebrated in state at Skatlöf. The bishop himself will be there, for he loves "customs from ancient times, and happiness blooming around him," and Skatlöf is specially dear to him ever since he consecrated its church. In the gloaming of the summer night which precedes the festival, the young people of the village dance around the maypole, the bishop's children among them, "Henry, bishop *in spe*, and Emma, and Disa, and Gerda." The bishop himself rises, according to wont, with the sun, and sitting in the balcony drinks in the air of heaven with his fragrant coffee. The bridegroom and his friends, all mounted, arrive with loud shouts and the discharge of firearms; next the bride with her blue eyes and brown hair, for Finnish blood runs in her veins, "and the Caucasian gold is blended with darkness from Finwood." On her head is the traditional silver-gilt crown studded with gems, "what if of polished glass, they flash like so many diamonds." Inside the church the bishop, "who loves to talk at times," pronounces a discourse on matrimony, its uses and obligations. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bishop salutes the bride on the forehead, for this "is lawful for bishops of Vexjö." At the repast which follows he joins in the hilarity of the guests, and because

No particular friend of punch with the acid of
lemon

(Ale he cannot endure, though fond of the
sparkling grape-juice),

Drank of the wine he brought and talked to his
left-hand neighbor.

He is not, however, so amiable to Corporal Frisk, who sits on his right, and who, having fought at Leipzig, wears, among other decorations, the Russian medal. The bishop sharply rebukes him for this, and utters the sentiment, quite indefensible in a clerical mouth, that a blood-feud separates Swede and Russ for ever. After the meal he proposes adjournment to the open, and the dance is held around the barrow of Harold

Hildetand, the blind old King of Denmark, who fell fighting there with his rival Sigurd of Sweden. The bishop sees no harm in this; on the contrary, he deems

A dance upon graves is decorous and full of deep meaning;
Life in its giddiest joy is oft to the sepulchre nearest;
The sleepers down below by the whirl of the dance are not troubled.

On the summit of the barrow-mound stands a mighty oak, so spacious as to admit of a table and seats being placed amid the branches. Here sits the bish-

op with choice companions, quaffing wine and ale and surveying the sports of the young people on the sward below. Towards midnight the customary mock fight for possession of the bride is waged, and terminates in the usual way. The married women at last break through the serried phalanx of bridesmaids; the bridegroom swoops like the wind through the gap, and carries off the bride in his sinewy arms. The bishop's carriage appears at this juncture; he enters, and vanishes at speed in a cloud of dust.—*Saturday Review*.

MRS. LI HUNG CHANG'S FIRST DINNER PARTY. ?

BY MISS GORDON CUMMING.

THE interest which has been reawakened in this country by the recent death of General Grant recalls to my memory sundry incidents of travel when our paths chanced to run parallel in far distant lands. At various points in China and Japan I witnessed national demonstrations in his honor, but none so remarkable as that stupendous reception which was prepared by the citizens of San Francisco to celebrate his return to his native continent, when from the Golden Gates right up to the city, land and water were alike thronged by a vast multitude, all intent on doing honor to their great general. The amount of gunpowder expended on salutes from all the forts might have put any average foe to flight, and the roar of cheering, taken up by successive tens of thousands as the steamer slowly made its way towards the city (a matter of two hours) was simply deafening. The prolonged reception literally occupied several days, during which the general and Mrs. Grant were subjected to so much hearty handshaking that the marvel was how they were able to survive the operation. But what chiefly struck me in the welcome of San Francisco was its solidity and utter lack of grace, coming in curious contrast with the fascinating festivities which everywhere in Japan had made the sojourn of these favored guests a sort of fairy dream. As regarded their previous travels in China, though fes-

tivities in the Celestial Empire always fall short of the delicate refinement of those of Japan, they were none the less hearty on this occasion, especially in the foreign settlement of Shanghai, which was splendidly illuminated in honor of the great American.

It would be difficult to find any place better adapted for such a purpose than the river frontage of the city of Shanghai, which sweeps in a wide semi-circle round the harbor wherein lie ships and steamers of all sizes and nations. The whole of this was one blaze of light. Each of the great business houses was illuminated with from 1,000 to 3,000 Chinese lanterns, so were also the trees, and strings of gay lanterns were hung across the streets. Every line of the ships was likewise clearly defined, while fireworks and the burning of blue and red lights gave life to the harbor. There were also brilliant designs in gas, and a most weird procession of the fire brigade, the engines being adorned with gigantic paper lanterns in the form of huge dragons, Britannia, and other devices (a procession which, however, was saddened by a most distressing accident—namely the explosion of a pot of blue-fire stuff, whereby one Englishman and two Chinamen were fearfully injured, and the former died after some days of agony). Perhaps the most striking feature of that night was the vast crowd of Chinamen (estimated at 100,000), all

quiet and orderly, and most of them carrying paper lanterns, as befits respectable citizens when walking after sunset. They had assembled from far and near to see "The American King."

Some points of special interest attached to General Grant's reception at Tientsin, where he and his party were entertained with all the honors that could be devised by foreigners and Chinese authorities. For Li Hung Chang, a well-awakened and go-ahead man and the greatest of Chinese generals, had watched the career of the American Wellington with keen interest, declaring that he himself and Grant were the two most successful soldiers of the age, in that they had crushed the two greatest rebellions of the century (his own laurels having been earned in quelling the Taeping forces: curiously enough, the Taeping rebellion and the American civil war were contemporaneous, and respectively came to a close, the latter in the spring and the former in the summer of 1865). In recognition of such services, Li Hung Chang, although a pure Chinaman, has been raised to the highest dignities that could be conferred by the Tartar rulers. He is guardian of the Heir Apparent and Viceroy of Tientsin, which, as guarding the approach to Peking, is perhaps the most important of all posts in the gift of the Government. So, since this great Viceroy had resolved to do all possible honor to his military brother, Tientsin was transformed from its ordinary condition of dulness and dust. The river decorations were easy enough, for all the vessels and junks were fringed with flags; but even the dusty town was enlivened with colored calico and real flowers and much military show. There were chairs of State lined with yellow silk, and quaint uniforms and fireworks and jugglers and feasting. Li Hung Chang himself was carried in a covered chair with an avant-courier bearing a huge scarlet umbrella, a badge of very high estate, with a large escort of about five thousand very disreputable-looking soldiers in blue coats and red trousers.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this reception of the American whom the Viceroy so exceptionally delighted to honor was an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Li Hung Chang to Mrs. Grant,

and to the principal foreign ladies of Tientsin. Such a thing was altogether without precedent in North China, and consequently was an occasion of exceeding interest, inasmuch as few of the oldest inhabitants had ever been privileged to look upon these great ladies, who now, at the instigation of this very advanced Viceroy, were actually to do the honors of their own home. No gentlemen were present, but there were in all about a dozen ladies, Chinese and foreign, a lady from one of the missions acting as interpreter. From time to time the tall form of the Viceroy was seen, overlooking the throng of Chinese spectators (who, as is usual at festivals of great men, crowded around every door and window to stare at "the quality," and who of course mustered in double force on so extraordinary an occasion as this), but it would have been too gross a breach of etiquette for him to have ventured to appear in the presence of the ladies, though his views on this subject had been vastly enlarged in the previous fortnight, when for the first time he had been present at two dinner-parties graced by the feminine presence. At the first of those, given by the French Consul, it had been decided that, to avoid giving this rare guest too rude a shock, all the ladies should sit together at one side of the table. At the second dinner, however, at which about fifty guests were present, it was decided to let them sit alternately, as usual—the only difference being that the Viceroy walked in first by himself.

These extraordinary innovations led to his devising this invitation of foreign ladies to his own house, so he was naturally anxious as to the result. But all went off admirably, and his wife entertained her foreign guests with perfect composure and courtesy. Of course the foreigners appeared in their best evening dresses and jewels, the examination of which is a never-failing subject of interest, after the discussion of the ladies' age, and the numerical list of babies and their age has been gone through. The personal appearance and pretty names of the viceregal ladies produced a great impression on their guests. The hostess (who came to the outer door to receive Mrs. Grant with all honor) was a comely middle-aged woman, whose tiny

feet appeared from beneath dark trousers, and richly embroidered skirt and long jacket. With the exception of a very large butterfly of pearls worn on the back of the head, her necklace, bracelets, and head ornaments were all of priceless green jade. A daughter-in-law, aged twenty-three, was dressed in similar style, quiet though rich in color and material, but an unmarried daughter of sixteen was gorgeously attired in green satin trousers and pink satin jacket, all richly embroidered in gold, and gay silks, and loaded with jewels of pearl and jade. Long pendants of jade hung from her ears and from the silken cord of her fan, while the third and fourth finger-nails of the left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length, and were shielded by golden nail-protectors (excellent weapons for the infliction of a vicious scratch!) While at Canton I invested in a very pretty silver set of four. They are simply half thimbles, which fit the finger-tip, and form a nail-shield about three inches in length. All these three ladies wore the same excess of jewelry covering the back of the head, and were afflicted with the same minute hoofs (the lily feet of Celestial poets), necessitating the assistance of servants (literally "walking-sticks!") to enable them to move a step. The dinner was a happy combination of Chinese and European service and dishes, and was enlivened by the performances of a noisy Chinese Punch and Judy show.

After dinner a great surprise awaited the hostess. The Viceroy had bor-

rowed a piano—an instrument which his wife had never before seen, and on which some of the ladies now proceeded to play. Earlier in the evening another musical novelty had electrified the party—namely the arrival in the outer court of the band of the American ship *Richmond*, whose drums and brass instruments were voted almost as agreeable as the gongs and brass horns of the Chinese musicians. The piano led to singing, and then, when some one struck up a valse, and some of the younger ladies ventured on a practical demonstration of barbaric dancing, with a few little ornamental vagaries to give variety to the entertainment, the amusement and amazement of the viceregal ladies was unbounded. Happily they were spared the shock of realizing that their foreign friends were ever guilty of dancing with gentlemen. So the evening went off most satisfactorily, and when, just as the guests departed, a few drops of welcome rain fell (the rain for which prayers had been ceaselessly offered in all the temples of every denomination), the happy hostess hailed the good omen which thus crowned her first effort at entertaining foreigners. The same liberal spirit of progress, which induced Li Hung Chang to venture on admitting these distinguished strangers within his home has been shown in the determination with which he has striven to overcome the prejudices of his countrymen against all such foreign innovations as railways and telegraphs.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POLITICS.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

To consider George Eliot as a political philosopher is, perhaps, to present her in a new habiliment to many readers. It is a remarkable characteristic of the multitudinous reviews that have appeared of Mr. Cross's "Life" that in hardly one is there more than a passing allusion to the political sympathies of its subject. And probably the indifference of the reviewer to this part of George Eliot's personality has been reciprocated by the reader. The other parts of her

character are so much more prominent and distinctive, that few turn to contemplate her relation to contemporary and general politics. Her books, with the single exception, hardly allude either to general political problems or particular measures and controversies. And in "Felix Holt," such is the impress of the author's mind on the writing, that at a first reading we think more of the psychological problems personified in Esther Lyon and Harold Transome

than of the political idealism which imparts such an unconventional strength to its hero. Yet a closer examination of the work and its teachings—a better understanding of the development of the author's conception—implants the conviction that "Felix Holt" bears a relation to political and social philosophy as distinct and important as Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" or Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It is true George Eliot does not rest the interest of this story entirely on the political philosophy it inculcates—indeed, this is rendered almost subsidiary to the psychological element.

But, nevertheless, this philosophy is of such a type, and is enunciated with such an original force, that to have written this work alone entitles George Eliot, as an exponent of philosophic truths in politics by means of fiction, to a place in the same category as George Sand, the great French poet, or "Parson Lot."

In the "Life" itself, although reviewers generally have ignored the fact, there are passages from George Eliot's journals which give us clear indications of her political faith. These remarks on the contemporary politics of her time are necessarily of a somewhat disjointed character, and, while giving hints, do not reveal to us the whole texture of her political philosophy.

That George Eliot should have sought political truth, and have endeavored to influence political thought, is but conformable to the expansiveness of her mind and the wide human sympathy which distinguished her nature. While occupied in abstruse philosophical study, her intellectual curriculum could not exclude the political problems whose solution presaged a better future for the "common people," mainly by the romance of whose lives she had deigned to enrich her pages. It is true she was removed from the sphere of partisan controversy, that she viewed politics in the same scientific spirit that she studied psychology and natural science, but nevertheless her influence in the province of political thought, while perhaps not so large, will be no less noble and beneficent than in the conduct of life. She wrote not as a partisan, but as a philosopher who stood aloof from party quar-

rels, and who, perhaps, neither aided nor impeded the success of the various measures of the time, but who strove to inculcate in the minds of the people, without regard to partisan professions or interested zeal, what she conceived to be calculated to most advance the true interests of a free commonwealth; while she was unfitted and unwilling to quit the sphere of literary culture and philosophic study to espouse, in a more marked and active manner, movements which, while advancing principles with which she sympathised, had also, owing to the current conditions of political life, some aspects wholly repulsive to her refined nature.

"Felix Holt, the Radical" is regarded by many critics as the most defective of George Eliot's literary performances. Of its literary qualities we do not presume to speak; but to us it has always seemed as the most valuable, and therefore the best, of her works. Serious and elevated in purpose as the whole of her works are, none is more so, and none has more successfully achieved that purpose, than "Felix Holt, the Radical." As illustrative of the care George Eliot bestowed upon the preparation of the work, it is mentioned in the "Life" that she "went through" the *Times* of 1832—from the political circumstances of which time the plot is derived—previous to beginning this work.

In the creation of the character of Felix Holt the originality and depth of George Eliot's genius are seen. George Eliot has never departed more from the "Cremorne walks and shows of fiction," and revealed the height of her elevation above the conventionality of her lady compeers, than in her finely drawn parallel of Felix Holt, the true Democrat, and Harold Transome, the volatile and wealthy Radical; or the exquisitely executed portrait of the Independent minister, Mr. Lyon; or the subtle analysis of the delicate nature of his daughter Esther. And then, again, the result of George Eliot's assiduous industry is such, that perhaps no more vivid, faithful, and better outlined picture of rural England at the time of the Reform Bill, with its all-powerful aristocracy, sectarian antagonisms, and awakening interest in politics, could be obtained

than through the medium of this, perhaps, the least admired of George Eliot's works.

But, of course, in examining George Eliot's political ethics, the greatest interest attaches to the individuality of Felix Holt. In Felix, George Eliot has embodied her ideal of the working-man, laboring to advance the welfare of his brethren. Felix in his life preaches that gospel of labor which makes the burden of many of Carlyle's most rugged passages. Felix Holt accepts Radicalism not as a formula, but as the expression of a duty. He not only calls himself a Democrat, but lives a Democrat. He returns from Glasgow University, where he has obtained learning by working as a watchmaker, to his native town, with a quiet but earnest enthusiasm to advance the cause of reform, and with it the cause of labor. He resolves, however, to labor for the workmen as one of themselves, not as one who has raised himself above their social scale. He has education, and a comparative munificence of a clerly vocation is open to him; but he scorns the thought of prostituting his talent to advancing himself to the position in which he can "study the latest fashions in collars and neckties," and enjoy the prospect of attaining to the dignity "of a house with a high doorstep and a brass knocker." He is eager to emancipate labor from the thralldom of property and privilege, but he is no less eager to save it from the insidious wiles and self-seeking fawning of shrewd demagogues and astute plutocrats. He therefore continues in his vocation of repairing clocks, and endeavors to bring intellectual light and political morality to the miners of Sproxtton, by meeting them with their pipes and pewters on the Sunday evening at the village alehouse.

His mind is expansive, if not richly cultivated. He has a strong grasp of the actualities of his time, is possessed of a firm purpose and stubborn resolution. He inveighs in his conduct against the cant of conventionality with all the fierceness of a Carlyle or the pungency of a Thackeray; abhors well-dressed gentility and the meretricious mirage of Byronic sentimentality. He is earnest in principle and resolute in purpose, but he has little of the egotism which is the

main element of ambition. He is ardent to assist in bringing about political reforms, but he does not vent his ardor in loud-spoken bids for popular notoriety. He regards political progress as the necessary concomitant of the intellectual elevation and moral amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and as the first thing at hand, he makes himself one of the fraternity at the "Sugar Loaf" on the Sunday evening.

The character of Felix Holt is not merely the product of the circumstances of the time. George Eliot selects a time of extraordinary and epochal political interest, when the popular passion is just being felt in English political life, for her story. But the attributes and characteristics of Felix Holt would have made him a reformer of society and an apostle of labor at any other period. He has the quiet earnestness of the Oxford Reformers of the time of the Renaissance, combined with the practical wisdom of the Puritans of the Commonwealth period. He lives in a time with the main tendencies of which he is in sincere sympathy. Some of the aspects of its central movement, however, he regards with suspicious antagonism. He desires political power for the laborers not as a means of class aggrandisement, but of class elevation. "Extension of the suffrage," he bitterly remarks on returning from an unsatisfactory expedition to the alehouse, "will do much good if it means extension of drinking." And the attempts of Johnson, the glib sycophantic agent of the Radical candidate, Mr. Transome, to delude and demoralise the miners of Sproxtton by "treating" and fine phrases rouses the indignation of his soul.

The character has little of the romance which is usually attached to the hero of such novels. Felix Holt is talented, enthusiastic, and has a strong individuality, yet he is wanting in what would have been the necessary accompaniment of every hero similarly circumstanced in every novel not written by George Eliot. As we have remarked, Felix Holt lacks the fire of ambition, and the sphere of his personality and influence is throughout narrow and restricted. This circumstance, if found in a novel with a purpose by any other than George Eliot, would have almost de-

stroyed the interest of the book, and have marred its popularity. "Popular novelists" would have known this, and any one more solicitous of public applause than the author of "Felix Holt" would have invested the personality of the young Radical with quite a different hue—would have surrounded him with the halo of ambitious youth—would have endowed him with a "future"—would have ingeniously entranced the reader by a pathetic relation of his struggles with property, social privilege, and political tyranny, and have finally declared his destiny in overcoming, by his eloquence, the plutocratic and privileged powers, as the tribune of the toilers.

And yet, eminently successful as this method may be, we do not know but that "Felix Holt" has gained in its value and interest by the more prosaic and natural colors George Eliot has imparted to the story. Certainly she was more true to her art in not making the young clock-mender develop into a popular leader, and we even venture to think that its value as a contribution to political fiction—if we may use such a term—has been enhanced by the fact that George Eliot did not attempt to obtain a cheap popularity for her book in the manner to which we have alluded. The lives of popular leaders, and the lessons they teach, have their place in biography; but the lives of obscure teachers of men, who derive not their inspiration from ambition and emerge not from their obscurity, but which teach lessons of perhaps greater import, can find no incarnation but in the art of fiction. The great speeches, famous events, and important epochs in the lives of popular tribunes are the common property of the people, but—even if they have not sought greatness, but have had it thrust upon them—their period of obscurity, the time of their intellectual inception, pristine efforts, and small endeavors is darkened from the public view by the blaze of light which is thrown upon the splendor and success of their after careers.

We must proceed, however, to consider the abstract political morality of the book. For, although Felix Holt is the leading character, other phases of political thought and action are represented in the persons of Harold Tran-

some, Rufus Lyon, and the church vicar; for it was evidently George Eliot's purpose not only to show the pernicious character of political action in the time of small pocket boroughs and aristocratic supremacy, but the dangers which, unless recognised and counteracted, would produce evils hardly less pernicious under a régime of popular power.

The political teaching of the book was summarised and emphasised in an article which appeared some time after its publication in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of "An Address to Working Men," by "Felix Holt." As in the novel, little reference is made to the particular questions occupying public attention, but the tone of the essay is inspired by the measure of Reform passed in the previous year, 1867. George Eliot here presents for acceptance by the democracy the same lofty conception of public duty which she has embodied in the character of Felix Holt, while earnestly invoking, at the same time, that intelligent interest in political questions, independence of character, and tenacity in resolution which are as necessary to the social advancement of a class by its political power as they are conducive to the stability of the community as a whole. While not wanting in words of warning, a hopeful view is taken of the future of democracy, which has been well justified by the history of the past fifteen years.

George Eliot's political views do not give much support to the theory, which to many appears a truism, that woman's nature is essentially Conservative in its tendencies. It is true that her mind had a sceptical bend in political matters, that she was somewhat of a censor of the formulæ of both parties, and that she had little faith in the efficacy of organic changes in the body-politic unaccompanied by moral changes in the community. But what her politics lacked in form they gained in spirit. She was a true Liberal, even when she criticised the objects and environments of the Liberal party. If she looked askance on the ballot, it was only because she regarded it, with John Stuart Mill, as a somewhat clumsy attempt to anticipate, by mechanical means, that morality in politics which, she believed, must be of purely spontaneous, and therefore of

slow growth. If she discerned an almost equal capability of personal selfishness and cupidity under the cloak of Liberalism or Toryism, it was only because her philosophic spirit constantly reminded her of the immutability of human nature, and at the same time removed her from within the pale of party prejudice. But her strong philosophic grasp of questions, her thorough recognition of existing actualities, and an intellect over which neither prejudice nor sentiment could dominate, caused her to regard with scorn the intellectual inertia, false sentiment, and positive superstition which constitute the main elements of Conservatism as a political force. And the more distinctive qualities of the womanly nature—sympathy with wrong, suffering, and injustice—always made her a friend to the creed of Radicalism—the creed with which she had imbued Felix Holt.

With respect to the generally expressed opinion that her enfranchisement will prove woman to be a source of strength to the Conservative party, we cannot help reflecting how thoroughly this presage would be falsified were the intellectual part of her nature cultivated as George Eliot's was. The best instincts of woman are in unison with the Radical creed—her antipathy to war and her sympathy with suffering caused by social wrong; and if the religious fervor that verges on fanaticism, the false ideology of romance, and the unthinking indifference that obtain among different classes of women could be counteracted by a larger and more catholic culture, the assistance the "stupid party" would obtain from their enfranchisement would be little indeed.

When we consider her fitness and

ability for the task, we cannot help regretting that George Eliot did not further employ the art of fiction in conveying to the people the truths she held sacred in the problems affecting politics and society. We are far from desiring to undervalue the work she has done, but we cannot help thinking that "Felix Holt, the Radical," great and noble as its teaching is, is but a slight and insufficient record of the thoughts and feelings of its authoress on the profoundly important themes with which it deals. The mission of Fiction, unfortunately, has not yet been fully and truly recognised, and as a consequence we have but few of the works of the great novelists, whose purpose it is to teach the truths of philosophy in the questions affecting the collective happiness of the people. Fiction is the literature of the multitude, yet how little guidance does it give to popular conduct! "Alton Locke," "Les Misérables," and "Felix Holt," these are contributions to social and political philosophy whose value is equal to whole collections of voluminous dissertations and ponderous tomes.

George Eliot had the rare—the almost unique—quality among the great novelists, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently pointed out, of a philosophically trained mind and cultured imagination. Hence she was peculiarly adapted to teaching the severe, although great, truths of politics, by means of the art of fiction; and much as we value "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch," we cannot but regret that the same distinctive purpose which gives to "Felix Holt, the Radical," its remarkable originality and individuality did not inspire others of her works.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

GIRTON COLLEGE IN 1885.

ALL social or educational reforms have begun so quietly and imperceptibly that it is difficult, when the reform is fully accomplished, to trace its exact origin. When the time is ripe, the need begins to be felt in many minds, until at last the feeling is translated into action, and in some obscure corner, it may be, a step is taken, which becomes the germ of

a wide-spread movement. This has been the case in the great reform which has taken place in female education. The visible result already attained is to be found in the establishment of women's colleges at both our universities: the oldest of these forms the subject of our paper.

The idea that women who had already

left school should have the opportunity of systematically pursuing studies in the higher branches of learning was a new departure from the received theories of female education; that they should do so in colleges at the universities was a thing unheard of. It used to be assumed that the training received by girls between the ages of nine and nineteen was sufficient to fit them to meet all the responsibilities of life. But when it was found that through a variety of social changes in England many women were obliged by their labor to support themselves and others, it gradually came to be recognized by the most clear-sighted of those who were working for the reformation of the education of girls that a correspondingly higher education must also be given to women, and finally it became plain that nothing short of a "university" course would give their work the necessary marketable value. Classes of various kinds had been opened for women, but although the results of these were successful as far as they went, they only served to accentuate the conviction that the real want was a systematic, continuous course of study extending over a definite period of time.

This view of things naturally produced great opposition, but in spite of difficulties it was determined to make the attempt and to carry out the experiment on a small scale. From our present standpoint it is curious to look back on this germ, the growth of which began at Hitchin, and to consider the problems which beset the thorny path of the early pioneers of university education for women. First and foremost the question arose whether women were sufficiently aware of the opportunity about to be offered to them, to make them care to avail themselves of it; and then, if they did so care, would they have courage to face the comments of the world on such a novel enterprise? And, again, the practical questions arose, where should the college be situated? would it be possible to procure the services of competent professors? These and other doubtful points were real obstacles in the path.

After much consideration a house was hired at Hitchin—a convenient situation, lying, as it does, half way between Lon-

don and Cambridge, and as near the latter as was in those days thought compatible with the reverence with which the mother university should be approached. Here, therefore, in 1869, six courageous students ventured to open the campaign, and much praise is due to them for the earnestness with which they took up their work, and the perseverance with which they contended against the many difficulties before them. During this time, the Cambridge lecturers who gave instruction at Hitchin showed themselves staunch friends to the new cause: the valuable time occupied in railway journeys was considerable, and great patience must have been needed to teach pupils who, though eager to learn, had had no advantages of preliminary training.

While at Hitchin several students satisfied the Cambridge examiners in the tripos examinations. One took a second class in mathematics, and two were declared to have taken honors in classics, but the examiners objected at that time to giving information, except privately, as to the class obtained in this tripos.

The inevitable discomforts suffered by the students while studying in a house not specially adapted for the purpose, and the probable increase in numbers which would involve addition to the hired house, necessitating building a college to afford sufficient accommodation; a site was accordingly chosen on the only available freehold land—some rising ground near Girton, a village about two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road. The plans chosen were those submitted by Mr. Waterhouse, for a red-brick quadrangular building. It consisted first of one wing only, with rooms for about twenty students, care being taken to secure ground enough to allow of enlarging the building, and also to afford ample space for garden and recreation grounds. The money for the proposed scheme was raised either by loans, or by gifts from friends, and in October, 1873, the new college was advanced enough for the students to take up their residence at Girton.

The accommodation thus provided was, however, in a few more years found insufficient, an increasing number of women being, by this time, anxious to gain the advantages of a university edu-

cation. The building was therefore enlarged in 1873, and then formed two sides of a large quadrangle, with Gothic windows and picturesque gables, accommodating about fifty-five students. The applications for admission again becoming more numerous, the building was once more enlarged, and another wing was thrown out to the east, the whole forming a sort of 'T' shape; the original picturesque plan was departed from in order to secure more healthy conditions of light and air than would have been possible had the orthodox collegiate design been carried out. Additions have also lately been made to the dining-hall and servants' offices, and a handsome library built: the enlargement east and west of the main building prevents the general effect being spoiled by a too uniform regularity. The accommodation is now sufficient for eighty students. A picturesque little lodge was built at the entrance to the grounds in 1882 by the kind liberality of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley.

The fee paid by each student is £35 per term; it is very creditable to the financial administration of the college that out of this sum, which includes tuition, board, and the expenses of carriages to and from all lectures attended in Cambridge, a large sum has already been available to meet the building expenses, though we hope that friends of the movement will be forthcoming to obviate the necessity of too great a demand on these annual profits. Several of the City companies have been liberal in founding scholarships; three valuable scholarships are regularly given by the Clothworkers' Company; recently, similar benefactions have been presented by the Skinners' and Drapers' Companies; the Goldsmiths' Company has also for some time past kindly given help. Gifts of this nature have a special value, since so many of those to whom a university training is almost a necessity for the competent performance of the duties of their profession are unable to secure the requisite funds without the aid of a scholarship.

The course of study pursued by a university man, whether reading for honors or for the ordinary degree, needs no description here; so far as study is

concerned the women students follow exactly the same curriculum, and take the same examination papers as the men, the principal difference throughout their career being in the rewards ultimately obtained for ability shown and work done. Up to 1882 the only substitute for a degree obtainable by a Girton student was a certificate presented by the college committee, as the college remained unrecognized by the university. The Girton examination papers were looked over and marked merely through the courtesy and friendliness on the part of the examiners; and there was not at this time certain provision for adequate teaching, as the valuable help given by the lecturers was not part of their university work. But at a meeting of the Senate in 1882 the question of incorporating women's colleges came up for consideration, and an interesting contest took place, which will long be memorable in the annals of the university. Since this time the university has undertaken to provide teachers and examiners, and has conferred a certificate on all those who satisfy the examiners in the honor examinations. This latter favor does not yet extend to those who take the ordinary degree, and only a college certificate can be obtained by them, although the examinations passed during this course are those the university prescribes for students—viz, the "previous" or "little-go," "general" and "special." "Though much be done, there yet remains a 'grace' to be conferred."

When we consider how often opponents of the movement urge the danger of too great mental strain for women, the present arrangements, which make it necessary for women students to take the most difficult work in order to obtain the official recognition of the university, seem somewhat inconsistent. It has been argued that only women of rare intellectual endowment and earnestness of purpose should undertake a university career, and that if such privilege be allowed to women at all, it should be granted to the few, and in exceptional cases, but the claim of justice can never be satisfied by any such restriction, since both men and women with ordinary abilities may have to earn their own livelihood, and unfor-

tunately the absence of provision does not ensure special intellectual capacities in either sex.

The terms kept at Girton are those prescribed by the university: residence being also allowed under due supervision in the long vacation. But all the social and domestic arrangements, as may naturally be supposed, differ considerably from those of the men's colleges. The rules are wisely chosen, and are not more strict than is necessary for the organization of so large a community, considerable scope being allowed for individual action. Perhaps the most necessary rules are those relating to hours. Each student is required to initial the making roll before 9 A.M., between 11 and 3 P.M., and again between 6 and 7 P.M., unless special leave of absence is given. Students are also obliged to be in the college by 11 P.M., even when permission to spend the evening in Cambridge has been given by the mistress. No masculine visitors except parents and guardians are allowed in the students' rooms; there is a public reception-room, however, where friends may be received subject to the mistress' approval. Students are not allowed to go into college rooms in Cambridge without some chaperone, and no lecture can be missed without leave from the mistress.

Each student has practically two rooms, the sitting-room and bedroom being divided by folding-doors; on the upper corridor, however, the rooms are single, but they are large enough to be divided by a heavy curtain. Girton College has been called one of the most social places in the world, and the household arrangements give every facility for intercourse among the students without unduly encroaching on hours of study. After prayers, breakfast is served in hall, and is on the table till 9 A.M.; luncheon, also in hall, is served from 12 till 3; tea is taken round to the various rooms during the afternoon, so that the hours from 4 to 6, generally devoted to work, may not be interrupted; for dinner all the students assemble together, and the hall presents a lively appearance—upwards of seventy sit at the long tables, and conversation flows merrily. The mistress and resident lady lecturers sit at a smaller table in the picturesque bow-window.

Perhaps the most social gatherings of all are the little teas; trays are taken round to the rooms in the evening, and at about 9 P.M., when work is over, it is the custom to invite friends; very pleasant are these little gatherings where the mistress and lecturers are sometimes present, entering heartily into the discussion, either grave or gay, according to the spirit of the hour. Lights are put out in the corridors at 10 P.M., but there is no restriction as to the hour to which students may remain in each other's rooms, or sit up reading; their own good sense seems to afford a sufficient guarantee in these matters.

Work, as a rule, begins about 9 A.M., and is continued till 12 or 1 o'clock; after luncheon, walks and tennis are the favorite amusements. Students choose their own hours of work, the average amount being six or seven hours a day, according to the course of study: mathematical students usually working shorter hours than classical. Lectures are carefully arranged with reference to the individual needs of the different students, care being taken to avoid undue pressure. The number of lectures taken by a student varies with the particular course of work. Very many lectures in Cambridge, formerly attended by men only, are now open to women, which is a great advantage; and where there are no lectures suitable, or where they are restricted to men, extra lectures can always be arranged in college. Students, as a rule, work in groups, attracted by mutual sympathy or talent, and much praise is due to the kindly help they give to each other, more especially to the new students during their first terms, when the work and arrangements are comparatively unknown. The kind and untiring patience of the lecturers must not pass unnoticed; no trouble is ever spared by helping a student both by explanations of difficult work and by extra papers.

Societies of all descriptions flourish in the college: notable among these are the choral, debating, and Browning societies; there are also various clubs for lawn-tennis, racquets, gymnasium, &c. We must not omit to mention the fire brigade, started some years ago to meet the obvious difficulty and delay in obtaining assistance from Cambridge

in time of need, and also as a means of cultivating prompt action in cases of emergency; the practices are well attended and actively kept up. But in spite of the many social attractions, any reference to the class lists gives ample evidence that the work is not neglected; the much-coveted first honors is now no uncommon achievement, and a high place among wranglers is not unknown.

So far as we have traced the history of this modern social experiment it is clear that the predictions of inevitable and hopeless failure which greeted its first announcement have been forever silenced; the trial has been made, and victory remains with the experimenters; public opinion is beginning to look more leniently on the winning side, and opponents are shifting their ground.

Let it be allowed, however, that the average woman can do the average amount of intellectual work required by our universities; that exceptional women can be found who can take the highest honors; let it be admitted that the facilities for study given to women and all the detailed arrangements of their college life are admirable, the question still remains, how are we better than our forefathers? And, if better, do we not pay too dearly for the new way? Is there not an eternal order in Nature which gives one set of duties to the woman and another to the man; an order which we can but at our peril alter or subvert? Such questions as these belong to these later days. Let us see how far such difficulties can be removed.

To those who regret the good old times in which our grandmothers lived retiring, unobtrusive lives, giving way in all matters intellectual to the opinion of men, who dogmatized with unfailing vigor on every insignificant detail,—to those it is only necessary to point out, that to ask of one age, is it better or worse than another, is merely to state an insoluble problem which can never be fully discussed. Of generations, like individuals, it may mercifully be said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" each has a strength and weakness of its own, while each presents multitudinous points of difference from the other; change is the chief factor with which we have to deal; things are not as they were: how shall we best adapt ourselves

to the new order, how shall we best satisfy the needs of our time?

In comparing the present with the past we cannot fail to notice in intellectual spheres a wider diffusion of superficial knowledge in proportion to what is really known than in former years. Books and pamphlets have been multiplied; questions of deep importance, which were once only touched upon in the study, are now discussed in the drawing-room; as a consequence, ease and readiness in handling known subjects is soon acquired at the expense of accuracy and reverence for the unknown, and this is more especially the case where systematic mental training is absent, because the difficulties in the search after truth are not fully realized, and where there is little depth of thought a passing interest is more easily aroused. Surely in these days, then, there is room for sounder mental training for women. Is it fair to expose them to dangers unknown in former years, and withhold the natural antidote? Besides the new condition with which women have to deal, they are confronted in the present generation with new duties. Let us beware, in appealing to the womanly sphere as eternally distinct from that of men, that we do not assume such a sphere to be already bounded by final limits or incapable of growth or expansion. The needs of our time have altered—so have its duties—there is more work to be done, and women must take their share of the burden. Every year we find an increasing number of women who are compelled to provide for their own maintenance, and a higher principle than that once received leads them to give conscientious work for payment taken, and such supply is met by demand. Work amongst the poor in our own large cities is now possible, and carried out, in ways unknown in former years: but to do good and womanly work amid our complicated modern civilization requires some business capacities and a disciplined judgment, without which the kind heart would inevitably lead astray.

But perhaps the best evidence we can have of the advantages of a thorough education for women in modern times is presented by the various careers after leaving Girton of the women—nearly

two hundred—who have been in residence since the opening of the college. The majority have been occupied in teaching, and certainly more honest work, wider views, deeper insight into character and more tolerant judgment, seem to have been produced by their previous training. At least six high schools have been entrusted to old Girton students, and most of those teaching are to be found in responsible positions. If the system of free competition awards merit to the deserving, then it is clearly proved that for the work of teaching at least, the Girton training has been tried and not found wanting. Others of those women are doing literary work, some are following the medical profession, some are helping "time to take its stand" by laboring in philanthropic and social reform, some even dare after this great "emancipation" to live at home and brighten the life there with the fresh interests and varied thoughts acquired at college—others have become wives and mothers. Thus we see that in many vocations success has been obtained.

Advantages may be offered in vain, it

is true, and opportunities lost; the highest intellectual training does not necessarily ensure wisdom or moral strength, so much needed in the conflict of life; but, nevertheless, we may rejoice that the chance is given to those who can avail themselves of it, and that women are no longer handicapped in the great race before them. Reforms must be worked slowly, and it is well that social experiments should be jealously watched and criticised; we are dealing with human factors, and any failure would produce fatal disaster. But it is the gift of the reformer to see beyond his time, and to estimate the needs of the future while they yet lie dormant and unfelt, and so every revolution of the wheel of human progress throws a new light which dawns with a great surprise on the sleeping world. Time and practical experience alone can prove the genius of the discoverer, and looking back over the history of this educational movement in England, it seems impossible any longer to doubt the foresight of the promoters or to question the ultimate verdict of the world at large.—

Westminster Review.

COUNCILS AND COMEDIANS.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

I FIND it to be the very general opinion of those who, from their position, ought to be able to form a fairly correct one on the subject, that the English Stage, as distinct from the English drama, was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present moment; and they also assert that however low, admittedly, might have been the estimation in which the actor's profession was formerly held by the majority of the community, the professors of the histrionic art are now respected by all classes, except by, here and there, a few narrow-minded individuals who still cling to old-fashioned prejudices; and that, outside certain bigoted circles, the actor's society is courted, and wherever he chooses to appear as a guest he is received with open arms. Not only do the comedians amuse and interest the theatre-going public, but they are the

ornaments of the very highest society; and in the full blaze of light in which they live, move, and have their being, they are, as a body, without fear and without reproach among their fellow-citizens, from the highest to the lowest.

On the hypothesis that the facts will, on examination, bear out the above assertion, I accept, in an unquestioning spirit, and heartily welcome this statement of the case as an unmistakable sign of the spread of a genuinely liberal tone of thought, and as evidence of a marked improvement on such a state of society as unquestionably existed up to within a very recent period.

It is not so much my purpose now to inquire how this change for the better has been brought about, as to ascertain how it ever happened that a calling, which in its rude commencement was almost inseparable from the external

practice of the most solemn religious rites, false as was the object of that worship, and which in later times was one of the most ordinary, as it was one of the most impressive, means of instructing the people in the verities of the Christian faith, should have sunk so low that its followers all over Europe received scant consideration from the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and in England, with which we have specially to do, the majority of them, under certain conditions, were classed by the law with rogues and vagabonds. There is an opinion widely spread, occasionally expressed with more or less distinctness, and where not expressed pretty generally understood, that the Church is primarily responsible for the ill repute into which the stage for so long and so universally had fallen.

Before proceeding I wish to explain that, in this article, "the stage" must be taken first and foremost to mean "professional players." "The drama" includes the stage, and is incomplete without it; for the stage cannot exist without the drama, although the drama, as literature, can exist without the stage. The sins of dramatists have been visited on the performers, and the moral character of dramatic authorship has suffered by the bad reputation of the players. Both actors and authors, though not by any means inseparable, have been for the most part so closely allied as to be tarred with the same brush. In the eyes of the merchant, the tradesman, the noble inheritor of wealth, and the squirearchy, to adopt the profession of any art, or to take to the pen as a means of obtaining a livelihood, has always appeared to be the merest folly, the characteristic of a Ne'er-do-well who preferred the chance of coming in for an occasional feast to the certainty of earning his daily bread by regular attendance to business.

The secrecy usually hitherto necessary at the very outset in adopting the stage as a profession, the chances and changes of the career, its ups and downs, the varied associations, the good-fellowship, the immediate rewards, the triumphs of the theatre, the suddenly achieved celebrity, and then the chance of having the freedom of behind-the-scenes conferred upon the novice who, thenceforward,

can enjoy this coveted privilege as a right, and the fact of belonging to a caste entirely separated from the general public,—all this would exercise a most powerful fascination over the youth possessed of that "artistic temperament" which counts for so much in the consideration of this question, and which is so dangerous to its possessor.

All this, in a less degree, is true of those who prefer gaining their livelihood by painting, sculpture, or music, to the ordinary routine of trade, the counting-house, or to becoming a member of one of the recognized professions. But though the respectable friends of the youth who selects an artistic career would shake their heads over his wilfulness, yet as painting, sculpture, or music involve palpable study, they would not see in it such probabilities of an utterly wasted life, as would at once strike them if he had announced his intention of going on the Stage. The artist in oils or water colors, the scribbler for the paper or for the stage, the composer without pupils, were all, in the opinion of these steady-going, commonplace worthies, wasting their time and doing very little good; but the youth who went on the stage was looked upon as doing positive harm, or at the least as having seriously imperilled his title to respectability, and, by some very strict sectarians, he would be considered as having become a son of perdition.

I shall be quite prepared to hear it stated by those who are incapable of appreciating the case, or who wilfully misunderstand my meaning, that these opinions in regard to the stage as a profession are held by me, and that I myself consider the actor's calling essentially disreputable. I do nothing of the sort; I have never said it, written it, or thought it. It may be accidentally disreputable, just as the clergy of a whole province, at one particular time, may be disreputable. But no unprejudiced person can refuse to acknowledge the fact that the profession of acting, *i.e.* the stage, from almost the earliest times up to within a very few years of the present date, has been considered as incompatible with God-fearing respectability, and with the practice of that outward decorum which should be the visible sign of the well-regulated interior life,

though, as we all know, it is only too frequently "the tribute that vice pays to virtue." I am delighted to think that the theatrical profession is growing in public favor, and that in adopting it an educated lady, possessed of no specially striking histrionic qualifications, but to whom no other employment may happen to be open, will not be any longer looked upon as having sacrificed her social position. The actor's calling has fallen from its high estate, but to this it may, by those who respect themselves, be restored. It will not be uninteresting, then, just at this transitional period of the existence of the English stage, to inquire how it fell into such bad repute? on what the prevailing opinion as to the laxity of its professors was founded? how this opinion grew, by whom was it fostered, and whether the Church is responsible for the opprobrium attached to the name of player, or whether it was not, after all, the players themselves who are alone to blame?

I have already said that the explanation which will be generally given is that the Church was, everywhere and always, the bitter and uncompromising foe of the stage, and that civilised society took its tone from the Church which had condemned the stage, especially and particularly the professional players and all their works. This is what I have heard and seen asserted, and the first part of this assertion is what I am prepared to deny. The Church must always be the bitter and uncompromising foe of evil, and if the stage inculcated evil, if the life of the players as a body was loose and immoral, were the stage, in fact, intrinsically evil, then the Church, as the divinely appointed *censor morum*, with a commission to speak when She judged the occasion fit, could not choose but condemn authors, plays, and players. Wherever such a case arose, the loyal servants of the Church, the watchmen at their posts, warned their people; there was no necessity for the Church to speak authoritatively, authors and players stood self-condemned. The simple question is, has the Church ever pronounced the stage anathema? The answer is clear and emphatic: the Church has never pronounced the stage anathema. But, it will be at once objected, the clergy have

rarely shown themselves favorable to the stage. This, if true, would not suffice to prove that the Church had ever spoken authoritatively on the matter; for what the clergy of any particular time or place, or on any special occasions, or even as a general rule, may do, is not, nor need it represent, the authoritative voice of the Church. Until the Church has condemned the stage, the stage is open to all as an honest profession, in which men and women may save their souls, as well as in the practice of music, dancing, painting, and literature. The conduct of a portion of the French clergy in regard to the burial of Molière must seem to all liberal-minded Christians of the present day morally inexcusable, though not professionally, that is ecclesiastically, indefensible, as I shall presently demonstrate. That it was as a mere question of policy a blunder, there can scarcely be a doubt; but, the case suggests that, with the exception of those good but mistaken men who considered their rigor warranted by the circumstances of the times, the profligate French clergy thought they were in some way compounding with Heaven for their own vices, by their intolerance towards the unfortunate play-actors. I have dealt with this stock historical difficulty at once, as the one most likely to occur to every one, and shall have occasion to return to it again briefly a little later on.

My first point, however, is to show that the degradation of the players' calling was not owing to any authoritative condemnation by the Church.

To do so it will be necessary to refer to the Councils in which the Church has spoken authoritatively on the subject; for what eminent ecclesiastics, or even the greatest fathers of the Church, may have said, or written, on the matter has no more value than what may be derived from their individual or collective weight of character. Such utterances command our respectful attention, but as positive rules of conduct carrying with them the obligation of observance, they have no claim on our obedience.

In the treatise on comedies by Armand, Prince de Conti, written between 1650 and 1665, is to be found a collection of the Church's conciliar pronouncements on the stage; and as some

of these canons were, centuries after their enactment, quoted by Bossuet as applicable to the circumstances of his time, and were adapted to the occasion and actually enforced by the French clergy, their quotation here, with a short reference to their history, will show, not that the Church has ever condemned the stage, but that in Bossuet's opinion (as may be gathered also from the Prince de Conti's preface) French society had returned to that state of paganism for which these disciplinary canons of the Church had been originally intended. Let us now see what they were:—

Council of Elvira, A.D. 305, Canon lxii. The actors who wish to embrace Christianity must renounce their profession.

Canon lxvii. forbids Christians to marry actors on pain of excommunication.

Canon v. of the Council of Arles, A.D. 314. Comedians who continue in their profession after becoming Christians to be excommunicated.

Canon li. of the Council of Carthage forbids all laics to assist at the shows, "because," it adds, "Christians have always been forbidden to go to places which are defiled by blasphemies."

Here it will be at once seen that these canons are directed against the pagan spectacles and the pagan theatrical representations in which the Christian rites were ridiculed in the grossest manner. The canon as quoted by Armand goes on to say it is "*défendu aux Chrétiens d'aller aux lieux où l'on ne fait que des actions désordonnées et honteuses; et où, par conséquent, les Chrétiens, qui y sont présents, font cause que le nom de Dieu est blasphémé par les Infidèles voyant le mépris que les Chrétiens font de la tempérance et de l'honnêteté.*" Now herein is the justification of the action of the French clergy in the seventeenth century; for as society in France was in such a state that the lower classes were brutalised and the upper only "baptised pagans," and as unbounded license was permitted to dramatic authors and players, so that the plots of the pieces were "immodest and scandalous," and the plays could not be witnessed by decent Christians without participation in the sin of the writers and actors, was it not natural that those of the clergy who still possessed a conscience should have considered them-

selves warranted by the circumstances of the time in applying the discipline which the Church had deemed necessary for her children in the third century to some of her children in the seventeenth? The Church had never condemned the right use but the abuse of the stage, never condemned the players except when the profession had disgraced itself, and when it was impossible for a Christian to remain a player and to persevere in the practice of his religion. In the fifth century, the Council of Africa, exercising extreme prudence in its dealings with the spectacles, which were so popular with the people that even the emperors dared not entirely abolish them, demanded that the performances should not be given on holy days nor during the hours of divine service; that Christians should not be compelled to assist at the *jeux défendus* either as actors or spectators, and finally the Church launched her anathemas against those of her children who should disobey the orders and discipline of this Council.

A.D. 398. The Council of Carthage forbade Christians to resort to the theatre instead of church.

In 424 the African Council speaks of "the infamous tribe of comedians" as of a caste apart. Now up to this time paganism had been dying hard. The Christian monks were to the worshipper of the gods a race of "filthy animals, to whom Eunapius is tempted to refuse the name of men;" the Christians, the meanest of mankind, were the objects of public scorn and derision, and their rites and ceremonies were publicly ridiculed on the stage. It was at one of these performances that Genesius, a player, acted the part of a dying man, to whom came two other comedians impersonating a Christian priest and an exorcist, when suddenly the jest became earnest, and Genesius, illuminated by a divine grace, declared himself a Christian. He was immediately martyred, and his festival is down in the Calendar of Saints for the twenty-sixth of August. "Fleury places his death in 303," says Alban Butler, who records the conversion of another comedian A.D. 297, who on the stage was burlesquing the ceremony of baptism.

This then was the sort of stage and players condemned by the Church. As paganism died out, the necessity for disciplinary canons against the "infamous race of comedians" gradually ceased. An imperial edict in 435 forbids shows on Sundays, and releases every one from the penalties of non-attendance. The Council of Arles, 452, re-enacts the canon of 314, and then there is silence on the subject until the Council of Trullo, at the end of the seventh century. Among its canons, which were accepted with a qualifying clause by Pope Hadrian, is to be found a condemnation of comedians, and a decree against spectacles and dances at the theatres on account of their "dissolute and immodest character." At the beginning of the ninth century a provincial council of Chalons-sur-Saone warns priests against "comédiens, les farces, et les jeux deshonestes."

Toward the end of the sixteenth century another provincial council, the Council of Bourges, exhorts all Christians to avoid "as much as possible" dances, public games, comedies, masques, and gambling. But this was only a fatherly admonition, and even if any pains and penalties had been attached, the enactments of a provincial council are not the solemn authoritative pronouncements of the Church.

In all this there is no condemnation of the stage when put to its legitimate use of representing and illustrating the drama, for the instruction of the unlearned, for the recreation of the educated, for the improvement of art, for the edification and the harmless amusement of all classes.

Now we pass to the time when the clergy—and here I limit myself to England—found in the drama a most useful ally in the task of the religious education of the people.

We all know how sacred subjects were alone chosen for dramatic treatment; how the stage was in the church, and how priests, nuns, and scholars were the dramatists; how clerks in orders and lay clerks, with the choirmen and choirboys, were the actors. The audience was the congregation, and when the performance was a very grand one on some great solemnity, the people would come

from far and near to assist at it, making a pilgrimage of devotion to the cathedral town or to the abbey on the occasion.

"In 1509," writes Collier, "acting had become an ordinary occupation; but notwithstanding the patronage extended by the nobility to players, it seems not to have been considered by any means a respectable vocation." Now considering that the representation of plays was originally in the hands of the clergy, and that the subjects were sacred, dramatically treated with the highest object in view, so that by illustrating the mysteries of the Christian faith in such a way as to make a profound and lasting impression on the unlearned audiences, and as these performances were given in churches, the actors being members of religious confraternities assisted by choristers, it is reasonable to suppose that those persons who were selected for the impersonation of such venerable characters as necessarily belong to every sacred drama, would have stood as high in the estimation of their fellow-citizens as at the present day do the exceptionally talented villagers who take the leading parts in the celebrated passion play of "Ober Ammergau." Arthur Pougin, an authority on all matters connected with the stage, while acknowledging that the Christian Church was the nursery of modern dramatic art—he is including acting and authorship—falls into the mistake of saying that the dramatic art was subsequently under the Church's ban. He says, "*C'est donc dans l'Eglise chrétienne que l'art dramatique moderne, qui devoit plus tard être maudit par elle, begaya ses premiers accents,*" and he points out that the first recognised theatrical company with a royal license was the Religious Confraternity of the Passion. Yet even as early as the twelfth century, when these performances of sacred plays were given in the churches under the direction of the clergy, there were not wanting rigorists who objected to the custom, and this apparently not because such representation was in itself wrong, but because the clergy and the ecclesiastics were lowering themselves by temporarily adopting the players' calling; for the players then were vagrants, to

whom a meal might be given out of charity because they were poor, but not because they were players.

"Histriionibus potest dari cibis, quia pauperes sunt, non quia histriones; et eorum ludi non videantur, vel audiantur, vel permittantur, fieri coram Abbate vel monachos."

From this it seems that these *histriones*—whatever may be the precise distinction between *histriones* and *lusores*—were unlicensed itinerant players whose performances had neither the patronage of the nobility nor the sanction of the clergy. It is perfectly intelligible that when the clergy saw the monopoly of dramatic entertainment taken out of their hands, that when they could no longer use the performances solely for the religious education of the people, they refused to countenance a state of things which appeared like an infringement of their rights, and which was tantamount to a repudiation of their claims to direct public amusements by a set of irresponsible persons over whom they could exercise no sort of control. Now in this we may see the germ of an antagonism between the clergy and the stage, for the players, by starting on their own account, acted in direct opposition to the interests of the clergy. I am not now speaking of those players who formed part of the King's household—"his Majesty's servants"—nor of those who belonged to the retinues of the most powerful nobles of the time, but of those who preferred to make a regular livelihood out of their irregular mode of life, who despised authority, and who, under the cloak of the professional itinerant player—if he were lucky enough to possess such an article of apparel—could secrete the material for next day's dinner with which the previous night's poaching had provided him. There was, as there always will be, an indefinable, an irresistible charm about this sort of life to the youth of true artistic temperament. What Mr. Dutton Cook has said of the strolling player is true of him at any time since strolling began. "It was a free, frank, open location he had adopted; it was unprotected and unrestricted by legislative provisions in the way of certificates, passes, examinations, and diplomas. There was no need of ticket, or voucher, or preparation of any kind to obtain ad-

mission to the ranks of the players. . . . But carry a banner, walk in a procession, or form one of a crowd, and you may still call yourself actor, though not an actor of a high class, certainly. The histrionic calling is a ladder of many rungs. Remain on the lowest or mount to the highest—it is only a question of degree—you are a player all the same." Mr. Cook is writing of a much later time, it is true; but though when the first strollers started the circumstances were vastly different, yet the spirit that animated the movement was the same. Then the comedian was recognised and his dress regulated by Act of Parliament. Then, as the players were taken up and patronised by the "nobility and gentry" of that day, the great ecclesiastics could not be behindhand, and luxurious and courtly Churchmen supported their own private performers. Surely these were indeed "the palmy days of the drama!" Cardinal Wolsey had a company of players belonging to his household establishment, whose representations were by no means confined to sacred plays. But the Cardinal was his own licenser of plays, and nothing was said or done in his own hall without his permission; and when John Roo ventured to put into the mouths of the players at Gray's Inn some "free reflections on the clergy" in the presence of the Cardinal, his Eminence had the injudicious author and actor laid by the heels, "degraded and imprisoned." One of the theatrical company kept Roo company in the Fleet on this occasion; but both were subsequently released on its being explained to the Cardinal that he had misapprehended the meaning of the dialogue.

Then came unsettled times, and authors and players alternately held up to ridicule Luther with the Reformers and the Catholic clergy, until an Act of Parliament silenced them; and then later on, impatient of all authority—a characteristic of the artistic temperament—when it became a question of "under which king, Bezonian?" the players plumped for the authority of the Court, and broke there and then with the orthodox clergy. But for this they had to pay a heavy penalty, for the Reformation gave birth to Puritanism, and the player who had turned against the Papist

had to a certain extent to share the persecution with which the latter was assailed, and, unable to practise his calling, he was compelled to beg from door to door, and was probably among the first to feel severely the suppression of those monasteries where their sometime professional rivals, the monks, were bound to relieve their necessities and to give them food, *quia pauperes sunt, non quia histriones*.

Now, had the Church ever authoritatively condemned the stage we should have heard of it from one side or the other; but not a word at present. The testimony came in due time, as we shall see. When Mary ascended the throne, the stage was once more occasionally used for the illustration of sacred subjects, and her Majesty supported music and the drama at the cost of £3,000 a year. Certainly this queen would never have countenanced a form of amusement on which the Church had pronounced anathema. Queen Elizabeth established licensers of plays and of players, and ordered all players not having "the license of two justices of the peace at the least" to be "dealt with as rogues and vagabonds." The clergy had never been so hard upon the poorer players as was the State in the time of Good Queen Bess. The next step was to prohibit all public performances of plays on Sunday, an ordinance indicating the rapid advance of the Puritanism which subsequently was to handle the actors so severely. The Lord Mayor and the City authorities had not been particularly favorable to stage plays at the best of times, and were only too ready to get rid of them out of their jurisdiction. In 1605 the King's Parliament passed "An Act to restrain abuses connected with the Stage."

The necessity for this Act was evidently the taking in vain of holy names, for which the actors were to be fined ten pounds. Two years before this the King had granted his gracious license to William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage & Co., "freely to use and exercise the Arte and facultie of playing Comedies, Tragedies," and so forth; and as this company was not specially exempted by name in the subsequent Act, it may be presumed that they too had fallen into careless ways, and had

brought themselves within its operation. Later on, in 1616, the Drama and the Stage seem to have been in a very bad way. A contemporary publication, which appeared in the year of Shakespeare's death, after owning that the profession of player was "at the first both a glory and a commendation"—so that by the action of players "vice was made odious, virtue set on a throne of imitation, punishment warranted to the wicked, reward afforded to the well-deservers,"—proceeds to affirm that now, in 1616, "Player is a name of contempt," and gives sufficient reason for this deterioration, bringing heavy charges against the comedians and the dramatists. The paper goes on to say that if "the player has no better support than his profession, he is neither admitted in public, nor, if he be a roamer, dare he justify himself in private, being a flat rogue by the statute." In this last paragraph the distinction is clearly shown between the licensed and unlicensed player; yet both, as players, are considered disreputable.

Later on, 1625, a short treatise was published by the authority of Parliament, in which the Roman Church and the Popes are distinctly charged with having fostered and encouraged plays and players; and it quotes certain fatal accidents that had happened during theatrical performances given by Pope Nicholas V. in 1450, and by the Jesuits in 1607—dates rather wide apart—as indicating the Divine displeasure with all such wicked representations. What can be stronger evidence for my purpose? I assert that the Church has never condemned the Stage. The Church's deadliest enemies charge her with having encouraged it.

Gradually, with the growth of Puritanism, every man's hand was against the poor players, and whether they were licensed or unlicensed did not make much difference to Boanerges Hewthem-asunder, who classed them with Papists, and considered them as all on the broad path leading to eternal destruction. But the players had brought it on themselves. Puritan and player had despised the clergy, and now, freed from all ecclesiastical and royal restraint, the Puritan fell tooth and nail on the player. The player had at one

time incurred the displeasure of the clergy, but he had been taken into favor again, and when he could not keep a civil tongue in his head the law properly bitted and bridled him. With the Restoration came a great reaction in favor of the drama and of actors, and—a novelty in England—of actresses. No return to the palmy days of the drama, when the players were under the patronage of his Eminence and the clergy, was possible. There was a new and great attraction in the first appearance on the English stage of an English actress, and unfortunately for the respectability of the innovation, she was not a lady of irreproachable character.

That the female element should have been first introduced on the Stage at the most openly licentious period of our national history was not an unmixed blessing to the player's profession. The good reputation of any artistic calling, as a profession to be socially honored, depends entirely upon the moral worth of its professors. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus;" and therefore had the introduction of actresses created a marked improvement in the moral tone of the theatrical profession, it would have been a turning-point in the social history of the Stage, and puritanical prejudices against the comedians would have gradually yielded to the clear evidence afforded by the virtuous lives of the players, especially of the actresses. But the case was generally otherwise; and in a loose and immoral time dramatists pandered to the prevailing taste. Actors and actresses were only the puppets of the dramatist on the stage, while, off it, they were but men and women beset by exceptional temptations. Except we go back to the "Confraternity of the Passion," it is difficult to select a period when to belong to the theatrical profession was in itself considered as conferring an honorable distinction. Now I am not to be understood as meaning that the player's profession is not abstractedly an honorable one, nor as meaning that it cannot be and ought not to be so. Very far from it. The honest following of Art in all its various forms is ennobling; and as to be an actor is to practise in one department of Art, the conclusion is obvious. If, then, the

Church has never condemned the Stage as such, if at its commencement the clergy encouraged and fostered it, if royalty and the nobility patronised it, how comes it that, even when the players were all men, the profession was in disrepute; that the law in early times treated them as vagabonds; that in later days, and during the Puritan ascendancy, they were cruelly persecuted; and that afterward, when the players were once more in favor with the public, the actor's profession was never held as one worthy of adoption by educated gentlemen and gentlewomen? The answer is, that this profession would have been esteemed as honorable, but for its professors.

It is as incorrect to say that the Stage, as such, is under the ban of the Church, because at certain times She has condemned particular abuses of the theatre, as it would be to say that the Church had condemned Literature, as such, because the Congregation had placed a certain book on the Index. However we may account for the low estimation in which the theatrical profession has been generally held, it certainly is not due to any authoritative condemnation by the Church, whose ministers have generally encouraged true dramatic art, as they have fostered both music and painting.

Voltaire, who certainly would have charged the Church with intolerance toward the players could he have done so with the slightest chance of remaining uncontradicted, knew perfectly well on whom to lay the blame, when he wrote about Crébillon's obsequies: "Pourquoi trahir les comédiens plus mal que les Turcs?" he asks. "Ils sont baptisés; ils n'ont point renoncé à leur baptême. Leur sort est bien à plaindre. Ils sont gagés par le Roi et excommuniés par les curés." This is exactly stated. The clergy, at their own risk, had refused the sacraments to the players. But the Church had not excommunicated them, and the scandal about the mass said by the Curé Huot at Crébillon's funeral seems to have been the result of private jealousies and party squabbles. In a former article I quoted Monseigneur Affre's answer to M. Regnier, when the latter asked him to obtain the removal of the Church's excommunication of the comedians. "There

is no excommunication to remove," was Archbishop Affre's reply. "The sacraments of the Church are open to all French players as they are to the comedians in all Catholic countries."

In Molière's case the fault lay entirely with Monseigneur Harlay, not by any means a model archbishop; and even in this instance, as M. Auguste Vitu has pointed out, it was to the remains of Molière as the author of *Tartuffe*, and not to the comedian, that religious rites were refused; and the same writer reminds us that it was this very Monseigneur Harlay who, in 1672, gave his special sanction for a magnificent religious service at the funeral of Madeleine Bejart, actress, and so publicly styled in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

No one connected with the Stage has its social advancement as a profession more at heart than I have, and I do not consider its true interests best served either by silence or by refusing to look facts in the face, acknowledging faults, and recognising the necessity for reform. One glaring blot is the style of

advertisements for actors and by actors in their what may fairly be called "trade journal." What was to be gathered from the advertisements that appeared from time to time, intimating that only sober actors need apply for the engagement in question? These and others of an objectionable character were a reproach to a profession which hoped to find its recruits among educated gentlemen and gentlewomen. Such advertisements may have been exceptional, they may be nowadays still rarer; in the future I hope they will be impossible; and I sincerely trust that those who, respecting themselves and loving their art, are working together for the good of their profession, will not be satisfied until they are in a position to claim for the Stage the same recognition as is accorded to the Royal Academy and kindred institutions. So, as Mat Flecknoe has it, "Thus much suffices it briefly to have said of all that concerns our Modern Stage, only to give others occasion to say more."—*Fortnightly Review*.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

Quest' una ha non pur sè fatta immortale
Col dolce stil di che il miglior non odo,
Ma può qualunque, di cui parli o scriva,
Trar del sepolcro, e far ch' eterno viva.

ARIOSTO.

THE life of Vittoria Colonna extended over the years from 1490 to 1547. This period covered the occurrence of the most remarkable events, and included the careers of many of the most eminent men who lent such distinction to Italy and to Europe in the sixteenth century. Two years after her birth Columbus sailed on his first great voyage, and Rodrigo Borgia purchased the Papacy. Luther was born in 1483; Savonarola was burned in 1498. She was the contemporary of Karl V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., and also of Rabelais. Her husband was the hero of the battle of Pavia, and she lived in the time of the Sack of Rome. During her lifetime occurred the Reformation, and, in Italy, some years of the counter-Reformation.

She belongs to the Renaissance, and knew the restorers of Italian literature. Of princely rank, of distinguished genius, of loftiest character, she was a woman of the Renaissance; and yet, in virtue of her individualism, was much more than a woman of the Renaissance. Her great works were her poems, her letters, and her life. She witnessed the most troublous time of Italy. She knew, or knew of, the Popes of the Renaissance, Paolo II., the unspeakably infamous Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., the loathsome monster Alexander VI., Julius II., the sumptuous Pagan, Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., Paul III. All that was noble and fair, much that was foul and base, of that distracted time was known of her and knew her. She passes among

all the murky clouds of the vile time like a pure moon that we know to be stainless, even when it is hidden from full view by shadow and by mist.

In Italy there was no central government and no controlling power; the country was not a nation. Incessant strife produced constant misery. The "trade of war" produced continual *condottiere* warfare in a hapless land; and the soldier by profession, the hiring of arms, was as fully developed in Italy in the first half of the sixteenth century as he became afterwards in Germany in the Thirty Years' War. The princes, republics, nobles, if not quarrelling with the Papacy, were fighting among themselves. The land was torn by the hatred and jealousy of State against State, of party against party, of family against family. Rancors, intrigues, hostilities, raged incessantly; and the distractions of politics co-existed with the utmost depravity of public and of private morals.

The ceaseless petty warrings of the despots with the *condottieri* opened a path for the stranger into Italy; but the great foreign powers—as France, Spain, Germany—each one of which was a compact and homogeneous nationality, would not, when called in, fight merely to attain petty Italian ends, and soon treated the lovely but distracted land as a battlefield for the objects of their own ambition. The feudal system did not really exist in Italy, and the rule of the despots, depending upon the help of mercenary soldiers, was based upon force and fraud; while tyranny relied upon crime when force fell short. They acquired illegally and ruled ruthlessly. Ezzelino da Romano, Gian Maria Visconti, Barnabo Visconti, are types of the true Italian despot. "The corruption of the Papal Court involved a corresponding moral weakness throughout Italy." Machiavelli says that the Papacy caused the moral depravation and political disunion of Italy. Guicciardini writes: "It would be impossible to speak so ill of the Roman Court, but that more abuse would not be needed, seeing it is an infamy, an example of all the shames and scandals of the world." Machiavelli, the admirer of Cesare Borgia, the Duc de Valentinois, writes:—

Italy was more enslaved than the Hebrews, more downtrodden than the Persians, more

disunited than the Athenians; without a chief, without order; beaten, despoiled, mangled, overrun, subject to every sort of desolation. . . . The contrast between the sacerdotal pretensions and the personal immorality of the Popes was glaring. . . . A succession of Popes filled the holy chair with such dramatic propriety, displaying a pride so regal, a cynicism so unblushing, so selfish a cupidity, and a policy so suicidal, as to favor the belief that they had been placed there in the Providence of God to warn the world against Babylon. . . . Undisguised sensuality, fraud cynical and unabashed, policy marching to its end by murders, treasons, interdicts and imprisonments, the open sale of spiritual privileges, commercial traffic in ecclesiastical emoluments, hypocrisy and cruelty studied as fine arts, theft and perjury reduced to system—these are the ordinary scandals that beset the Papacy; yet the Pope is still a holy being. He rises from the bed of harlots to unlock or bolt the gates of Heaven and Purgatory.

Strong, indeed, are the pictures of the Papacy of the Renaissance painted by contemporary and Catholic Italian historians; and the amplest information on the subject will be found in Mr. J. A. Symonds's admirable work on the Renaissance, from which the latter two passages are quoted. Into such a world Vittoria Colonna was born; and, among so much that was profligate, venal, wanton, blasphemous, dissolute, and depraved, she kept herself unspotted from the world which surrounded her, and walked her lofty path in purity, in sanctity, in nobleness, and, mainly, in solitude of the sad soul.

The gloom and austerity of the Middle Ages produced, in part, the license and the crime of the Renaissance. The emancipation of the conscience was co-existent with the stupefaction of the conscience. Sensuous enjoyment took the place of sombre rigor. The reaction was great, and resembled somewhat the change from our Commonwealth to the Restoration. Manners both softened and depraved. Its literature is the true type of the poison-flower period of the re-birth, and the animal joy of life which succeeded to centuries of repression is reflected in the writings of the Renaissance. Monkish legends gave place to Pagan poetry. As you disinter a Pompeii, so the Renaissance dug out the classical humanities and the antique culture of Greek and Roman literature. In restoring joy to life they divorced religion from morality, and revelled in the very wantonness of new-found freedom.

One consequence of the spirit of the rebirth was the emancipation of women, who emerged from the comparative seclusion to which they had been condemned in the Middle Ages into liberty—a liberty which soon degenerated into boundless license. It was a godless and a shameless time, but yet “natures rich in all capacities, and endowed with every kind of sensibility, were frequent in it.”

Vittoria Colonna was born in 1490 at Castel Marino, a fief of the Colonna family, a hill fortress perched upon one of the Alban summits between Rome and Terracina. Close together were castles of a similar type belonging to the great princely baronial houses of Colonna, of Orsini, of Savelli. These great old races had risen to their highest power and glory in the second half of the thirteenth century; but, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, they had been greatly depressed by the superior influence of the new *nepoti* families, which were, in fact, composed mainly of the bastards of Cardinals and of Popes. The father of Vittoria, a Christian name which she derived from a great aunt of the Malatesta house, was Fabrizio Colonna; and her mother was Agnese di Montefeltro, the youngest daughter of the Duke Federico d'Urbino and of a lady of the house of Sforza of Pesaro. Fabrizio Colonna was Grand Constable of Naples, the lord of Paliano, and Prince of Tagliacozzo. Vittoria came of noble descent and of distinguished historical race. She was born into stirring and troublous times; but, while the public events which surrounded her youth are well known to us, there is but scanty record of her childhood or her girlhood. Her early biography is a blank, except that we find her, in her childhood's years, betrothed to Ferrante Francesco d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara. This betrothal was brought about by the young king Ferrante II. (Ferrandino) of Naples, who desired to cement the coalition in his favor of the great barons by a union between the daughter of his *condottiere* supporter Colonna, and the leading representative of those noble Spanish families which had settled in Italy. When Charles VIII. made his fruitless promenade into Italy (1494) Colonna supported French interests, but had afterwards, with the political

levity which was the fashion of the times, seen it good to transfer his allegiance to the Neapolitan monarchy.

Inigo d'Avalos, son of the Conte de Ribadeo, Constable of Castile, accompanied his king, Alfonso of Aragon, to Italy, when Alfonso sought to enforce his claim to Naples against René of Anjou. This Spanish grandee had two sons, Alfonso and Inigo. Their mother was Antonia d'Aquino, sister of the childless Marchese di Pescara, whose title and estates descended to his elder nephew, while the younger, Inigo, received from Ferrante the title and accompanying possessions of Vasto. Alfonso, Marchese di Pescara, was treacherously killed, in 1495, in the fight round the Castel Nuovo, in Naples. He had married Diana de Cordona, a lady of a noble Spanish-Neapolitan house; and King Ferrandino was very early active in arranging a match between the young Ferrante Francesco, son of Alfonso, and the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna.

This marriage took place on the 27th of December, 1509, at Ischia. The young couple moved to Naples, and the early days of Vittoria's married life were passed amid the rich nature and splendid scenery of the siren city by the sea.

The marriage was one of policy, and was arranged by parents and by politicians; but it is certain that there was on the side of Vittoria a passionate and steadfast love for her young husband. Whatever he afterwards became, the Marquis of Pescara was, at the time of his marriage, young, gallant, chivalrous, courteous; and Vittoria, whose generous nature was full of genius and of grace, could, and did, idealise the showy young cavalier. Vittori Sommarino said later of Pescara that he was proud, envious, cruel; without religion or humanity. No historian of that day would reckon perfidy or intrigue as faults in the character of a *condottiere* chieftain; and it is clear that the lover of her youth remained throughout her life enshrined in the faithful memory of the noble Vittoria. The politician must be distinguished from the lover and the husband, and Pescara was so constantly absent from his wife that his image could suffer little injury from his personal presence. Indeed, the lives of the Marchese and Marchesa di Pescara were

typical lives of lady and of knight during those stormy times. The lord, exposed to danger, wounds, and death, was nearly always away from home, occupied in incessant warrings; while the lady spent the weary and lonely hours in her castle, thinking the long thought, and looking anxiously for the news, good or bad, which came so seldom. Vittoria occupied herself sedulously with culture, and, in so far, was better off than many other ladies of her day; but she had none of the lighter distractions, or illicit attachments, which, in so many other cases, winged the flight of time and quickened the lonely hours. Her strenuous and lofty spirit lived in widowhood during her lord's frequent absences. Her first poem, a sonnet to her husband, paints pathetically the lot of woman and man when they are separated by cruel wars. She longs to be with him, to share his dangers, toils, and conflicts. When Pescara returned home, Isabella d'Aragona, sister of King Ferrandino, said to him, "I wish I were a man, Lord Marquis, if it were only to receive wounds in the face, as you have done, and to see if the scars would become me as they do you." Isabella spoke the thought of Vittoria. These wounds were received by Pescara at the battle of Ravenna (1512), a French victory, saddened for the French by the death of Gaston de Foix. Fabrizio Colonna and Pescara were both engaged at Ravenna, and the father of Vittoria was taken prisoner and was sent to Ferrara, then under the rule of Alfonso d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia. In the time of the Renaissance the ransom of prisoners was a matter of trade, and captivity was not harsh. Colonna was well treated at the Court of Ferrara, and refreshed himself, after the toils of war, by a little love affair with Nicolina Trotti, a beautiful lady in waiting on the Duchess.

Pescara had behaved with distinguished gallantry. He led a body of four hundred light horse, which was always in the thickest of the fight. The Marchese was severely wounded, and received two hurts in the face. He was taken prisoner; was sent first to Ferrara and thence to Milan, where he was ransomed for 6,000 ducats. His wife was all the while at Ischia. During his Milan captivity Pescara attended the

funeral of the heroic Gaston de Foix. It is on record that, at Ravenna, Colonna wore six great feathers in his helmet, and these were preserved by the Ferrarrese Duke's brother, Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. The son of Inigo, Conte del Vasto, and of Laura Sanseverino, was left an orphan; and the childless Marchesa di Pescara took upon herself the charge of the young Alfonso d'Avalos. In later life the Marchese del Vasto showed signs of her training of his boyhood by valiant captaincy and by writing verses. In the next year (1513) we find Pescara at his old work of fighting. This time the theatre of war was Lombardy, and Pescara was joined in command with Ramon di Cardona. Pescara took Genoa, and, together with Prospero Colonna, defeated the Venetians at Vicenza. Vittoria's life was sad, lonely, thoughtful. She felt pride in her husband's glory and success; but there is good ground for believing that she suffered much from his continual absences.

In the shifting scene of Italian politics great changes were introduced by the rise of new actors. In 1513 Julius II. died, and was followed by Leo X., who entered upon the pontificate with the avowed and cynical principle, *Godiamoci il Papato, poichè Dio ce l'ha dato*. In 1515, Louis XII. was succeeded by Francis I., and the new French king and the new Pope became allies. In 1519 Charles V. succeeded Maximilian I.

During these years the evidence about the life of Vittoria Colonna is meagre. Her husband was but little with her, and she lived the quiet life of solitude and of thought. In 1517 a splendid marriage was celebrated at Ischia, at which she certainly was present. Costanza d'Avalos, sister of Alfonso del Vasto, wedded Alfonso Piccolomini, Duke of Amalfi. In the same year, Bona, daughter of Isabella of Aragon, married, at Naples, King Sigismund of Poland; and Vittoria Colonna was, perhaps, the most distinguished of the lofty ladies who appeared in the bride's train. We have a picture of Vittoria as she took part in the splendid ceremony. By her horse walked six equeuries. Her robe was of crimson brocade and velvet, with a hood of gold, worn under a barrett-cap of crimson silk. Her noble and earnest beauty adorned the royal procession. Her attendants

were six young ladies, of noble houses, attired in light blue damask. Pescara arrived on the evening of the nuptials, and, on the following day, he accompanied the new queen to Apulia. About this period Galeazzo di Tarsia conceived a passion for the fair Marchesa, who applauded the poet, but repulsed the lover. After the wedding march the funeral dirge, and death became busy with the race and relatives of the Colonnas. In 1516 her elder brother, Federico, died. In 1520 she lost her father, and two years later, her mother. Of her own family, her brother, Ascanio Colonna, was the only one left.

We next find her (although the year is uncertain) in Rome, and with her husband. It is probable that, during this Roman visit, she became first acquainted with Pietro Bembo, and with Jacopo Sadoletto; with Baldassare Castiglione, and with Gian Matteo Giberti. It was the splendid time of Leo X.'s papacy, and the Pope had just given the red hat to Pompeo Colonna, the nephew of Prospero Colonna. Leo X. was well disposed toward the house of Colonna. It is certain that Vittoria saw all that was noble, gifted, fair, at the then Court of Rome.

It is not clear at which date she first met Ariosto in Rome, but it may have been during the visit of which we are now speaking. "No one can be surprised," says Ariosto, "if I praise her (Vittoria Colonna) above all other women, since she stands high above all envy." His mention of her is so warm and full that he must have known her personally; and they could only have met in Rome. Different as their character and tendencies were, she had yet some sympathetic relations with the passionate and gifted poet, Francesco Maria Molza, who wrecked his life so early amid the characteristic excesses of the sensual and dissolute Renaissance.

The reputation of Vittoria Colonna was rapidly spreading among the cultured classes of the Renaissance time. Not only was she known to her own class, to princes and to nobles, but she was recognised by the followers of Ariosto and the disciples of Boccaccio.

In May 1521, Leo X. concluded an alliance with Karl V.; and Prospero Colonna and Pescara were appointed

leaders of the Imperial Papal forces. Pescara was childless, and his heir was the young Alfonso del Vasto. The Marquis hesitated to expose the young heir to the dangers of war; but it is a characteristic trait of his noble wife that she said to her husband—"Take the lad with you. If an accident should happen to him, even if your family should end with him, that were a lesser evil than it would be if the glory of your ancestors should be lessened by the inactivity of your successor." The heroic poetess, Vittoria, could a warrior's feelings share, and weep a warrior's shame, buckle the spurs upon his heel, and send him forth to fame. She could not sympathise with a knightly heir who should shun danger and dread war. She herself presented a tent to young Alfonso, and over the entrance she embroidered the words, once applied to Vespasian—"Never less idle than when most at peace."

In August 1521, the war began. The French, supported by Venice and by Alfonso d'Este, could not save Parma from the clutch of Pescara, who, on the 19th of November, succeeded, after a bloody fight, in taking Milan. On the 1st of December Leo X. died suddenly. His death caused a momentary interruption to military operations; but on the 27th of April, 1522, Lautrec, assisted by Italian and Swiss troops, attacked Prospero Colonna and Pescara, who defeated him at Bicocca. Pescara took and plundered Genoa; and French conquests in Italy shrank to very few possessions. On the 17th of August the new Pope, Adrian VI., arrived from Barcelona. His reign was short, and on the 19th of November, 1523, Clement VII. was chosen Pope. The Constable Bourbon deserted his own people, and went over to Karl V.—a step pregnant with after-consequences for Rome and for Italy.

Vittoria Colonna was delighted with the accession of Clement VII.; but she did not foresee the evils which the weak and vacillating bastard of Giuliano dei Medici would bring upon Italy. Clement, being confused, thought himself profound. He caused the Sack of Rome, and met the Reformation by the Inquisition.

Once more Vittoria saw her husband,

who, in October 1522, was with her, for three days, in Naples. It is probable that this was the last meeting of warring husband and of lonely wife. "I have leisure in plenty," she wrote to Giberti, with whom she carried on an active correspondence. She also knew Francesco Berni; and showed herself to be, in part, a woman of her time by an inexplicable intimacy with the abominable Pietro Aretino. Through the life of Vittoria the blare of trumpets alternates with the still pursuits of literature, with sonnets and with letters—*Rime e Lettere*. Clement hoped, by temporising, to establish peace between Charles and Francis; and Vittoria wrote a letter to the Pope congratulating him upon his vain efforts.

Meanwhile Pescara found always his dearest action in the tented field. Bourbon gave him (1523) the post, under himself, of general captain of the army which defeated the French at Robecco; which destroyed the French camp at Biagrasso; which won the fight at Romagnano, in which Bayard was killed. Pescara treated the wounded and dying Bayard with chivalrous courtesy. Bourbon wrote to the Emperor to excuse himself, while explaining that, without orders from the Emperor, he had appointed Pescara to so high a post because he considered that the services of the warlike Marquis were most valuable to his Majesty, and because Pescara was fully worthy of such an honor. Karl V. would, for some now unknown reason, seem to have somewhat distrusted Pescara. The Emperor may, however, have known many things which have now fallen very dark to us.

Burning to retrieve French fortunes in Italy, Francis I., flushed with hopes of easy victory, hurried to the scene of war. The Imperial leaders were prepared to receive him; and, on the 24th of February, 1525, was fought the renowned battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. and his army were made prisoners.

The hero of Pavia, on the Imperialist side, was the Marchese di Pescara. He planned the attack. He advised and encouraged Lannoy. Though bleeding from three serious wounds, he continued to fight desperately, in the very thick of the battle; and he was there where the

flower of the French nobility—La Tremouille, La Palice, Saint Pol, De Foix, Bonnivet—fell, before Francis surrendered.

Pescara became highly dissatisfied with the Emperor. He found Lannoy preferred before him; and there was a further cause of complaint. The death of Prospero Colonna left the countship of Carpi in the Emperor's gift. Pescara applied for it, and his application was refused by Charles. The Emperor, however, was pleased to write a letter of thanks and praise to Vittoria Colonna. He speaks with recognition of her husband's bravery, experience in war, and successful leading; and suggests that the Marquis may well expect from the Imperial gratitude due reward for his long and brilliant services.

Vittoria, who doubtless shared her husband's feelings of discontent, was in Ischia when this letter reached her. On the 1st of May she replied to the Emperor. Her letter is proud and dignified, nor is a touch of sarcasm wanting. She refers to the devotion of her husband, and of her whole house, to the Emperor; and says that their long and true services were not unworthy of the gracious gratitude of his Imperial Majesty. She adds, that she desires Imperial recognition, not out of greed or desire for advantage, but because due recognition and reward would be only a fitting acknowledgment of such zeal. She is conscious that she herself has deserved much of his Majesty, inasmuch as she has always been willing that her husband should incur so many dangers for the Emperor, instead of enjoying peace at her side. "I am proud of my own name," she declares.

Her letter would not seem to have had much effect upon the obstinate and suspicious monarch, who distrusted Italians, and favored Spaniards and Netherlanders. No rewards or honors were conferred upon Pescara, who had become somewhat impoverished during his long and active military career. Indeed, both Pescara and Del Vasto died in disgrace with Charles. The importance of Pescara was, however, fully recognised by the enemies of Charles, who knew the Marchese's profound dissatisfaction with his treatment by the great Emperor, and Pescara's loyalty was exposed to temptation.

The Papacy and France were both opponents of Karl V., and a plan was concerted in Paris and in Rome which had for its object the destruction of the Imperial power in Italy. Girolamo Morone, Grand Chancellor of the Sforza's Duchy of Milan, confided the intrigue, as a secret, to Pescara; and sought to detach the discontented warrior from his allegiance, by offering him both the command of the allied armies which were to fight against Charles and the crown of Naples. Vittoria, it would appear, dissuaded her injured husband from engaging in the plot. Pescara was, perhaps, at first dazzled by the splendid bribe, and felt that the unrewarded could revenge; but, whether actuated by loyalty or by policy, perhaps because convinced that the coalition would have no chance of success against the powerful Emperor, he decided not to cast in his lot with Rome and France and Italy.

The step which Pescara took was highly characteristic of the days of Machiavelli. He concealed Antonio de Leyva behind the arras, and caused Morone, who did not know of the hidden hearer, to repeat all the plot. Pescara then wrote a full account of the whole intrigue to Karl V.; and remarks in his letter, "such practices do not suit me." He refers, of course, to the proposals of Morone, and not to the manner in which he, Pescara, had outwitted the astute Chancellor.

Morone had been led to believe that Pescara was fully inclined to join the enemies of Karl V.; but he was rudely undeceived. Pescara, who was lying ill at Novara, invited Morone to join him there. The Chancellor arrived, full of trust in his supposed coadjutor, and was arrested in the name of the Emperor and imprisoned in the castle of Pavia. From Pavia, Pescara marched to Milan, and once more seized city and castle in the name of Karl V. Francesco Sforza was a prisoner.

But the long warrings and intrigues of Pescara were about to cease. He had not recovered from the wounds received at Pavia, when he was seized with serious illness at Milan. After the fashion of the day, his illness was attributed to poison; but there is, perhaps naturally enough, no evidence now extant that would support the suspicion. He summoned his wife to Milan; but when she

arrived at Viterbo, Vittoria learned that her husband was no more. On the 25th of November, six-and-thirty years of age, died Ferrante d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara.

He was buried in Naples; but the monument, which was to bear an inscription by Ariosto, was never completed. The victor of Pavia rests in the vaults of the royal line of Aragon in the church of San Domenico Maggiore.

By his will Pescara chose Alfonso del Vasto as his heir. He left to his widow considerable sums of money, encumbered with heavy debts—debts which would seem to have been contracted mainly in the service of the ungrateful Emperor.

Pescara had left but a tarnished name in Italian history. Gucciardini attacks him with peculiar bitterness. Of Spanish descent, and with Imperial leanings, Pescara was no Italian patriot; but his convictions, such as they may have been, coincided with his ambitious *condottiere* career. In his dealings with Morone, Pescara no doubt thought that he was outwitting a traitor by treachery; and his treachery was of a kind which the political morality of the day would wholly approve.

Paolo Giovio, in his "Life of Pescara," mentions a letter (not now extant) which was written by Vittoria to her husband when the crown of Naples was dangling before his eyes. She reminded Pescara of his magnanimity, in which quality he surpassed many kings. Not, she says, through extent of territory or greatness of title, but through noble sentiments, do men attain to the true honor which descends without blemish to later times. She does not care to be the wife of a king; but she is proud of being the wife of a great captain, who, through courage in war, through magnanimity in peace, has overcome the greatest kings. A noble letter, which shows that, though a daughter of Italy, Vittoria ranked fidelity to Karl V. more highly than devotion to the cause of Italy; and proves that to the last she estimated highly her husband's prowess, wisdom, and political attitude. She was an opponent of Morone's schemes.

II.

Vittoria Colonna is now a widow, com-

paratively young, still beautiful, high-souled, cultured. The second division of her life—that of widowhood—has been entered upon. Love, for her, was buried in Pescara's grave. Her widowhood was a time of sorrow, of song, of friendship, of saintly life. She had always lived the lonely, inner life; but while yet a wife her loneliness was the solitude of separation, and not the terrible void which was afterwards caused by death. During the lifetime of her husband she had almost effaced herself, politically; but after his death she stood in nearer relation to public events and to the eminent actors in the struggles of politics. She saw more of poets and of popes; she mixed more with nobles and with politicians. Italy was a geographical expression, indicating a land torn by internal dissensions, the seat of the Papacy, but also the battle-ground of the marauding foreigner, the divided booty of the stranger. Her interest in Italy was devoted chiefly to its literature and its religion. Karl V. did nothing for the widow of Pescara, and her fortune was never large. We know her residing places; we know the public, and even the private events which affected her; we know her intimates, and, through letters and sonnets, by means of the records of contemporaries, we can attain to some insight into her inner or spiritual life. In her correspondence she has—as she also has in her poetry—two styles. One style is tainted with the affectation, the adulation, the *concelli* of her land and time; while the other is fervent, sincere, natural, and vital. Her *Rime spirituali* are the fairest outcome of her poetical talent. In them she rose to her highest flight. In them she imitated no model and followed no master. In them is mirrored the purity of her soul, the loftiness of her character, the truth of her religion.

It is interesting to note which contemporary books, in prose as in poetry, she liked best. One of these is Baldassare Castiglione's *Cortegiano*. This treatise may be called an "essay on the character of the true gentleman as he appeared in Italy," a country in which, in the days of Castiglione, he could only seek secular advancement as a courtier to some prince or noble. *Il Cortegiano*

was shown to Vittoria in manuscript; the book was published, in print, in 1528, by Aldus, in Venice. She was delighted with the treatise. She writes to Castiglione: "Never have I seen a work in prose which has pleased me better, or so much as this one; nor is any other to be named with it." Next speaks the true *virago*, or learned woman of the sixteenth century, when she adds, critically: "He who writes in Latin distinguishes himself, according to my judgment, from those who write in other tongues. He is like a goldsmith compared with one who works in copper. . . . Your style in the vulgar tongue attains to such dignity that it may be compared with any work written in Latin. It does not surprise me that you should have depicted a perfect nobleman, because, as a model for such a one, you have only to look in your mirror." Her praise was warm and high, generous and graceful.

The first period of her widowhood she spent as a boarder in the convent of *San Silvestro in Capite* at Rome. Clement VII. dissuaded her from taking the veil, for she seems at first to have desired to accept a nun's vows. She sang spontaneously out of a full heart, and wrote many sonnets to the memory of the husband whom death had made for her heroic. She calls Pescara *il mio bel sole*; *mio lume eterno*; and bewails her bereavement while she idealises his glory. But trouble was near at hand for Rome and for the Papacy. The Pope, Venice, Florence, and Francesco Sforza allied themselves with the French king. The answer of Karl V. was the sack of Rome, which began on September 20, 1527. The troops of the Constable Bourbon (who was killed in the assault) and of Frundsberg, seized the very Vatican, and Rome was given up to pillage and to slaughter. During the siege Vittoria was conducted by her brother, Ascanio, to Marino, and from Marino she retreated to Naples and to Ischia. Of course the turbulent Colonnas were attached to the interests of Karl V., and, after peace was restored in Rome, the Colonnas became objects of dire Papal vengeance. Cardinal Pompeo was thrust out of the Sacred College, and many of the Colonna possessions were given to

the flames. Vittoria sought, but vainly, to appease the Papal anger through the intervention of Giberti.

Guicciardini gives a full and vital picture of the sack of Rome in 1527. Byron sings it in "The Deformed Transformed," in which the soldiers' chorus rises:—

Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon
To plunder old Rome!

Spaniards, Italians, Germans, revelled in the pillage of the seven-hilled city; and the misery was great. Clement VII. returned, on the 6th of October, 1528, to Rome; but the Pope was visibly nearing his end. Vittoria was in Rome when Clement returned to it. The "Lady's Peace" of Cambrai led to a cessation of hostilities between Karl V. and Francis I., and Ascanio Colonna was restored to favor in Rome.

Vittoria's only brother was married to Giovanna d'Aragona, the daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Montalto, who was a natural son of King Ferrante I.

Giovanna was a celebrated beauty, whose charms received the homage alike of painter and poet. In the *Orlando Furioso*, Ariosto sings that all other beauty paled before that of Giovanna. Raffaele painted her portrait, which, hanging in the Louvre, was long wrongly described as that of Queen Joanna. Vittoria stood in close intimacy with her sister-in-law, who was of distinctive intellectual power, of manly courage, and of sincere piety. Vittoria addressed to her a sonnet, of subtlest praise, in which the poetess explains why she does not sing her sister-in-law's praise. She is not worthy, says Vittoria, to sing the praises of a woman who stands above all praise.

Maria d'Aragona, the sister of Giovanna, married Alfonso del Vasto; and the brother of these two ladies, Antonio, Duke of Montalto, wedded Ippolita della Rovere, daughter of the Duke of Urbino and of Elisabetta Gonzaga. The first-born son of Ascanio and of Giovanna was christened Fabrizio, after Vittoria's father. The second son was Marc Antonio; and there was one daughter, who bore the honored name of Vittoria. The Renaissance was born in Italy, and, in a certain sense, the Refor-

mation, or, at least, the revolt from the enormities of the Church of Rome, may be said also to have originated in Italy; though a want of earnestness and depth of national character left it to robuster and more manly nations—as Germany and England—to carry into full effect a great spiritual movement. The tendency to a Reformation was stamped out in Italy by the Inquisition; but the Italian was born in and lived close to the Church which divorced religion from morality. The Italian did not penetrate to the depths. He sought chiefly an improvement of the unimprovable.

Savonarola remained a monk, and tried only to better a Papacy which, in the person of Rodrigo Borgia, sent the over-zealous priest to the scaffold. Although she never by overt act separated herself from the Church, it is yet abundantly clear that Vittoria Colonna had abandoned the Church of Rome for Christianity. She escaped from a Church which she did not seek to overturn. "She overcame the world, and then herself," says Annibale Caro. Always genuine, she sang of her dead love to ease her heart; but, as the lonely years crept on, she strove more and more for a peace that the world cannot give, and her religious poems are her highest productions. Pietro Bembo said of them that "she clothed holy thoughts in heavenly words." Any sincerely Christian religious person may read the religious poems of Vittoria Colonna. She does not deal with priests or saints, but strives to pierce direct to the living Christ. She is in all her poetry receptive rather than creative, but her sacred songs rise to a high pitch of fervent aspiration toward the divine. She stood in intimate and sympathetic relations with such men as Juan Valdez, Contarini, Carafa, Bernardino Ochino. She shared their views and furthered their objects. Ochino, born in Siena, 1487, was but eleven years old when Savonarola perished amid the faggots of the Borgia. Catarina Cybo, Duchess of Camerino (the sister of Eleonora, widow of the Count of Lavagna, Schiller's *Fiesco*), and Vittoria Colonna, were the two protectresses of Ochino and his reformed Capuchin order. Both these noble ladies interceded with the Pope to save Ochino, the daring and eloquent

priest who denounced the sins of priests and the crimes of the Papacy. Catarina adopted fully the Protestant doctrine of Justification by Faith, while remaining within the pale of the Church.

Vittoria Colonna had, as a poetess, a rival. This was Veronica Gambara, a noble lady, whose lyrics were held by contemporaries to rank with those of Vittoria, though the laurel awarded by the public of her time to Veronica has somewhat faded in the long trial of slow time. Veronica was five years older than Vittoria. The former married, in 1509, Giberto di Correggio, lord of a small countship in the neighborhood of Parma. After a union of ten years Veronica lost her husband, and she wore ever afterwards a widow's mourning garb. One of her best poems is a homage to Vittoria; and Veronica was also honored by the praise of Ariosto. It is highly probable, though not certainly proved, that the two ladies met and knew each other well. Both were, in so far, daughters of their time that both flattered the worthless Aretino; and both enjoyed the highest worship of their day. In the thirty-seventh canto of the "*Orlando*" Ariosto pays a high tribute to the virtues and the genius of Vittoria. Both ladies were models of widowed devotion. In one of her many poems to Pescara, Vittoria says that he, absorbed in the glory of his laurels, did not sufficiently consider how his love was wanting to her lonely life.

In the Renaissance, the deepest enmities were often healed by policy. On April 5, 1536, Karl V. came to Rome and was lodged in the Belvedere. The mighty Emperor paid visits to two ladies—to Giovanna d'Aragona Colonna and to Vittoria Colonna. He stayed twelve days in Rome. The terrible sack of the city seemed to be forgotten by those who welcomed the conqueror.

Karl V. had to do with a new Pope. Clement VII. was dead, and had made room for Alessandro Farnese as Paul III. Ascanio Colonna held a great tournament in honor of the new Pope; but Ascanio did not foresee the woe that Paul III. would bring to the great restless house of Colonna.

As time rolled on, religious feeling became the predominant interest in Vittoria's life. She zealously protected

Ochino, and became mixed up with all his struggles and sufferings. She desired heartily to go to Venice, and thence to take ship for the Holy Land; but the difficulties in the way of such a journey were probably too serious.

Instead of visiting the Holy Land she went to Ferrara, arriving there on April 8, 1537. The reigning Duke was Ercole II., the son of Lucrezia Borgia. Ercole was married to Renée de Valois, younger daughter of Louis XII. of France, and sister-in-law of François I. This princess was an anomaly. A zealous Protestant, she occupied a ducal throne in Italy in the sixteenth century. When Vittoria came, Calvin and Clement Marot had been guests of Renée. Ariosto had died in Ferrara four years before Vittoria's arrival. It seems certain that there was sympathetic intimacy between Renée and Vittoria. The latter became godmother to the daughter of Ercole and Renée—to that princess who was afterwards Tasso's Leonora. Vittoria was treated with high distinction at the Court of Ferrara. We find her on one occasion reading aloud several of her own sonnets before the court. Alfonso d'Avalos, who had become Captain-General of the Forces of Karl V. in Italy, visited Vittoria in Ferrara; and Aretino, the greatest begging-letter impostor of the day, wrote to her for sixty scudi. Under the plea of poverty, Vittoria gave the scoundrel only thirty. She enjoyed highly her stay in Ferrara, and her temporary residence at the ducal court remained a pleasure in memory. She left the place in February, 1538.

Renée made Vittoria known to the renowned Marguerite, Queen of Navarre. Marguerite at that time leaned to Protestant doctrines, and protected Protestant refugees. The sister of François I. was cousin of Renée de Valois. In contact with such a woman as Vittoria Colonna, the fair, wanton queen would probably show the best side of her able character; and Vittoria sent a manuscript collection of her sonnets to Marguerite. The Constable Montmorency told François I. that there was much in the sonnets which was antagonistic to the Christian religion. The Queen of Navarre, herself more than suspected of heterodoxy, made herself merry over this accusation against the Marchesa di

Pescara, and kept the sonnets. Jeanne d'Albret allowed very free theological discussion in the château at Pau; but though the mother of Henry IV. must have heard of Vittoria Colonna, no correspondence between them is in evidence.

Vittoria had a private secretary, Giuseppe Jova di Lucca, to help her to conduct her increasing correspondence. She still remained in closest intimacy with the Italian Reformers, Contarini, Bembo, Jacopo, Sadoleto, Giovanni Morone, Marcello Cervini, Federigo Fergoso, Claudio Tolomei, Caro, Giovanni Guidiccioni. Her letters to great personages are sometimes tainted with the artificial style of the time; but her familiar letters are always simple and sincere. After her death Jova fell under suspicion of heresy. He was condemned to death, but managed to escape to Lyons, where he seems to have dwelt in safety. Perhaps the warmest of all her many friendships was that which existed between Vittoria and Michael Angelo. It was a passionate friendship, glowing with a force and fire which were characteristic of the ardent Titan artist. The date of their first acquaintance is uncertain; but Michael Angelo settled in Rome on the 27th of September, 1534, and Vittoria was then residing in the seven-hilled city. Michael Angelo, born 1474, would at that date be sixty, and he had to execute for Paul III. frescoes in that Sistine Chapel in which he had labored for Julius II. Of Michael Angelo, Berni said: "He speaks things while others speak only words;" and his fiery nature could not be contented with a half-friendship for such a woman.

The fair Marchesa had all the qualities which would most strongly fascinate his virile, intense, powerful nature. She was beautiful, with a rare dignity of widowed charm. She was highly cultured, intellectual, a poetess; and was of lofty character and of steadfast faith. Buonarrotti was attracted by her with a power which was commensurate with his intense, energetic, and noble mind. Francesco di Olanda was in Rome in 1538, and he thus describes Vittoria, and a visit to her, which he owed to the introduction of Lattanzio Tolomei:—

In his [Tolomei's] dwelling I was told he had given orders to let me know that he would be at Monte Cavallo, in the Church of San

Silvestro, with the Marchesa di Pescara, to hear a discussion upon the Epistles of St. Paul. Madonna Vittoria Colonna, sister of Ascanio Colonna, is one of the most excellent and famous ladies that are to be found in Europe, or in the world. Of a morality as lofty as her beauty, intellectual, and mistress of the Latin tongue, she possesses all the qualities and virtues which adorn a woman. Since the death of her heroic husband she lives, in retirement, a quiet life. Sated with the pomp and glory of her former circumstances, she now loves nothing but Jesus Christ and earnest studies; although she is always beneficent to poor women, and is a model of Catholic piety.

The picture is valuable, and we know it to be true. Olanda was a Portuguese painter. In his presence, Vittoria said to Michael Angelo: "Your friends rank your character as something even higher than your works; while those who do not know you value most that which is less perfect—that is, the work of your hands." Ascanio Condivi, the biographer of Buonarrotti, records:—

Above all persons he loved the Marchesa di Pescara, whose divine spirit attracted him strongly, and who felt the warmest attachment for him. He possesses many letters from her, full of the purest and the sweetest love, such as is nourished in such hearts. He addressed to her many sonnets, full of intellect and tender feeling. She often left Viterbo and other places of summer residence, and came to Rome solely to see Michael Angelo.

His verses, strong and rough as the line of Ben Jonson, were replied to in gentle and graceful strains by the Marchesa. The years of their greatest intimacy were 1538 to 1540. During a part of this time he was engaged in painting the "Last Judgment;" and Michael Angelo, who was in *miseria di speranza piena*, was helped and furthered by the sympathy as by the judgment of his fair and noble friend. Desiring to present to her some work of his own hands, Michael Angelo painted for her, and gave to her a "Christ upon the Cross." It was a fitting present from the painter to a saint, and it awoke the admiration and aroused the gratitude of Vittoria Colonna.

In 1540 a Papal *breve* announced a considerable rise in the price of salt; and this measure impelled the Colonna to revolt against the Papacy. Vittoria, who always loved her own great race, attempted to influence Paul III. in favor of Ascanio. She wrote to the Pope: "Where should one expect to find good-

ness and mercy if not with the heir and rightful possessor of the keys of the true Shepherd, Peter, who should stand above all other men as a living example of the humility and mercy of the Saviour?" She wrote more to the same effect, but such appeals were made in vain to the Pope. The power of the Colonnas seemed broken, nor was it until after the death of Paul III. that Ascanio recovered his possessions. Vittoria felt deeply in this matter of the misfortunes of her kin, and she addressed two sonnets to the Pope, which may be read now with pleasure, but were read then without result. She herself was not included in the Papal resentment against the house of Colonna. The governor of Orvieto, Brunamonte de' Rossi, wrote to Cardinal Farnese that Vittoria was living in strict retirement in the cloister of St. Paul; and adds that her life and walk were such as beseeemed a person who loved virtue and feared God.

Karl V. wrote to her a very friendly letter to soothe her under the troubles which had befallen her race; and assured her that he would never forget the loyalty and service of the house of Colonna. The Emperor adds that Ascanio had gone too far in revolt; but promises Imperial intervention to arrange all amicably.

In October, 1541, Vittoria withdrew to the cloister of Sta. Catarina at Viterbo, in which she remained three years.

Meanwhile, Ochino had been pursuing his devoted career with ever-increasing danger to himself. As his convictions deepened he became more daring, and he was running counter to the Counter-Reformation. His friends dissuaded the earnest preacher from going to Rome. He himself well knew his danger. He writes to Vittoria Colonna, 22nd of August, 1542:—"In Rome I must either deny Christ or be crucified as He was. Deny Him I will not, but I am ready to be crucified when He, of His grace, shall will it so; but I do not feel myself called to run voluntarily into death. Christ has shown me how to flee—to Egypt or to Samaria; and St. Paul teaches me the like. . . . I am accused of heresy, and other hateful matters; but I rejoice that the reform of the Church begins with me." Ochino had to take to flight, and was met with in Geneva by a Floren-

tine merchant. The Florentine heard from Ochino that the Pope was incensed against him; and that if he, Ochino, went to Rome he must either suffer death or deny the Christ. Ochino said, he had "formerly preached Christ in a mask, but hoped in future to preach Him naked." Accused of atheism, Ochino wandered far and wide in search of safety and freedom to preach freely. He was in Geneva, Zürich, Strasburg, Augsburg, England; and at the age of seventy-seven he died, unknown, of pestilence, in a little Moravian town. Ochino married late in life, and had children. He was a victim of the Counter-Reformation.

Vittoria stood also on terms of intimacy with Reginald Pole, and many of the letters which passed between them are still extant. When Contarini, the great friend of Pole, died, Vittoria wrote a noble and pious letter of exalted Christian consolation to Contarini's sister, Serafina. To the memory of Contarini she also indited a lofty sonnet. "Contarini ought to have been Pope, to make the age happy," says Vittoria.

In the time of Clement VII. Pole was a member of the body of Italian Church Reformers, and was suspected of a leaning to Lutheranism—faults which the arrogant priest, become a persecutor, fully expiated by his eagerness in burning heretics in England. Vittoria Colonna knew the royally-descended "Cardinal Anglicus" in his best time. The red hat was conferred upon Pole, 22nd of December, 1536, by Paul III. Pole was then reputed to have great knowledge of the world, and to have read much. He was also said to be of a pleasant conversation and to have courtly manners. It is certain that there was great friendship between Vittoria and Reginald Pole. On the 23rd of May, 1555, the terrible Paul IV. was elected Pope, and he took from Pole his post of Legate. He also accused Pole of heterodoxy; of the same sort of heresy which condemned Cardinal Morone (who could be laid hold of) to an imprisonment in San Angelo, which lasted until the fierce Pope's death.

In 1543 Vittoria passed through a dangerous illness, and in 1544 she returned to Rome. We find her on this occasion a boarder in the Benedictine cloister, Sant' Anna de' Funari. The

famous Council of Trent began its sittings on the 13th of December, 1545. Lasting over the reigns of three Popes—Paul III., Julius III., Pius IV.—it closed its sittings on the 4th of December, 1563. On the 14th of April, 1544, Del Vasto lost the battle of Ceresole, and retired to Asti, seriously wounded in the knee. The peace of Crespy, the last one concluded between the great royal rivals, Francis I. and Karl V., was signed on the 18th of September, 1544. Del Vasto, the defeated, was treated with coldness by Karl V., and the heir of Pescara died 31st of March, 1546, at Vigevano.

On the 7th of June, 1546, Count Fortunato Martinengo writes about Vittoria Colonna:—

Certainly she is a most rare and distinguished woman, filled with the love of Christ. . . . How great is her humility; how princely is, in accordance with her rank, her whole conduct! . . . I have often visited her, and had I not feared to become wearisome to her, I would never have left her. She has such a talent for conversation that it seems as if chains issued from her lips to bind the hearer to her. . . . So far as was possible I have filled my soul with her sweet and sacred words; and I delight in the thought that I have made the acquaintance of the most excellent and the worthiest woman upon whom the sun shines, and that I have become her servant.

In 1546, Michael Angelo was so seriously ill that his life was despaired of. The intimacy between the great painter and the great lady remained unbroken. Writing on March 7, 1551, to his nephew Leonardo, Buonarrotti says: "I possess a little parchment volume, which she gave me about ten years ago, which contains 103 of her sonnets; and besides these, I have forty others, written on ordinary paper, which she sent to me from Viterbo, and which I have had bound into the same volume with the others."* In the beginning of the year 1547, Vittoria Colonna again fell dangerously ill. Giuliano Cesarini had married Giulia Colonna, and the dying poetess was moved from her cloister to the Palazzo Cesarini. Her last days were surrounded by the loving care and sympathy of near relations. She said of her own life, that it "had known many bitter, few happy years." She made her will. Her heir was her brother, As-

canio Colonna. To each of the four cloisters in which she had resided, San Silvestro and Sant' Anna in Rome, San Paolo and Santa Catarina in Viterbo, she left 1,000 scudi; to Reginald Pole, 9,000. For the poor, and for her servants, she also cared liberally. Her executors were Pole, Sadoletto, and Morone, all "liberal" cardinals. She signed, with her own hand, *Ita testavi ego, Vittoria Columna*. Her letters were nearly all signed, *Marchesa di Pescara*. The end came on February 25, 1547. She died in the afternoon of that day. Her age was fifty-seven.

She was buried in the ordinary burial-ground of the nuns. The ceremony was of the simplest, and no stone marked the grave in which the noble Vittoria Colonna reposed.

Ascanio Condivi records, in his "Life of Michael Angelo:" "I remember to have heard him say he regretted that, when he looked on Vittoria Colonna lying on her deathbed, he had not kissed her forehead and face, as he did kiss her hand." On August 1, 1550 (three years after her death), Buonarrotti writes to Francesco Fattucci: "I send you some of my poems, which I address to the Marchesa di Pescara. She held me very dearly, and I felt no less warmly for her. Death has robbed me of a dear friend." (*Morte mi tolse uno grande amico*.)

In the same year, 1547, both Francis and Henry VIII. died; the Emperor, Karl V., seeming, by the overthrow of the Smalcaldic league, to be master of Germany.

Vittoria's nephew, Marc Antonio Colonna (after the death of her brother Ascanio in prison in Naples, year unknown), married Felicia Orsini, and so fused the two great old baronial houses. The marriage resembled somewhat, though on a smaller scale, the fusion by marriage between the houses of York and Lancaster.

Not yet has the world of culture ceased to take an interest in the life and poems of the fairest and noblest lady of the Italian Renaissance. Apart from the homage of contemporaries, Italy has produced, between 1538 and 1840, fourteen editions of the Poems and Letters "della divina Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara." In 1840 Prince Torlonia, the Roman banker, married

* This volume is now in the British Museum.

Teresa Colonna, and the prince employed the Cavaliere Pietrio Ercole Visconti to edit a splendid edition of Vittoria's works, and to prefix to the work a "life" of the illustrious poetess. In 1881 Alfred von Reumont published his "Vittoria Colonna: Leben, Dichten, Glauben, im XVI. Jahrhundert," and to the labors of this painstaking writer I am greatly indebted. In 1840 a medal was struck in honor of the Marchesa. In her lifetime several portraits, I believe three, were painted of her, but no one can now be identified with certainty as a likeness of the *Diva*. The picture by Sebastian del Piombo is certainly not a portrait of Vittoria Colonna; the "Colonna portrait" by Muziano is, at best, doubtful.

The evidence of contemporaries is overwhelming as regards her beauty; but every admirer of her in these latter days must paint her portrait in his imagination. She was tall and stately, with a dignified carriage and a most gracious manner. Her bearing was ennobled by conscious virtue—in the Renaissance a pure woman could not but be conscious of virtue—and tenderness, religion, purity, nobleness, were all expressed in figure and in face. She was also *grande dame*, and a Colonna, and may until her latter years have had some touch of pride of birth. Genius, sanctity, and grace lend additional nobleness and ideal elevation to the beauty of Vittoria as a woman.

She was a *virago*, a name which, however misapprehended now, bore a different and a worthy signification in her day. Ferdinand Gregorovius, in his "Lucrezia Borgia," says: "This title was entirely honorable. It meant the woman of the Renaissance who, by means of courage, culture, and understanding, raised herself above the common level of her sex. She received a higher homage if she added to the distinction of learning, beauty and charm." Vittoria united charm with learning and with worth.

The Renaissance in Italy is said, roughly speaking, to have extended from 1453 to 1527. In or soon after the latter year the sensuous southern temperament ceased to revel in the new-found pleasures of Pagan joyousness and the zest of animal life. With the Counter-Reformation came (July 21, 1542) the

terrors of the infernal Inquisition; and fair, soft Italy was gloomed by the shadow, brightened only by the glare of the faggot, of the terrors and the horrors of the Holy Office. A thoroughly frightened Church carried out savagely its one means of repression. The last years of Vittoria Colonna were certainly saddened by the operations of the Inquisition. Her friends were in flight or in danger. Carnesecchi was burned at Rome, and she herself, but for high protection and for the singular respect in which she was held, would have been in danger. Many of her religious poems were emphatically Christian in tone and sentiment. She went to the very brink of the gulf which separated the Church of Rome from the Reformation, and in her deepest soul she had abandoned the essence of the Church of her birth.

Vittoria Colonna is, perhaps, the first poetess who excelled in religious poetry. She, indeed, may be said to have originated the high poetry of sacred song. At first, as she tells us, *scrivo sol per sfogar l' interna doglia*; and this mirror of wifehood poured into song her passionate grief for the loss of a most deeply-loved husband. Whatever Pescara may have been, or seemed to be, to the Italian politicians and historians of his time, he certainly was to her an ideal hero, worshipped for his valor, tenderly loved for himself, and, after his early death, her heart found relief in the song which mourned and honored him. *Ch' io di lui sempre pensi, o pianga, o parli*. But a time came in which she turned wholly to the Lord of earth and heaven, and then she was *a solo a sol con Lui*. A *virago*, she was never masculine; she never was the "man-woman" into which modern thought translates the now debased title. She was exquisitely womanly, and was always magnanimous; was ever full of love, faith, humility, and heavenly hope. Important as were the historical occurrences which surrounded her life, the events of her career were, like the mere action of Shakespeare's plays, chiefly important in so far as they educed and illustrated character. She was greater than the adventitious. We picture her in gloomy palaces, in stern castles, in doleful cloisters; we visit her in Rome, Ferrara, Viterbo, Naples; or on the *superbo scoglio*, the

proud rock of sea-girt Ischia ; but her image remains ever that of the same gracious, gifted, and graceful lady. The skaters who glide about on white and wintry ice seem always dark and sombre figures, and the characteristic persons of the Renaissance seem always dusky figures when contrasted with the pure white ideal of a church.

Vittoria Colonna was surrounded by men and women, romantic and picturesque, foul and fierce ; but they only

throw out into clearer relief the unsullied purity of her white and stainless soul. Her glory is that she stands out so clearly against the dull red background of the licentious, turbulent, and wicked time in which she lived and moved and had her being. A woman of the Renaissance, she yet remains a wholly noble and ideal figure. Indeed, the best, the purest, the most gifted woman of her land and day is Vittoria Colonna.—*Nineteenth Century*.

M. RENAN ON HIMSELF.

THE interesting dissertation on himself, which M. Renan delivered last week in his speech to the Celtic Society at Quimper, in Lower Brittany, was in every respect characteristic. M. Renan resembles one of our own great men, Matthew Arnold, in a certain gift for talking well concerning himself. We used to hear of the tediousness of egotism. But the man who has a genius for egotism can never be tedious when he devotes himself to one of the chief subjects of his genius. Certainly M. Renan, like Mr. Arnold, has not yet exhausted the significance of the world within him. Even in the brilliant book which he wrote on his memories of his youth he hardly wrote better of himself than he spoke last week, for he delineated with greater power than ever that curious blending of a disbelief in truth and a distaste for error, a dislike of dogmatism and a repulsion for religious indifference, a joy in the delivery of moral shocks and sympathy for that moral and intellectual quiescence which is most susceptible to such shocks, by which his writings have been so conspicuously distinguished. And while manifesting all these qualities with the full freshness of earlier years, M. Renan throughout goes on caressing himself with the quaint tenderness of one who knows that no one else can caress him with half the insight with which he can caress himself. When he disclaims for the Bretons any touch of fanaticism, and claims for them in its place a superstition which imposes its caprices on no one, he is but uttering an apology for himself. When he inveighs against the

harshness and rigor of judgment which appears to be turning the world into the semblance of a boxing-match, he inveighs against qualities which are the very opposite of his own. And yet, when he passes an animated panegyric on the qualities of a torpedo, and remarks with pleasure that one of the crew of a torpedo-boat which had recently passed down the Seine had borne the name of Renan, he admits that the incident had interested him chiefly because he also had been a torpedo-man, and had administered a tolerably severe electric shock to a world which would much have preferred to go on slumbering. Probably, too, that was the one "good deed" on the performance of which he felt that he might pride himself, and which gave him a right, as he said, to the habitual cheerfulness in which his life is wearing away. He was the outcome, he declared, of long generations of ignorance and unconsciousness, the heir of peasants and sailors who had passed their lives in that tranquil calm of which genius is the ultimate flower. He felt very grateful to those peasants and sailors who had hoarded for him the imaginative qualities for which at length he had found a voice,—a voice, apparently, if we may judge by the effect of what he taught upon his own mother, which was anything but the interpretation of the brooding ancestral reveries out of which his own intellect grew. He claimed for the Bretons,—and again he meant himself,—an illimitable tolerance even for intolerance, so long as intolerance was confined to opinion, and did not pass from theory

into action. The Bretons he accounted a very religious people, a people quite willing that everybody "should compose for himself his romance of the infinite." Evidently M. Renan has been engaged all his life in doing this for himself; yet he told his audience at Quimper that he sometimes caught himself furnishing his memory against the future life with thoughts that might occupy it "throughout all eternity." One of the best of these thoughts would be, he told them, the remembrance of that day's festival, and of the kind feelings which had been expressed toward him. We shall, we hope, hardly be thought guilty of that inference with other people's "romance of the infinite" which M. Renan so much condemns, if we remark that for a thought on which he is to feed "throughout all eternity," this does seem to us a little poverty-stricken,—wanting at once both in romance and in infinitude. Surely it did not take the brooding reveries of generations of sturdy peasants and sturdier sailors to bring to perfection an imagination which could feed "throughout all eternity" on the kind flattery of a Celtic Society for a distinguished Oriental scholar and still more distinguished sentimental heresiarch! Would not a day's,—or perhaps an hour's,—meditation on the friendly compliments of such a Society pretty well exhaust their significance, and leave eternity free for meditations in a higher key?

We call attention to this genial anticlimax, not because we take it quite seriously, but precisely because we take it, as M. Renan means a great deal that he writes and says to be taken, not very seriously. How is it possible to take a man very seriously who puts forth pleas for religion in the shape of any "romance of the infinite" which it pleases human caprice to construct, and at the same time takes nothing but delight in the delivery of any shock which will most completely shatter such "romances of the infinite" as most of his own contemporaries and compatriots do actually construct? What M. Renan really pleads for is the exercise of the understanding and the imagination, whether in construction or in destruction, or in both ways. He professes almost ostentatiously in the same breath his disbelief

in truth and his contempt for error. If he delights in genius and the romantic virtues, like instinctive courage and instinctive chivalry, which grow out of long ages of reverence, yet he takes care to insist that it is only because genius, courage, and chivalry provide the world with keen emotions, vivid awakenings from sleep, vivid admirations, vivid passions, that he feels this delight. He does not attach to the "dreams of the infinite" which even genius constructs, any solid worth as indicating the final goal of man. On the contrary, he finds the key to his own unabated cheerfulness in what he calls the "freshness of his illusions," and in the pride with which he recalls the shock he has given to those who really supposed that they had grasped eternal truth. When he realises that he has run much the greater part of his own career and is near the end, and yet fortifies himself for eternity with the flimsy cordiality of after-dinner praises, he must mean to proclaim to all the world that his conception of eternity is so far from serious, that he loves to piece out his picture with a great deal of acknowledged tinsel. The illusions he has dispelled will furnish him with a great part of his theme for eternal meditation, for is it not those dispelled illusions which have brought him fame? The illusions he has cherished and refused to part with, will furnish him with other portions of that theme, for are they not essential to his own "romance of the infinite"? and if he had not a "romance of the infinite" of his own, he would hardly have been the man to dispel the "romance of the infinite" dear to most of his contemporaries. But, alike for the illusions he has dispelled and the illusions he has retained, he makes no claim beyond that which a child makes for the soap-bubbles which it sends up into the air to glitter for a moment and then burst for ever,—namely, that they are bright, and buoyant, and add a charm to the passing hour.

Nevertheless, M. Renan, though he encourages people to cherish illusions which they know to be illusions, is very eager to insist on a kind of learning which shall go hand-in-hand with imagination, and which shall undermine convictions which claim to be built on any-

thing but the vagaries of romance. Exact knowledge, adequate for the purposes of scepticism, he rates almost as high as he does the mist of sentiment which is to succeed to the inheritance from which every genuine faith is to be ousted. The gift of learning is necessary in order that serious belief may be compelled to give place to conscious romance; but the gift of romance is necessary in order that learning may not exhaust the air in which alone the mind and heart can live. Such appears to be M. Renan's thought, and he felicitates himself on having manifested the exact compound of learning with delight in illusion, which first undermines austere creeds, and then fosters mild superstitions in their place. A superstition that does not impose itself on others, but just

amuses us with its glimmering of moral foreboding, is M. Renan's beau-idéal of religion. "Sublimate your faith into legend; but saturate yourselves with the legend, even so far as to mould your action after your conviction is gone,"—that is the upshot of M. Renan's teaching; and he flatters himself, not without justice, that he has embodied that teaching in his life. We believe he has; that his honeyed words have not only robbed his readers of much truth, but soothed them into acquiescence in an airy and fanciful suspense not inconsistent with Epicurean enjoyment. He could hardly have done more than he has done, first to undermine a true creed, and then to lull to sleep the wild cravings by which unbelief is sometimes brought back to faith.—*Spectator*.

ANTIPATHY.

IN writing last week of Lord Houghton, we remarked that he had in some sense discovered the social value of Antipathy, and had turned it to good account in his breakfast parties. But there is one kind of antipathy which Lord Houghton would probably have been quite too accomplished a man of the world to attempt to turn to account in this way,—we mean the antipathy caused by rivalry originating in an excess of the same qualities and foibles. Tradition says that Macaulay and Sydney Smith were as mutually repulsive to each other as the pith balls of an electrometer charged with the same sort of electricity, and that was a species of mutual repulsion which could hardly be overcome. For it rests not chiefly on the feeling of rivalry,—a feeling which in generous minds has sometimes been made the ground of true friendship,—but on the tendency of any moral excess in one's own character, when observed in another, to excite a certain nervous irritability,—an emotion natural enough when one sees, as in a mirror, the vanity or folly of which one suspects oneself to be frequently guilty. Just as a clever dog which has been taught a number of amusing tricks will sulk or perhaps grow angry if a rival exhibit his accomplishments in his presence, so the an-

tipathy which rests in any sense on injured vanity or lowered self-respect in men is not easily to be got over by any amount of social *bonhomie*. The antipathy which may sometimes be made into the ground of a genuine attraction, is antipathy founded on great differences of character rather than on great likeness of character. It is frequently found that those great differences of character which lead to the most vehemently opposed views of life, are mutual needs in disguise rather than mutual repulsions; and though mutual repulsion is the natural superficial result of very great and antagonistic earnestness, it often happens that the man who is earnest in one direction finds so much help that he had needed to find from the man who is earnest in the opposite direction, that the superficial antagonism is merged at last in a very hearty personal regard,—the regard founded on a really wholesome mutual influence. It is a necessary condition, however, of any such regard that there should be no insuperable disposition in one of the two moral opposites to look down upon the other. Goethe has given a memorable picture in his play of *Tasso* of the difficulty with which a weak and soft nature endures the pity, not to say the contempt, of the strong man, who can neither enter into

the intenser feelings of the other, nor comprehend his vacillation. Antipathy frequently exists where the warmest possible regard might exist but for the flavor of contempt in the demeanor of the stronger character toward the weaker. The truth doubtless is, that it is much easier to look down upon weakness than it is to look down upon mere barrenness or hardness of nature; and yet the barren or hard nature may have much more to gain from the richer and weaker nature, than the weaker nature has from the harder. Antipathy between men who might gain much from each other is oftener generated by the spirit of contempt which the stronger feels,—and feels unjustly,—for the weaker, than by any other cause. When, at the conclusion of Goethe's play, Tasso throws his arms round Antonio, and declares that he clings to him much as the shipwrecked sailor clings to the rock on which his ship had been wrecked, he did not recognise in his humiliation that he might have much more to give to Antonio than he could possibly receive from him; and yet so it certainly was. And so, too, it often is between men and women who have been estranged by the half-contempt with which men so often treat women,—their sisters for example. Probably the man has much more to receive from the woman than he would have had to give her. Were it not for contempt, the chief source of antipathy between natures of opposite kinds, it constantly happens that there might have been a tie in which the one who feels the contempt would have gained infinitely more than the one who is the object of it. It is not a hard character which usually has the greatest power to confirm and strengthen weaker and softer natures; but it constantly is a weaker and softer character which has most power to soften the harder character, and to open it to new worlds of experience, were there not this spell against mutual understanding between them. Just as some dogs hardly ever forgive being laughed at, so, even amongst men, contempt, or even the vestige of it, is a very adequate explanation of very needless and mischievous antipathies.

But there are certainly some antipathies which are not explainable in that

fashion, and yet are as keen and as enduring as if they were founded on a perfectly legitimate and clearly understood cause. Nothing is more capricious than antipathy, and not unfrequently the antipathy which appears to be most capricious is not the antipathy which succumbs easily to mutual knowledge,—as did the antipathy which Elizabeth Bennet bore to Mr. Darcy in "Pride and Prejudice,"—but one which outlasts every attempt to break it down. Antipathy due to mutually supplementary qualities often ends, as we have said, in the closest attachment; but there is an antipathy which appears to be due to some indefinable note of character that makes the same sort of painful impression on particular minds which the scratch of a slate-pencil on a slate makes upon the ear,—one that curdles the blood with a nervous dislike of which it is impossible to state the cause. That, we suppose, is the antipathy described in the schoolboy's expression of aversion for Dr. Fell, and such an antipathy is, perhaps, more formidable than any other kind of antipathy, more even than the antipathy founded on a resemblance in the excess of some such quality as vanity. Celia, in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," expresses some such antipathy as this when she says that she dislikes Mr. Casaubon for scraping his soup-plate with his spoon. That, of course, only meant that she felt so strong an aversion to the general impression produced by his character upon her that the first trifle she could find to criticise at all became the excuse for an antipathy. There was something in the note given out by his character which repelled and angered her. There is a story in *Chambers's Journal* of a dog who was very fond of a lady, whose high, brilliant soprano voice, however, was intolerable to him; and she no sooner began to sing than he began to howl, and this though no other person's singing annoyed him at all. There was something in the timbre of her voice which struck painfully on the dog's ear, and made him feel his sensations intolerable. The present writer has a little dog who cannot endure the note of a musical-box, though he does not seriously object to the piano,—protesting against it, indeed, but soon subsiding into com-

posure ; while the musical-box irritates him to madness. There seems to be something analogous to this in the intolerance men sometimes display of the note struck by certain persons' character. It need not necessarily be the note of a specially evil character ; but there are characters every manifestation of which seems to excite an intolerable nervous irritability in the few persons, or, it may be, the only person, with whom they are wholly out of tune. In *King Lear*, when Kent says of Goneril's steward,—“ No contraries hold more antipathy than I and such a knave,” and he is asked by the Duke of Cornwall, “ Why dost thou call him knave ? What is his fault ? ” he replies merely, “ His countenance likes me not ; ” which is as much as to say,—“ I dislike him, because his countenance repels me ; and that is all the reason I have to give.” And if you come to think of it, it is rather strange that one does not hear more of these uncontrollable and capricious antipathies, than it is that one hears so much of them. There is, perhaps, hardly a person in existence who has not some uncontrollable antipathy to some one sound, taste, or smell which to other persons appears delightful, or at worst indifferent. And yet uncontrollable antipathies to persons, apart,

of course, from the solid grounds of injury or ill-usage, are comparatively very rare, far rarer than equally capricious aversions to simple sounds, flavors, or odors. We should think that such pure antipathies are rarest in the highest races,—chiefly, perhaps, because in those races the area of human nature is larger and the substance more complex, so that it is difficult to find anything purely repulsive which is not mixed with other qualities more or less tolerable, if not even interesting. The antipathies springing from the mutual repulsion of common defects or faults are common enough ; the antipathies springing from a superficial antagonism of nature are still commoner and not unfrequently the origin of ultimate friendship ; but the pure antipathies, as one may call them, arising from inscrutable and insurmountable discord of nature, are extremely rare in men, and probably little more than survivals of a state in which human nature was a far thinner, poorer, and less complex affair than it is now. It is easy to be revolted by a sound, a taste, or a smell ; but it is not easy to be simply and absolutely revolted by anything so full of different and miscellaneous characteristics as a human being.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC. PÈRE GORIOT. Boston : *Roberts Brothers*.

AS IT WAS WRITTEN. A Jewish Musician's Story. By Sidney Luska. New York : *Cassell & Co., Limited*.

WITHOUT A COMPASS. A Novel. By Frederick B. Van Voorst. New York : *D. Appleton & Co.*

AT BAY. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York : *Henry Holt & Co.*

HEALEY. By Jessie Fothergill, Author of “ The First Violin,” etc. New York : *Henry Holt & Co.*

The novels composing the above group have been selected as making up a fairly characteristic representation of the autumn fiction which our publishers are giving to the public. That, on the whole, it is of a superior order cannot be questioned. The attempt alone of a Boston

firm to present to the American public some of the more notable productions of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of French novelists is an interesting fact. It is singular that Balzac, whose profound knowledge of the human passions is Shakespearean, and whose literary style is as flawless as a crystal, should be so little known to English-speaking readers, while the book-marts are flooded with translations of the third-rate fiction which Paris spews forth in an exhaustless supply. The lovers of good literature, who do not read French, may be congratulated that they are now promised a succession of some of the greatest products of Balzac's art, more especially those constituting the *Comédie Humaine*. Balzac wrought his books with an agony of spiritual wrestling and bloody sweat. Fury of enthusiasm burning at white heat was united with an iron patience and care of detail in ex-

ecution. No pains were too great, no revision too studied for this master of literary form. The father of the realistic school which has reached such perverse eminence under Zola, his studies of the actual world were informed with an imaginative power that pierced to the core of fact, and laid bare the anguish and sorrows, the virtues and vices, the grovelling and the aspirations of his age with an impartial and searching illumination. This is especially the case in the series of studies known as the "Human Comedy," in which he attempted to evolve the structure of society out of the forces which work within its bosom like the fire which throbs beneath the snow of Hecla. Balzac's essay on his own methods and conceptions and the meaning of the *Comédie Humaine* is given as a preface to "Père Goriot," the novel before us, and the thoughtful reader will find it worth his while to study this carefully.

The conception of Père Goriot is that of a French Lear, and if the anguish and outraged sensibility which quiver so piteously under the brush of the creator are made to depend on conditions which shock the decencies of Anglo-Saxon decorum, the fact is quickly forgotten in the power with which the central figure is drawn. Père Goriot rises, martyr-like, against a background of luxurious and heartless sensuality; but the image of paternal heroism and anguish loses no whit of its pathos, appeals no less forcibly to our sympathies because of the hot-bed of lust and reckless passion out of which it grows. We can only speak passing of this masterpiece of Balzac's genius, and call attention to the fact that, as an unsparing picture of the vices of the time, it fastens attention on a corollary which the most austere moralist will approve. The unfailing Nemesis hovers close in the wake of sin, and amidst the hours of rosiest dalliance the awful shadow lingers, shaping the swiftly coming doom. "Père Goriot" is a social tragedy, which points its own moral without a word of preaching. The readers of the book will be delighted to know that it will be shortly followed by other masterpieces of the same author.

"As It Was Written" within a few weeks has become one of the much-talked-of books. It strikes a fresh key-note, and is novel in motive, though it follows pretty closely the methods of romancers like Hawthorne and Poe, with but little of the artistic skill which made them so great. The conception is far more noticeable than the execution, and we believe we are not far wrong in supposing it to be the

first book of a young and inexperienced writer. The book is potent to carry the imagination of the reader, but the charm quickly passes in reviewing the machinery of the story; for, aside from the dignity and power of the motive of the story as an art-impulse, the steps by which the tragedy is wrought out to its ending are crude, ill-fitted, and of the nature of the rickety old melodramatic apparatus which is immemorial. The story is that of a young musician who murders his betrothed, under the overpowering influence of a fate laid on him by the vindictive hate of an ancestor, seconded by the still nearer curse of his own father. Having committed the crime under a cataleptic condition, and having been acquitted on the trial, he finally learns in a mysterious way, in which his skill as a violinist plays an ingenious part, that his own hand, governed by the will of a *daimon* or supernatural agency, took the life which he would have gone to the stake to have saved. With this blasting revelation the story ends. The central motive is an admirable one, but the method of progression by which it is carried out is often so violent, crude, and extravagant, that good taste and the law of artistic probability are offended. We only become conscious of this, however, on reflection. The movement of the book to its fateful close is so direct and steady, its power so well sustained, that the imagination quickly passes by mere errors of construction and crudities of taste. Whatever fault may be found with the book, we detect something very like genius in it, and its promise foretokens a writer of romance who, with growth and practice, may have it in his power to make a distinct mark on American literature.

Mr. Van Voorst's novel excites mixed feelings. The writer of "Without a Compass" is evidently a man of thought and culture and not without literary skill, however amateurish the style becomes at times. His purpose seems to be not merely to write a novel, to make a book, but to ventilate certain social theories which, we fear, are not fully settled and clarified in his own judgment, as well as to paint certain phases of the great conflict the perplexing problem which modern marriage involves. Faithlessness to the marriage vow is a common enough motive of the current novel. Generally a very unpleasant theme, in spite of its being so germane to the truth of society, the dignity and propriety of its selection can only be fully justified by its handling. The present author treats the matter with the least possible suggestion of lubricity, yet we

are not satisfied that he deals with the complications in such a way as to justify himself in handling the topic. The heroine of the book represents an unbalanced, sensitive, gifted, noble nature unhappily wedded. The gradual steps of her seduction by the man who ruins her are covered up by all manner of lofty aspirations and poetic talk on the part of the couple whose Platonic dalliance masks fatality, and she suddenly wakes from her dream of passion, her ecstasy as a sentimental Egeria, to find that illegitimate maternity is close at hand. Ruin follows hard apace. Her husband returns, and all is discovered. She pays the penalty of her crime in a terrible fashion. Her seducer, who is drawn as a noble, strong, essentially high-minded man, goes scot-free, is entirely unpunished, and has the world at his feet. This we think to be the damning immorality of the novel. The greater criminal is not only left untouched, but is systematically held up to our esteem and sympathy, and thus his sin is condoned. The victim of a loveless marriage, of marital neglect and tyranny, who sacrifices her honor through a love which has not a taint of lust, is laid groaning on the altar of expiation. We demand for the ethical justification of the motive of adultery in a novel something more of justice than this. Conventions of society may draw the line that the erring woman *must* not be forgiven, though erring man may always be, but in art and ethics we must strike deeper than this.

Mrs. Alexander's "At Bay" (Leisure Hour Series) is a clearly written book of a more sensational type than she ordinarily allows herself to follow. This author's studies of English life and character are always agreeable, though careful criticism finds her heroines and her heroes fashioned after pretty much the same pattern. She has a distinct ideal for both sexes which she dearly loves, and unconsciously embodies whenever she writes a novel. Perhaps all novelists do this, but Mrs. Alexander betrays it in a more open fashion. This uniformity of type, we think, does not materially lessen the interest in her stories. She has ingenuity in surrounding her characters with conditions that involve a well-constructed plot, and though she often uses the more sensational elements, as in the present case, to impart a turbulent and stormy impulse into the order of English life, they rarely, if ever, violate the law of probability and reason. "At Bay" has several murders and a railway accident in it, but they are not so melodramatic or forced as to be out of the logical

sequence of things. Most of the characters in the story are skilfully and strongly drawn, and this trained and artistic writer is, as usual, always charming and attractive in style.

Another volume in the "Leisure Hour Series," Miss Fothergill's "Healey," fully justifies Holt's well-deserved reputation as a publisher of excellent taste and literary insight. By far the best series of American publications in fiction has been given to the public by this publishing house, and we naturally look for something thoroughly good in each addition. "Healey," by the author of "The First Violin," is no disappointment. The story is simple, tender, and strong, the scene being laid in an English manufacturing town. The principal woman character derives a charm entirely devoid of association with those conventional charms of person which the novelist generally finds indispensable. She is, indeed, absolutely plain, if not ill-favored, prematurely aged and worn by responsibilities. Yet her nature gradually unfolds itself to us with a pure, grave sweetness, which leaves an aroma like that of some delicate flower. Strength and tenderness are wedded in her, and she bears the burdens of her life with such simple dignity as to win a sympathy not to be conquered by beauty. She finds her correlative in her brother's overseer, a man of far inferior birth and education, but gifted with a strength, force, and sincerity of nature which appeal irresistibly to her own. It is not necessary to trace the complications, growing out of the headstrong sins of others, that gradually break down the barriers of pride and make her welcome the affection of her humble lover as the truest and sturdiest resting-place for a sorely wounded heart. The picture given us of life in an English manufacturing town, subject to the social and industrial convulsions so frequent in this age, is vividly and carefully drawn, and the different characters, whose interplay furnish the material of the plot of the story, are keenly discriminated. Altogether "Healey" is a book far above the common, and well worth the reading of those who look for something more in a novel than a conventional or sensational story.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Edited by Sidney J. Low, B.A., and F. S. Pulling, M.A. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

This is designed as a convenient hand-book for the study of English history. In the great multiplication of books and authorities it has become very important to have some guide-

book, so to speak, which enables us readily to find out special matters, or at least to get easily at a clew whereby we may recall our own impressions, and learn where to find details, if we choose to have them. The plan of the publisher and editors has been to produce a book which should give concisely the information, biographical, bibliographical, chronological and constitutional, which the reader of English history would be apt to need for reference. The work is not exhaustive, but so far as any handbook can fill the purpose of the needs of historical reference this one seems to have achieved the purpose. At the end of each paragraph or subject, the authorities are given where the reader may dip more deeply into the matter if he so elects. The editors have been assisted in the work by a number of well-known English scholars, and every pains appears to have been taken to make this dictionary accurate and reliable. Probably there are few books of 1119 royal octavo pages which contain more valuable matter for reference use by the student. There is also an exhaustive index which adds considerably to the practical worth of the book.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ALEX. GARDNER will shortly publish a sumptuous edition of the *Waverley Novels*, edited by Scott's great-grand-daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. The new Abbotsford Edition, as it is to be called, will be distinguished from others by specialties in type and paper, and by new illustrations.

M. PAUL MEYER is editing for the *Société des anciens textes français* a MS. discovered two years ago at Courtrai, containing a life of Thomas à Becket in French, of about five hundred verses. This differs from two other similar lives already known in that it describes an interview between Becket and Pope Alexander III. at Sens in 1165, after which the two travelled together to Bourges. But the chief interest of the MS. is linguistic and archaeological. From certain peculiarities of style M. Meyer is led to believe that the author was an Englishman, writing at the beginning of the thirteenth century. On every page are one or two illuminations, showing interesting details with regard to the dress of the time. Some of these illuminations will be reproduced by heliogravure.

THE Swiss poet, August Corrodi, died at Zürich on August 17. He was born in 1826,

and studied theology at Zürich and Basel; but after completing his course, went to the *Kunstakademie* in München and devoted himself to art. His poems and popular stories for children were written while he was working as drawing master at Winterthur. His dialectal poetry is remarkable for its humor and naturalness.

AN anecdote, which admirably illustrates the character of the lamented antiquary, Mr. Thoms, relates to a conversation he had with Lord Macaulay in the Library of the House of Lords. Mr. Thoms mentioned to Lord Macaulay that he could not quite understand why Pope had satirized Dryden in "*The Dunciad*." Lord Macaulay said that Mr. Thoms must be mistaken, and, with his usual energy and eloquence (before an audience of a score of peers), he spoke for nearly half an hour in support of his opinion, and proved beyond all doubt that it was impossible that Pope *could* or *would* have lampooned Dryden. Mr. Thoms had all this time a copy of "*The Dunciad*" in his pocket, with the page turned down at the passage. He was, however, much too kind and too well bred to produce the volume.

THE various religious communities in the Smyrna region are vying with each other in promoting education. The Greek community maintain the lead they have long held. The Armenian community have appointed an honorary inspector, Mr. Papasian, to visit their schools in the viceroyalty of Aidin, at Smyrna, Aidin, Nazlu, Manisa (Magnesia ad Mæandrum), Cassaba, Keurk Aghaj, Bergamo (Pergamus), &c. The Jews, under the influence of the association in London, have given new life to their people by the introduction of Western studies. The Turks are setting up middle schools.

THE Portuguese authorities in Goa have been following the example set by their neighbors in British India in aiding female education. A college for females is about to be established at Goa, and the archbishop has interested himself in the project. The college will be under the management of two trained teachers to be imported from Europe.

THE Government of India have recently communicated to the various newspapers in India the text of a copyright bill which they intend to introduce into the Legislative Council. Since so far back as 1864 the Government have been urged to take some steps toward amending the existing law, which was enacted

in 1847. The new bill is based mainly on the provisions of the English bill which was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord John Manners in 1879, and which was intended to give effect to the recommendations of the Copyright Commission of 1878. An important section of the Indian Bill is that which declares the translation of a book an infringement of copyright, with a proviso barring the operation of the section if the author has not published a translation within three years from the publication of the original. Another important innovation is the proposal to give, with certain limitations, copyright in lectures. But the most novel provision of the bill is that which proposes to confer on newspaper proprietors copyright for twenty-four hours in telegrams provided at their own cost. Many of the newspapers naturally complain of this restriction, while the more important object that the duration of the copyright to be granted is too short to be of any practical use.

THE municipal libraries of Paris, the first of which was opened in 1865, now number forty-two. The total number of books read or consulted during the past year was nearly 700,000, of which no less than 400,000 were novels; next in order of attractiveness come belles-lettres, science, geography, and history.

AN historic café in Paris has just been closed—the café Procope, in the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, which is said to be the oldest in France and the first where ices were introduced. During the eighteenth century it was the favorite resort of the Academicians, many of whose portraits are painted on the walls. In modern times it was the meeting-place of a political club.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been placed on the house No. 120 rue de Bac, where Chateaubriand died.

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome, the Pope recently distributed among the cardinals copies of an edition of his Latin poems, which he has had printed on rose-paper, in fine Elzevir type, with a border of engravings. The poems are arranged in chronological order, beginning with 1828. Their total number is thirty-three, including translations into Italian verse by the Pope himself. The volume is an octavo, bearing the title *Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina*.

AN important resolution on the subject of Mohammedan education has recently been issued by the Government of India. It is pointed out that since the time of Warren

Hastings the backwardness of Mohammedans in educational matters has always been a subject of regret to Government, and a review is given of the various remedies which have been adopted. It is not proposed, however, to institute at present any special inquiries on the subject, the labors of the recent education commission leaving little to be done in this respect. The Government cannot promise any special assistance to Mohammedans with regard to appointments in the public service usually awarded by competition, but they will direct that in the case of appointments made by selection Mohammedans shall have their fair share. The best advice, however, which Lord Dufferin can give to the Mohammedans is that they should frankly place themselves in line with Hindus and take full advantage of the Government system of high, and especially of English, education.

A WELL-KNOWN Sanskrit scholar, Pandit Tara Nath Tarkavachaspati, has recently died at Benares. He was upward of thirty years a professor in the Calcutta Sanskrit College and was well known to most of the Sanskrit scholars of Europe. He was the author of many Sanskrit works, including the "Vachospatya Encyclopædia," which he compiled single-handed.

THE "Library" Edition of Thackeray's works, now being published in England, which has been appearing volume by volume during the last two years, is now approaching completion, and the two additional volumes which will conclude the set may be expected shortly. Much interest will be felt in these two extra volumes, which are to consist entirely of Mr. Thackeray's hitherto uncollected writings. It is of course well known that much of his work, especially that belonging to an early period of his literary career, is scattered through old magazines and periodicals, and is thus practically out of reach of the ordinary reader. The copyright of some of these early writings has just expired, or is about to do so, and they would of course be immediately and indiscriminately reprinted.

It is said that a large and interesting collection of letters and papers bearing upon the social and rural history of East Anglia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has turned up among the archives of the Marquis Townshend at Rainham-park. It was known that Sir Nathaniel Bacon, second son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, had left a number of manuscripts behind him, and that

these had come into the possession of the Townshends at the death of Sir Nathaniel in 1622, but they had never been examined or arranged. This correspondence is said to contain some remarkable illustrations of the working of the vagrancy and bastardy laws, the legislation against Popish recusants, the hardships experienced by poor people with common rights, the character of the clergy, and other kindred matters during the period which the correspondence covers.

THE Asiatic Society of Bengal has just issued a centenary review of the work accomplished by it. The first meeting of the Society took place during the governor-generalship of Warren Hastings in the year 1784.

THE Italian Minister of Public Instruction, in order to encourage the study of national bibliography, has decided, upon the recommendation of a commission nominated by him, to offer a prize of 3,000 lire for the best catalogue of Italian bibliographical literature. The work is to comprehend: (1) General and special bibliographies written by Italians; (2) bibliographies concerning Italy compiled by foreigners; (3) catalogues of MSS. and printed books in Italian libraries; (4) catalogues of MSS. and printed books relating to Italian matters preserved in foreign libraries.

A RESIDENT at Tangiers, in a private letter dated August 1st, says:—

"The Sultan wants to have some school-books printed in the native language, and has especially named geography, arithmetic, outlines of history, and elementary chemistry; also a first book on astronomy. Cannot some one manage to get up a publishing company in Tangiers? It would soon pay a good dividend on the capital invested, and would effect a vast amount of good."

THE death is announced of Prof. Ludwig Lange, the author of the well-known "Manual of Roman Antiquities" published in Weidmann's series of classical hand-books, and colleague of the late George Curtius at Leipzig.

THE collection of Oriental MSS. belonging to the late Prof. Ernest Trumpp has been bought by the University Library at Munich. It is particularly rich in Pashtu and Sindhi texts, partly originals, partly copies.

THE Louvre has recently acquired about thirty-one demotic papyri, chiefly dating from the reigns of Psammetichus and Amasis, the addition of which makes the collection under the charge of M. Réveillout undoubtedly the most complete in Europe.

MISCELLANY.

THE BISHOP'S COPY. — Careless penmen know little or reck little of the loss of time and temper consequent on the obscurity of their hieroglyphics. I hold that, as a rule, there is a beam in the eye of the author for every mote that he detects in the eye of the printer. Such expressions as "printer's errors" and "errors of the press" are often very unfair. The author himself is most frequently the primary cause of the errors which provoke so much annoyance. They are the Nemesis of the injury he inflicts by his bad handwriting on the humbler "man of letters." Surely authors have only themselves to blame when the interpretation of their handwriting is rendered a matter of speculation rather than a plain matter of fact. Where the copy is a smudgy mass of dark hints and subtle suggestions as to what the author wants to have printed, errors occur of necessity; but why blame the printer? According to my experience it is a wonder that "errors of the press" are not more frequent and more flagrant than they actually are. Generally speaking, authors are almost as careless with their proofs as they are with their copy, but they seem remarkably dexterous in detecting, after publication, errors which they had ample opportunity to correct in the proof sheets. How vile some copy is may be dimly understood upon just consideration of the following mild illustration: A living Bishop writes such an atrocious scrawl as passes description. Upon one occasion a compositor groped his way through this copy until he came to a phrase which baffled his understanding and staggered his imagination. He was fain to pray in aid: "Egsplain this, men and angels!" After a long conference some one was seized with an inspiration: "Perhaps it's Greek." So the passage was set up in such Greek characters as desperation suggested. There ensued a fine confusion of letters; Greek met Greek in fierce antagonism. Only think of the philological acumen which would have been employed on that "Greek" passage! or imagine its blood-curdling effect on the Bishop, if the printer's reader had not discovered—by some Owen-like exhibition of inferential sagacity—that the words were, after all, very commonplace English! After this the "reader" was not at all shocked to find that, a little further on, the compositor had "reversed the spell" by mistaking some of the Bishop's Greek for English! As I had a hand in the matter I can vouch for the truth of the story. Compositors on piecework

have reason to dread the Bishop's copy, for it will only yield them sixpence while they ought to be earning eighteenpence.—*Notes and Queries*.

MUSICAL PITCH.—It was during the dictatorship of Costa that musical pitch in England rose to the height at or about which it now stands, and a full recognition of the merits of that great conductor should not blind us to the two evil effects entailed by this supposed gain of general brilliancy and sonority—we mean the harm done to the voices of public singers, and the wrong inflicted upon composers whose works had to be mutilated in order to bring them within the range of the human voice. For instance, the enormous intrinsic difficulties presented to vocalists by Beethoven's mass in D were so far enhanced by the pitch adopted by Costa, that at the performances of that work in 1854, 1861, and 1870, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, he was obliged to transpose, or even alter certain numbers of the vocal score. The resolution of the meeting of the Society of Arts was a dead letter, and when a crisis did occur nine years later it may fairly be said to have been forced on by the single action of a great vocalist. Mr. Sims Reeves declined to sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society, giving as his reason in a letter to the *Athenæum*, the abnormally high pitch then prevailing. Detractors were not slow to insinuate that he was merely consulting the interests of his own organ, and not those of musicians as a whole. The *odium musicum* was aroused, and the papers of the day were filled with correspondence on the subject. But the matter did not end here, for this "strike" on the part of an invaluable artist gave an entirely practical turn to the controversy. An enterprising firm of musical publishers took up the cause, and organized a series of oratorio concerts, with Mr. Sims Reeves as their chief attraction, and the adoption of the French pitch as the chief novelty of their programme. A new organ, tuned to the *diapason normal*, was built for the purpose, the necessary wind instruments were purchased in Paris, and the services of Mr. Barnaby secured as conductor. Now, as no mention whatever was made at the recent public meeting held in St. James's Hall of this practical test of the lower pitch, which extended over several seasons and was attended with remarkable success, we may be allowed, in order to complete this brief historical survey of the pitch question, to summarize the net results of this experiment so far as they can be gathered from contemporary press

notices. From these it is evident that while undoubted relief was afforded to the singers, no perceptible falling off in brilliancy or sonority was apparent. The critics were almost unanimous in following the lead set by the writer in the *Times*—presumably the late Mr. Davison—who candidly confessed that the difference between the pitches seemed so slight as hardly to be worth taking into serious account. A great number of these gentlemen took no notice of the change at all; and after the first season, press references to the altered pitch were almost exclusively confined to the statement that it was still upheld. One newspaper which had assailed the innovation at the outset, was obliged to admit, on the occasion of the performance of the mass in D, that the adoption of the French pitch was a great advantage; and in another journal the *diapason normal* was attacked for the grotesque reason that, no grand piano tuned to that standard being available, the "queen of pianistes"—Mme. Arabella Goddard—was compelled to submit to the indignity of performing the pianoforte solo in the Choral Fantasia upon a semi-grand. Eventually the need of more extended accommodation for the performers induced the promoters of these oratorio concerts to migrate to Exeter Hall, where they were obliged to conform to the pitch of the organ, and abandon the *diapason normal*. The general public had ceased to take an interest in the question of pitch, and the musical world at large refused to be convinced of the expediency of the alteration. Thus the movement may be said to have died a natural death, but not before it had practically demonstrated the feasibility of the change where the question of expense was not allowed to stand in the way.—*The Spectator*.

TEA AND COFFEE IN INDIA.—Of late years much attention has been given to the growth of tea and coffee in India. The soil and climate in many parts have been found very favorable to their production. During years of residence in the hill province of Kumaon we had tea plantations all around us. The Government led the way in this enterprise. Chinamen, trained in their own country to grow and manufacture tea, were brought to the province, and under their management tea of excellent quality was produced. The Government gradually retired and left the field open to private enterprise. Many plantations are now in the province, a few belonging to individuals, but the greater number to companies, originated and sustained mainly by European capital. The

management of some of the largest plantations has been intrusted to experienced Scotch gardeners, who have soon made themselves acquainted with the process of tea-growing and tea-making, and have dispensed with the services of the Chinamen, most of whom have returned to their own country. The entire work is now done by natives of the province under European direction. Most of the gardens are laid out on tracts of mountain and forest which had been the property of the Government, and the land has consequently been acquired with an ease which would not have been practicable had it belonged to natives, who in such matters are manœuvring to a degree which few Europeans can follow and haggling to an extent the most patient can scarcely bear. Difficulties have sometimes risen regarding the right of pasture over these tracts, but they have not been formidable, and they have been soon settled by the Government. There is no forced labor in these plantations. From many miles around the people have flocked for employment, and by the wages paid to them their position has been immensely improved. Of the many thousands of pounds laid out on these plantations a large portion has gone to the workmen in the shape of wages. We have often seen the people in the fields and in the factory, and we do not remember to have seen them once subjected to the whip or the stick. They are well looked after to prevent them from shirking work and from stealing tea, but we have observed no instance of cruel treatment. In fact they know well that if cruelly or unjustly treated they have only to go to the authorities to obtain a patient hearing. The sick are supplied with medicine. We have occasionally approached a tea plantation on a Saturday afternoon, and we have seen them trooping away merrily to their homes—which, we were told, were miles distant—with their week's wages to spend the Sunday with their families and return on Sunday night to the plantation to resume work on Monday morning. Among tea planters there is no doubt the diversity which is found in every class, but if we can judge from what we have seen—and we have seen much—of their relation to their workmen, we can say the relation is as pleasant as can well be found between employers and employed. Where, as in Assam, labor is not procurable on the spot, and has to be imported from a distance, the relation is more difficult, as there is a danger of persons, brought from a distance and paid in advance, failing to fulfil their engagements, and, on the other hand, of managers abusing their power

over a people far from their homes.—*The British Quarterly Review.*

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.—At the age of 14 William left school to enter his father's profession. It was fortunate for him that he had not to pass an examination, for he would have had less chance of doing so than the youngest child in a modern infant school. Hardly a line in his letters was free from mistakes in spelling, and punctuation was a refinement of which he had not so much as an idea. But he had not suffered from overpressure; his mind, following Nature's prescription, had devoured and assimilated the food that suited it; and he had fought and played and run till his body had become vigorous and active as that of a young lion. Indeed, it may be said of him, as of other distinguished men whose early want of education their biographers have deplored, that he had learned what fitted him best for the work which he had to do. After passing through two regiments he was presented by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, with a cornetcy in the Blues, and went to Canterbury to join that regiment. But something better was in store for him. Gen. John Moore, who was then at Shorncliffe, training the brigade which he was to make famous, offered him a Lieutenancy in the Fifty-second Regiment. Napier accepted the offer, and Moore was so delighted with the readiness with which he gave up the high pay of the Household Brigade and the pleasures of London in order to study his profession, that from thenceforth he took a special interest in watching and assisting his progress. In 1804, Napier was made a Captain in the Forty-third, another of the regiments of Moore's Brigade. This regiment was at that time one of the worst in the army; and Napier's company was the worst in the regiment. But the boy was resolved to become a real soldier. Before he had been three months at Shorncliffe he was admitted to be one of the best Captains in the corps; and his company was reduced to perfect order. The influence which he gained over his men was in great part due to the fact that, while vigorously enforcing their obedience, he heartily joined in all their sports. With some of his brother officers, however, his relations were less smooth. "The greatest pleasure," he wrote, "I have had since I came was, when Gen. Moore was made a knight, to make them drink his health. My fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. Had they refused I would have by myself drank a bum-

per, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." In spite, however, of disagreements like these the years that preceded his first experience of active service were singularly happy. He yearned, indeed, to be with his mother; but he wrote to her continually, and his letters, ill-spelled and ill-written as they were, are delightful to read, now tender, now sparkling with fun, and abounding with warm expressions of love for his relations and of admiration for his chief. Fond as he was of athletic games he spent much time in quieter pursuits—studying military history, and amusing himself by learning to draw. At this period of his life he was at times almost drunk with animal spirits. Many years afterward he described how one afternoon, while staying at Putney with William Pitt, he and Lady Hester Stanhope and her two brothers had fallen in a body on their laughing host, and had ended by holding him down on the floor and blacking his face with burned cork.—*The National Review*.

CONSUMMÉ OF CAVE BEAR.—There is something at first sight rather ridiculous in the idea of eating a fossil. To be sure, when the frozen mammoths of Siberia were first discovered, though they had been dead for at least 80,000 years (according to Dr. Croll's minimum reckoning for the end of the great ice age), and might, therefore, naturally have begun to get a little musty, they had nevertheless been kept so fresh, like a sort of prehistoric Australian mutton, in their vast natural refrigerators, that the wolves and bears greedily devoured the precious relics for which the naturalists of Europe would have been ready gladly to pay the highest market price of best beef-steaks. Those carnivorous vandals gnawed off the skin and flesh with the utmost appreciation, and left nothing but the tusks and bones to adorn the galleries of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington. But then wolves and bears, especially in Siberia, are not exactly fastidious about the nature of their meat diet. Furthermore, some of the bones of extinct animals found beneath the stalagmitic floor of caves in England and elsewhere, presumably of about the same age as the Siberian mammoths, still contain enough animal matter to produce a good strong stock for antediluvian broth, which has been scientifically described by a high authority as pre-Adamite jelly. The congress of naturalists at Tübingen a few years since had a smoking tureen of this cave-bone soup placed upon the dinner-table at

their hotel one evening, and pronounced it with geological enthusiasm "scarcely inferior to prime oxtail." But men of science, too, are accustomed to trying unsavory experiments, which would go sadly against the grain with less philosophic and more squeamish palates. They think nothing of tasting a caterpillar that birds will not touch, in order to discover whether it owes its immunity from attack to some nauseous, bitter, or pugent flavoring; and they even advise you calmly to discriminate between two closely similar species of snails by trying which of them when chewed has a delicate *soupeon* of oniony aroma. So that naturalists in this matter, as the children say, don't count; their universal thirst for knowledge will prompt them to drink anything, down even to *consommé* of quaternary cave bear.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

THE TURKISH SOLDIER AND SAILOR.—Universal conscription is the order of the day in Turkey. Every male Mohammedan is liable to service except those fortunate enough to have been born in Constantinople, the Turkish capital possessing the privilege of conferring exemption on its citizens by birth. On attaining the age of 21, every Turk has to present himself at the military centre of the district wherein he resides, and draw for the ballot. Those fortunate enough to obtain lucky numbers pass at once into the "Iktihat," as also those for whom there may be no room in the "cadres" of the peace establishment of the army. Six years is the regular period of service in the "Nizam," four with the regiment, and two in its "Iktihat." After leaving the "Nizam," the "reservist" becomes a "Redif" for eight years, and then passes into the "Mustafiz" for the full period of his life during which he is capable of bearing arms. The "Redifs" are divided into two classes, first and second, of equal periods in respect to service. Curious, however, as it will no doubt appear in the eyes of Western military critics, it is the second class of the "Redifs"—that is, the older men—who are called out first. The reason of this is, as I am given to understand, that the Government is thus enabled to get a few years' more military service out of the men in case of need than it otherwise would, from the tendency of this measure to arrest the movement of the seventh year's "Redifs" into the "Mustafiz." The manning of the Ottoman Navy is on the military system. A line-of-battle ship, or iron-clad of the first class, is a regiment, and a smaller vessel a battalion.

The officers all bear military titles identical with those of the army, and the crews are divided into and worked by "buluts" or companies, instead of watches. The conscripts for both services are drawn by the War Office, which drafts off to the Admiralty each year the number of men that may be required. Just as each corps d'armée has its reserves residing at home, so the navy has its reserves immediately available for manning the fleet to its full strength at the shortest notice. The men for the navy are selected from the population of the districts bordering the Black Sea. A large proportion of them are Lazes, a race with special aptitude for a seafaring life. Here and there a man may be met with more familiar on first arriving at Constantinople with a plough-tail than a windlass or tiller, but as a rule they either hail from Trebizond or one of the many small ports beyond. All that has been said in favor of the Turkish soldier may be said with equal truth of the Turkish sailor. He is the same good fellow, patient and docile, with the instinct of discipline very strongly developed in his mental constitution. He is very easily trained, for he follows instruction with unquestioning obedience, and has in him the making of a seaman and gunner of whom any nation may well be proud. I have had great experience of the Turkish sailor, both in placing torpedoes and mooring beacon buoys, and have ever found him as quick to learn as he was to obey. It has also fallen to my lot to find myself on board of a Turkish ship of war while on fire, and on another occasion when there was danger of the vessel becoming a total wreck from having grounded upon a sunken reef in the Red Sea. These were circumstances well calculated, as I think the reader will allow, to try the seamanlike qualities of any crew, and I am happy to say that on each occasion the vessel was pulled through her difficulties by the unaided exertions of those on board. So much for the quality of the men.—*Woods Pasha, in the Nineteenth Century.*

OMAR KHAYYAM.—Edward Fitzgerald, that accomplished Cambridge scholar and sensitive literary recluse, lived almost all his life in the retirement of the country. He was master of many languages, and of an admirable style both in poetry and prose. His singular intellectual temperament, in which originality and culture bore equal parts, found its best expression in verse translations, which were in truth not so much translations as highly finished

variations on the theme furnished by his text. The best known of these is his beautiful rendering of a selection from the quatrains of the pathetic and profound Oriental sceptic, mystic, and hedonist, Omar Khayyám:—

"Up from Earth's Centre to the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sat,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road.
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THOU
There was—and then no more of THOU and ME."

When in the mind of the lover of literature there rises up the music of these or other such-like haunting cadences from the English version of Omar Khayyám, he must feel that his debt for a high and peculiar poetic pleasure is at least equally divided between the old astronomer-poet of Naishapur and the latter-day retired scholar of Woodbridge. No man was in truth ever more genuinely and shrinkingly averse than Fitzgerald from notoriety and from the crowd. Many of his compositions he would never print at all; others, including the "Omar Khayyám," for a long time only privately; and when at last he suffered this masterpiece to be published, he even then withheld his name, which remained unknown to the end except to a very narrow circle of students and friends. Among the latter were several of the chief men of letters of his age, as Thackeray, Tennyson, and Carlyle, who were accustomed from time to time to come down and visit him in one or other of his Woodbridge haunts. Very familiar to my own boyhood was the somewhat eccentric figure and melancholy face of this recluse, as one met him wandering absently among the lanes, with hat thrown back, blue spectacles on nose, and a gray plaid cast about his shoulders. A great lover was he, too, of the Deben water, and his favorite source of amusement for many years was a little yacht, in which he used to ply to and fro about our coasts and creeks.—*Sidney Colvin, in the "Magazine of Art."*

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.—The law does not give encouragement to the adoption, by kindly disposed persons, of children whose natural guardians have forsaken them. Three cases came before the metropolitan magistrates last week which tend to justify the conclusion that some alteration in the existing state of things is necessary. In one instance a young married woman said that three years ago she adopted, with the consent of the mother, an infant of three weeks old, and complained that

now her husband and herself had learnt to regard the child as their own the mother had reappeared and proposed to forcibly take possession of her deserted offspring. In another case a married couple who for some years had taken charge of a boy abandoned by its mother, wanted to know whether they were obliged to comply with the claim of a solicitor who was instructed by its parent to demand that it should be returned, and refused to pay for the cost of its maintenance; and, in a third, the father of an illegitimate child sought to obtain the aid of a magistrate to enable him to secure the custody of the infant. The first of the applicants extorted an expression of sympathy, the second was assured that he must give up the child to its mother, and the third was told that there was no power in the Court by which the custodians of the child could be compelled to surrender the child to its father. The last is not a very hard case. A man who has an illegitimate child must not expect much compassion, and a man who only manifests an interest in his child when the mother is dead, cannot suppose that he will be credited with fine parental solicitude. The law in regard to bastards is not satisfactory. It is as essential to protect men from the machinations of designing women as women from the duplicity of unprincipled men. The social stigma that attaches to women cannot be imposed upon men. But the rich seducer can, if he thinks proper to take advantage of an Act of Parliament which presses heavily enough upon a poor man, escape with a penalty he does not feel; and this ought not to be. Sir William Grenville Williams, whose youthful sins appear to have entailed a punishment beyond their proportion, chose the more honorable way; but the exceptions, we are afraid, only prove the rule. Whatever may be the defects of the bastardy law, it is greatly to be regretted that any impediments should be thrown in the way of those who are willing and able to undertake the bringing up of other people's children—of some of the thousands of waifs and strays whose welfare should be one of the considerations of statesmen and philanthropists.—*Figaro*.

THE "STAR CHAMBER" AND THE COURT OF HIGH COMMISSION.—The courts of the Star Chamber and High Commission were tribunals unknown to the common law of the land, exercising a jurisdiction quite incompatible with the existence of liberty, and apt to become the means of all sorts of oppression. It would take too much space to examine the whole his-

tory of these courts. With regard to the former of them, the Star Chamber, much ignorance prevails, and advantage has been taken to throw a sentimental and false color upon its actions, with a view to making it an element in the composition of historical romances. It will be sufficient to say that it was a court composed of the king himself, and such members of his privy council as he chose to summon; that it took cognizance of certain offences not then noticed as such by the ordinary law courts, such as libel and slander, and also assumed a right to take any case it chose from the consideration of the regular courts of law, and especially the criminal courts, and deprived a man in this way of the right of trial by his peers, which had been secured for him by Magna Charta. The lords of the council were at once judges and jury, even in cases where the Crown was concerned; there was not any appeal from their decision, and the sentences of the court were often most ruinous (notwithstanding the clause of the Great Charter which forbade any man to be fined to such an extent as would prevent his getting a livelihood), even where they did not condemn a man to imprisonment, and sometimes to torture. Any punishment short of death—and many of the punishments came only just short of it—the court of Star Chamber asserted its power to inflict; and the claim having been put forward in action at a time when men were not able to question it, came at length to be looked on almost as a matter of course, except by those who suffered by it, and by those faithful guardians of the liberties of England who only bided their time to announce that the court itself was an illegal thing, and ought to be abolished. The High Commission was a tribunal invented under Queen Elizabeth, a sort of ecclesiastical Star Chamber, composed of ecclesiastics, who made it their business to "sniff out moral taints," and to persecute any one who worshipped God in any other way than that prescribed by the Church of England. It was armed with power to fine and imprison, and this power it used till resistance became so strong, even under Elizabeth, that it was deemed prudent to admonish it from above. It was a sort of Protestant Inquisition; but Englishmen were not Spaniards, and the seeds of priestly tyranny were crushed ere they could grow into a plant. Still it existed, in company with the Star Chamber, which ever waxed more and more intolerable in its administration under the successors of Elizabeth.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

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